OTHELLO'S DEFENSE.

Othello, Act I., Scene iii.

Edition De Luxe

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME FOUR

OTHELLO
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

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The Tragedy of Othello

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The First Edition of *Othello* was a Quarto, published in 1622, with the following title-page:—

"THE | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. | *As it hath beene diuers times acted at the* | Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by | *his Maiesties Seruants.* | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | [Vignette] | LONDON, | Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his | shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622." *

In 1623 appeared the First Folio, containing *Othello* among the "Tragedies" (pp. 310-339); the text, however, was not derived from the same source as the First Quarto; an independent MS. must have been obtained. In addition to many improved readings, the play as printed in the Folio contained over one hundred and fifty verses omitted in the earlier edition, while, on the other hand, ten or fifteen lines in the Quarto were not represented in the Folio version. Thomas Walkley had not resigned his interest in the play; it is clear from the *Stationers' Regis-*

* Prefixed to this First Quarto were the following lines:—

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, *& the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good I hope euery man will commend, without interaty: and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventered to print this play, and leaue it to the generall censure. Yours,* Thomas Walkley."

ter that it remained his property until March 1st, 1627 (*i.e.* 1628) when he assigned "ORTHELLO *the Moore of Venice*" unto Richard Hawkins, who issued the Second Quarto in 1630. A Third Quarto appeared in 1655; and later Quartos in 1681, 1687, 1695.

The text of modern editions of the play is based on that of the First Folio, though it is not denied that we have in the First Quarto a genuine play-house copy; a notable difference, pointing to the Quarto text as the older, is its retention of oaths and asseverations, which are omitted or toned down in the Folio version.

Date of Composition. This *last* point has an important bearing on the date of the play, for it proves that *Othello* was written before the Act of Parliament was issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays. External and internal evidence seem in favour of 1604 as the birth-year of the tragedy, and this date has been generally accepted since the publication of the *Variorum Shakespeare* of 1821, wherein Malone's views in favour of that year were set forth (Malone had died nine years before the work appeared). After putting forward various theories, he added:—"We know it was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." For twenty years scholars sought in vain to discover upon what evidence he *knew* this important fact, until at last, about the year 1840, Peter Cunningham announced his discovery of certain *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, containing the following item:—

> "*By the King's Matis Plaiers.* 'Hallamas Day, being the first of Nov, A play at the bankettinge House att Whitehall, called the Moor of Venis [1604].'"*

We now know that this manuscript was a forgery, but strange to say, there is every reason to believe that though 'the book' itself is spurious, the information which it

**v. Shakespeare Society Publications,* 1842.

yields is genuine, and that Malone had some such entry in his possession when he wrote his emphatic statement (*vide* Grant White's account of the whole story, quoted in Furness' *Variorum* edition; *cp.* pp. 351-357).

The older school of critics, and Malone himself at first, assigned the play to *circa* 1611 on the strength of the lines, III. iv. 46, 47:—

> *'The hearts of old gave hands;*
> *But our new heraldry is hands not hearts,'*

which seemed to be a reference to the arms of the order of Baronets, instituted by King James in 1611; Malone, however, in his later edition of the play aptly quoted a passage from the Essays of Sir William Cornwallis, the younger, published in 1601, which may have suggested the thought to Shakespeare:—*"They (our forefathers) had wont to give their hands and their hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another."*

The Original Othello. From the elegy on the death of Richard Burbage in the year 1618, it appears that the leading character of the play was assigned to this most famous actor:—

> *"But let me not forget one chiefest part*
> *Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart,*
> *The grievèd Moor, made jealous by a slave,*
> *Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,*
> *Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.*
> *All these and many more with him are dead."**

The Source of the Plot. The story of *'Il Moro di Venezia'* was taken from the *Heccatommithi* of the Italian novelist Giraldi Cinthio; it is the seventh tale of the third decade, which deals with "The unfaithfulness of Husbands and Wives." No English translation of the novel

* *v.* Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse* (*New Shak. Soc.*), 2nd edition, p. 131, where the elegy is discussed, and a truer version printed.

existed in Shakespeare's time (at least we know of none), but a French translation appeared in the year 1584, and through this medium the work may have come to England. Cinthio's novel may have been of Oriental origin, and in its general character it somewhat resembles the tale of *The Three Apples* in *The Thousand and One Nights*; on the other hand it has been ingeniously maintained that "a certain Christophal Moro, a Luogotenente di Cipro, who returned from Cyprus in 1508, after having lost his wife, was the original of the Moor of Venice of Giraldi Cinthio." "Fronting the summit of the *Giants' Stair*," writes Mr. Rawdon Brown, the author of this theory, "where the Doges of Venice were crowned, there are still visible four shields spotted with mulberries (*strawberries* in the description of Desdemona's handkerchief), indicating that that part of the palace portal on which they are carved was terminated in the reign of Christopher Moro, whose insignia are three mulberries sable and three bends azure on a field argent; the word *Moro* signifying in Italian either mulberry-tree or blackamoor." Perhaps Shakespeare learnt the true story of *his* Othello from some of the distinguished Venetians in England; "Cinthio's novel would never have sufficed him for his *Othello*"* (*vide* Furness, pp. 372-389. Knowing, however, Shakespeare's transforming power, we may well maintain that, without actual knowledge of Christopher Moro's history, he was capable of creating Othello from Cinthio's savage Moor, Iago from the cunning cowardly ensign of the original, the gentle lady Desdemona from "the virtuous lady of marvellous beauty, named Disde-

* The title of the novel summarises its contents as follows:—

"A Moorish Captain takes to a wife a Venetian Dame, and his Ancient accuses her of adultery to her husband: it is planned that the Ancient is to kill him whom he believes to be the adulterer: the Captain kills the woman, is accused by the Ancient, the Moor does not confess, but after the infliction of extreme torture, is banished; and the wicked Ancient, thinking to injure others, provided for himself a miserable death."

mona (*i.e.* 'the hapless one'),"* who is beaten to death "with a stocking filled with sand," Cassio and Emilia from the vaguest possible outlines. The tale should be read side by side with the play by such as desire to study the process whereby a not altogether artless tale of horror† has become the subtlest of tragedies—"perhaps the greatest work in the world."‡ "The most pathetic of human compositions."§

> "Dreams, Books, are each a world: and books, we know,
> Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
> Round them with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
> There find I personal theme, a plenteous store,
> Matter wherein right voluble I am,
> To which I listen with a ready ear;
> Two shall be named pre-eminently dear,—
> The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
> And heavenly Una, with her milk-white Lamb."

* This is the only name given by Cinthio. Steevens first pointed out that "Othello" is found in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Adultery,* standing in one of his arguments as follows:—"She marries Othello, an old German soldier." The name "Iago" also occurs in the book. It is also found in *"The first and second part of the History of the famous Euordanus, Prince of Denmark. With the strange adventures of Iago, Prince of Saxonie*: and of both their several *fortunes in Love. At London,* 1605."

† Mrs. Jameson rightly calls attention to a striking incident of the original story:—Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief: it is stolen from her by Iago's little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains and bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow—the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it, while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined and beautifully told, etc.

‡ Macaulay.

§ Wordsworth—"The tragedy of *Othello,* Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions." (A valuable summary of criticisms, English and foreign, will be found in Furness's *Othello,* pp. 407-453.)

Duration of Action. The action seems to cover three days:—Act I., one day. Interval for voyage. Act II., one day. Acts III., IV., V., one day. In order to get over the difficulty of this time-division various theories have been advanced, notably that of Double Time, propounded by Halpin and Wilson; according to the latter, "Shakespeare counts off days and hours, as it were, by two clocks, on one of which the true Historic Time is recorded, and on the other the Dramatic Time, or a false show of time, whereby days, weeks, and months may be to the utmost contracted" (Furness, pp. 358-372).

According to Mr. Fleay, the scheme of time for the play is as follows:—

Act I., one day. Interval for voyage. Act II., one day. Act III., one day (Sunday). Interval of a week, at least. Act IV. Sc. i., ii., iii.; Act V. Sc. i., ii., iii., one day: where Act IV. begins with what is now Act III. Sc. iv., and Act V. with the present Act IV. Sc. iii.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Desdemona, a beautiful and high-born Venetian maiden, is wooed and won by Othello, a Moorish general, whose dusky skin cannot conceal a chivalrous and adventurous spirit such as women love. Desdemona's father, Brabantio, learning of their secret marriage, is much incensed and goes before the Duke of Venice and complains that his daughter has been stolen from him. But it so happens that Othello's warlike qualities are in demand upon the very night in which these affairs culminate. He has been in the service of the Venetian government, and the state now requires his presence in Cypress to oppose a Turkish fleet. He is therefore suffered to depart in peace with his wife Desdemona, especially since she, in the council chamber, declares her love and confidence in him.

II. Iago, Othello's ancient or ensign, has sworn secret enmity against his master because the Moor raised Cassio instead of himself to the chief lieutenancy. The enmity has taken the form of carefully laid plots, which began with the very nuptial night of Othello. In Cyprus, whither Othello and his train repair, the plots have abundant time for ripening. A storm has wrecked the Turkish fleet, and Othello remains in command on land amid a general revelry, authorized by him, to celebrate the dispersion of the enemy and in honor of his own nuptials. During the feasting Iago makes Cassio drunk and involves him in a street brawl. Othello arrives on the scene and deprives the officer of his lieutenancy.

III. Iago advises Cassio to sue for favor and restoration of rank through Desdemona, since Othello will deny her nothing. Cassio, unsuspicious of treachery, obtains an interview with her, and Iago lures Othello to the scene—innocent enough, but greeted by Iago with an ominous shake of the head. Othello, seeing the gesture, questions his ensign, whereupon the latter instils the poison of jealousy into his master's ears, making him to doubt Desdemona's relations with Cassio. The doubt is intensified when that lady, in the kindness of her heart, intercedes for Cassio. Henceforward Iago loses no opportunity to add to his master's jealousy. He procures by stealth a handkerchief given by Othello to Desdemona, and causes it to be found in Cassio's possession.

IV. Othello becomes convinced that his wife has been untrue to him. He determines upon her death, and charges his supposed friend Iago with the task of despatching Cassio. Nothing loth, Iago embroils Cassio in a night combat with Roderigo, a former suitor of Desdemona's, entangled in the meshes of Iago.

V. Cassio wounds Roderigo. Iago desires the death of both, and so, unseen, stabs Cassio. Meanwhile Othello goes to Desdemona's bedchamber and smothers her to death. Emilia, the wife of Iago and devoted servant of Desdemona, proves to Othello that the wife he has just murdered is innocent. Iago kills Emilia. Othello wounds Iago, then kills himself. Cassio, who still lives, is advanced to the government of Cyprus. Iago is reserved for lingering torture.

II.

Iago and Roderigo.

Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakespearian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in

so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour, which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago—the purse—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation—

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me—

which falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint—

Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate—

elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those, who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in, the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes:—

And, by the faith of man,
I know my place, I am worth no worse a place.

I think Tyrwhitt's reading of " life " for " wife "—

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *wife*—

the true one, as fitting to Iago's contempt for whatever did not display power, and that intellectual power. In what follows, let the reader feel how by and through the glass of two passions, disappointed vanity and envy, the very vices of which he is complaining, are made to act upon him as if they were so many excellences, and the more appropriately, because cunning is always admired and wished for by minds conscious of inward

weakness;—but they act only by half, like music on an inattentive auditor, swelling the thoughts which prevent him from listening to it.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

Roderigo thinks he is buying up Iago's talents and efforts. This is just what Iago means to have him think; and it is something doubtful which glories most, the one in having money to bribe talents, or the other in having wit to catch money. Still it is plain enough that Iago, with a pride of intellectual mastery far stronger than his love of lucre, cares less for the money than for the fun of wheedling and swindling others out of it. . . .

Still, to make his scheme work, he must allege some reasons for his purpose touching the Moor: for Roderigo, gull though he be, is not so gullible as to entrust his cause to a groundless treachery; he must know something of the strong provocations which have led Iago to cherish such designs. Iago understands this perfectly: he therefore pretends a secret grudge against Othello, which he is but holding in till he can find or make a fit occasion; and therewithal assigns such grounds and motives as he knows will secure faith in his pretence; whereupon the other gets too warm with the anticipated fruits of his treachery to suspect any similar designs on himself. Wonderful indeed are the arts whereby the rogue wins and keeps his ascendancy over the gull! During their conversation, we can almost see the former worming himself into the latter, like a corkscrew into a cork.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

Iago has no other aim than his own advantage. It is the circumstance that not he, but Cassio, has been appointed second in command to Othello, which first sets his craft to work on subtle combinations. He

coveted this post, and he will stick at nothing in order to win it. In the meantime, he takes advantage of every opportunity of profit that offers itself; he does not hesitate to fool Roderigo out of his money and his jewels. He is always masked in falsehood and hypocrisy; and the mask he has chosen is the most impenetrable one, that of rough outspokenness, the straightforward, honest bluntness of the soldier who does not care what others think or say of him. He never flatters Othello or Desdemona, or even Roderigo. He is the free-spoken, honest friend.

He does not seek his own advantage without side-glances at others. He is mischievousness personified. He does evil for the pleasure of hurting, and takes active delight in the adversity and anguish of others. He is that eternal envy which merit or success in others never fails to irritate—not the petty envy which is content with coveting another's honours or possessions, or with holding itself more deserving of another's good fortune. No; he is an ideal personification. He is blear-eyed rancour itself, figuring as a great power—nay, as *the* motive force—in human life. He embodies the detestation for others' excellences which shows itself in obstinate disbelief, suspicion, or contempt; the instinct of hatred for all that is open, beautiful, bright, good, and great.

Shakespeare not only knew that such wickedness exists; he seized it and set his stamp on it, to his eternal honour as a psychologist.

Every one has heard it said that this tragedy is magnificent in so far as the true and beautiful characters of Othello and Desdemona are concerned; but Iago—who knows him?—what motive underlies his conduct?—what can explain such wickedness? If only he had even been frankly in love with Desdemona, and therefore hated Othello, or had had some other incentive of a like nature!

Yes, if he had been the ordinary amorous villain and slanderer, everything would undoubtedly have been much simpler; but, at the same time, everything would have sunk into banality, and Shakespeare would here have been unequal to himself.

No, no! precisely in this lack of apparent motive lies the profundity and greatness of the thing. Shakespeare understood this. Iago in his monologues is incessantly giving himself reasons for his hatred. Elsewhere, in reading Shakespeare's monologues, we learn what the person really is; he reveals himself directly to us; even a villain like Richard III. is quite honest in his monologues. Not so Iago. This demi-devil is always trying to give himself reason for his malignity, is always half fooling himself by dwelling on half motives, in which he partly believes, but disbelieves in the main. Coleridge has aptly designated this action of his mind: "The motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity." Again and again he expounds to himself that he believes Othello has been too familiar with his wife, and that he will avenge the dishonour. He now and then adds, to account for his hatred of Cassio, that he suspects him too of tampering with Emilia. He even thinks it worth while to allege, as a secondary motive, that he himself is enamoured of Desdemona.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Othello.

Othello must not be considered as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakespeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his

heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall:—"But yet the *pity* of it, Iago! —O Iago! the *pity* of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honour was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honour was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian State, though it had superseded him.

Schiller has the material Sublime; to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakespeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow.

Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or meditator; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium

COLERIDGE: *Table Talk.*

Now what is Othello? He is night. An immense fatal figure. Night is amorous of day. Darkness loves the dawn. The African adores the white woman. Desdemona is Othello's brightness and frenzy! And then how easy to him is jealousy! He is great, he is dignified, he is majestic, he soars above all heads, he has as an escort bravery, battle, the braying of trumpets, the banner of war, renown, glory; he is radiant with twenty victories, he is studded with stars, this Othello: but he is black. And thus how soon, when jealous, the hero becomes monster, the black becomes the negro! How

speedily has night beckoned to death! By the side of Othello, who is night, there is Iago, who is evil. Evil, the other form of darkness. Night is but the night of the world; evil is the night of the soul. How deeply black are perfidy and falsehood! To have ink or treason in the veins is the same thing. Whoever has jostled against imposture and perjury knows it. One must blindly grope one's way with roguery. Pour hypocrisy upon the break of day, and you put out the sun, and this, thanks to false religions, happens to God. Iago near Othello is the precipice near the landslip. "This way!" he says in a low voice. The snare advises blindness. The being of darkness guides the black. Deceit takes upon itself to give what light may be required by night. Jealousy uses falsehood as the blind man his dog. Iago the traitor, opposed to whiteness and candour, Othello the negro, what can be more terrible! These ferocities of the darkness act in unison. These two incarnations of the eclipse comprise together, the one roaring, the other sneering, the tragic suffocation of light.

HUGO: *William Shakespeare.*

The Moor has for the most part been regarded as specially illustrating the workings of jealousy. Whether there be anything, and, if so, how much, of this passion in him, may indeed be questions having two sides; but we may confidently affirm that he has no special predisposition to jealousy; and that whatsoever of it there may be in him does not grow in such a way, nor from such causes, that it can justly be held as the leading feature of his character, much less as his character itself; though such has been the view more commonly taken of him. On this point, there has been a strange ignoring of the inscrutable practices in which his passion originates. Instead of going behind the scene, and taking its grounds of judgement directly from the subject him-

self, criticism has trusted overmuch in what is said of him by other persons in the drama, to whom he must perforce seem jealous, because they know and can know nothing of the devilish cunning that has been at work with him. And the common opinion has no doubt been much furthered by the stage; Iago's villainy being represented as so open and barefaced, that the Moor must have been grossly stupid or grossly jealous not to see through him; whereas, in fact, so subtle is the villain's craft, so close and involved are his designs, that Othello deserves but the more respect and honour for being taken in by him.

It seems clear enough that a passion thus self-generated and self-sustained ought not to be confounded with a state of mind superinduced, like Othello's, by forgery or external proofs,—a forgery wherein himself has no share but as the victim. And we may safely affirm that he has no aptitude for such a passion; it is against the whole grain of his mind and character. Iago evidently knows this; knows the Moor to be incapable of spontaneous distrust; that he must see, before he 'll doubt; that when he doubts, he 'll prove; and that when he has proved, he will retain his honour at all events, and retain his love, if it be compatible with honour. Accordingly, lest the Moor should suspect himself of jealousy, Iago pointedly warns him to beware of it; puts him on his guard against such self-delusion, that so his mind may be more open to the force of evidence, and lest from fear of being jealous he should entrench himself in the opposite extreme, and so be proof against conviction.

The struggle, then, in Othello is not between love and jealousy, but between love and honour; and Iago's machinations are exactly adapted to bring these two latter passions into collision. Indeed it is the Moor's very freedom from a jealous temper, that enables the villain to get the mastery of him. Such a character as his, so open, so generous, so confiding, is just the

one to be taken in the strong toils of Iago's cunning; to have escaped them, would have argued him a partaker of the strategy under which he falls.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Desdemona.

At the period of the story a spirit of wild adventure had seized all Europe. The discovery of both Indies was yet recent; over the shores of the western hemisphere still fable and mystery hung, with all their dim enchantments, visionary terrors, and golden promises! perilous expeditions and distant voyages were every day undertaken from hope of plunder, or mere love of enterprise; and from these the adventurers returnd with tales of "antres vast and desarts wild—of cannibals that did each other eat—of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders." With just such stories did Raleigh and Clifford, and their followers, return from the New World: and thus by their splendid or fearful exaggerations, which the imperfect knowledge of those times could not refute, was the passion for the romantic and marvellous nourished at home, particularly among the women. A cavalier of those days had no nearer, no surer way to his mistress's heart than by entertaining her with these wondrous narratives. What was a general feature of his time, Shakspeare seized and adapted to his purpose with the most exquisite felicity of effect. Desdemona, leaving her household cares in haste, to hang breathless on Othello's tales, was doubtless a picture from the life; and her inexperience and her quick imagination lend it an added propriety: then her compassionate disposition is interested by all the disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, of which he has to tell; and her exceeding gentleness and timidity, and

her domestic turn of mind, render her more easily captivated by the military renown, the valour, and lofty bearing of the noble Moor.

When Othello first outrages her in a manner which appears inexplicable, she seeks and finds excuses for him. She is so innocent that not only she cannot believe herself suspected, but she cannot conceive the existence of guilt in others.

> Something, sure, of state,
> Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
> Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
> Hath puddled his clear spirit.
> 'T is even so—
> Nay, we must think, men are not gods,
> Nor of them look for such observances
> As fit the bridal.

And when the direct accusation of crime is flung on her in the vilest terms, it does not anger but stun her, as if it transfixed her whole being; she attempts no reply, no defence; and reproach or resistance never enters her thought.

And there is one stroke of consummate delicacy, surprising, when we remember the latitude of expression prevailing in Shakspeare's time, and which he allowed to his other women generally; she says, on recovering from her stupefaction—

Desd. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, sweet lady?
Desd. That which she says my lord did say I was.

So completely did Shakspeare enter into the angelic refinement of the character.

Endued with that temper which is the origin of superstition in love as in religion—which, in fact, makes love itself a religion—she not only does not utter an upbraiding, but nothing that Othello does or says, no outrage, no injustice, can tear away the charm with which her imagination had invested him, or impair her faith

in his honour. "Would you had never seen him!" exclaims Emilia.

Desd. So would not I!—my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns
Have grace and favour in them.

There is another peculiarity, which, in reading the play of *Othello*, we rather feel than perceive: through the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Desdemona there is not one general observation. Words are with her the vehicle of sentiment, and never of reflection; so that I cannot find throughout a sentence of general application.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Emilia, Instrument of Nemesis.

It is Iago's own wife Emilia whose quick woman's wit is the first to pierce the web of intrigue, and stimulated by sight of her murdered mistress she gives her suspicions vent, though at the point of her husband's sword. The principle underlying this nemesis is one of the profoundest of Shakespeare's moral ideas—that evil not only corrupts the heart, but equally undermines the judgement. To Iago is applicable the biting sentence of *Junius*: "Virtue and simplicity have so long been synonymous that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of ability." It is because he knows himself unfettered by scruples that Iago feels himself infallible, and considers honest men fools; he never sees how his foul thoughts have blinded his perceptive powers, and made him blunder where simple men would have gone straight. True, he brings infinite acuteness to bear upon the details of his intrigues; but he never perceives, what the reader sees at a glance, that the whole ground of his action

in these intrigues—his suspicions that Emilia has been tampered with by Cassio and Othello—is a stupid mistake, which no one with any wholesome knowledge of human nature would make. And the same want of insight into honest human nature, which made him set up his atrocious schemes, is the cause now of their failure. He thought he had foreseen everything: it never occurred to him that his wife might betray him *with nothing to gain by such betrayal*, simply from affection and horror.

> I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
> Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!
> The Moor hath kill'd my mistress!

In vain Iago seeks to stop her mouth; a few words put all the suspicious circumstances together, until in rage and spite Iago stabs Emilia, though the blow seals his own ruin. This detail is a fresh touch in the perfection of the nemesis upon Iago: in a sense different from what he intended he is now "evened" with Othello, "wife for wife." The nemesis draws items of equal retribution from all the intrigues of Iago. It was on account of Emilia that he played the villain, and it is Emilia who betrays him. He had made a tool of Roderigo, and the contents of the dead Roderigo's pockets furnish the final links of evidence against him. His main purpose was to oust Cassio both from office and life: Cassio lives to succeed Othello as Governor, and make his first official act the superintendence of Iago's torturing.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VI.

Other Characters.

The subordinate figures are worked out with hardly less skill than the principal characters of the tragedy. Emilia especially is inimitable—good-hearted, honest,

and not exactly light, but still sufficiently the daughter of Eve to be unable to understand Desdemona's naïve and innocent chastity.

At the end of Act IV. (in the bedroom scene) Desdemona asks Emilia if she believes that there really are women who do what Othello accuses her of. Emilia answers in the affirmative. Then her mistress asks again: "Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?" and receives the jesting answer, "The world 's a huge thing; it is a great price for a small vice:—

"Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world! . . . Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right."

In passages like this a mildly playful note is struck in the very midst of the horror. And according to his habit and the custom of the times, Shakespeare also introduces, by means of the Clown, one or two deliberately comic passages; but the Clown's merriment is subdued, as Shakespeare's merriment at this period always is.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Cassio is an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. O, that detestable code that excellence cannot be loved in any form that is female, but it must needs be selfish! Observe Othello's "honest," and Cassio's "bold" Iago, and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and "the divine Desdemona." And also note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife.

Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

VII.

Spiritual Import of the Play.

Were Othello but the spirited portrait of a half-tamed barbarian, we should view him as a bold and happy poetical conception, and, as such, the Poet's work might satisfy our critical judgement; but it is because it depicts a noble mind, wrought by deep passion and dark devices to agonies such as every one might feel, that it awakens our strongest sympathies. We see in this drama a grand and true moral picture; we read in it a profound ethical lesson; for (to borrow the just image of the classical Lowth) while the matchless work is built up to the noblest height of poetry, it rests upon the deepest foundations of true philosophy.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

The central point of its spiritual import lies in the contrast between Iago and his victim. Iago, with keen intellectual faculties and manifold culture in Italian vice, lives and thrives after his fashion in a world from which all virtue and all beauty are absent. Othello, with his barbaric innocence and regal magnificence of soul, must cease to live the moment he ceases to retain faith in the purity and goodness which were to him the highest and most real things upon earth. Or if he live, life must become to him a cruel agony. Shakspere compels us to acknowledge that self-slaughter is a rapturous energy—that such prolonged agony is joy in comparison with the earthy life-in-death of such a soul as that of Iago. The noble nature is taken in the toils because it

is noble. Iago suspects his wife of every baseness, but the suspicion has no other effect than to intensify his malignity. Iago could not be captured and constrained to heroic suffering and rage. The shame of every being who bears the name of woman is credible to Iago, and yet he can grate from his throat the jarring music:—

> "And let me the canakin clink, clink!
> And let me the canakin clink!"

There is, therefore, Shakspere would have us understand, something more inimical to humanity than suffering—namely, an incapacity for noble pain. To die as Othello dies is indeed grievous. But to live as Iago lives, devouring the dust and stinging—this is more appalling.

Such is the spiritual motive that controls the tragedy. And the validity of this truth is demonstrable to every sound conscience. No supernatural authority needs to be summoned to bear witness to this reality of human life. No pallid flame of hell, no splendour of dawning heaven, needs show itself beyond the verge of earth to illumine this truth. It is a portion of the ascertained fact of human nature, and of this our moral existence.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

The Tragedy of
Othello, The Moor of Venice.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, *a senator.*

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.*

CASSIO, *his lieutenant.*

IAGO, *his ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman.*

MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, *mistress to Cassio.*

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Venice: a seaport in Cyprus.*

The Tragedy of
Othello, The Moor of Venice.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle without practice
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there 's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That doting on his own obsequious bondage
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he 's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their lords

Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined
their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor: for I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him; for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter below, Brabantio, in his night-gown, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;

And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!
Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.
On, good Roderigo; I 'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into a circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio: general, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Hallo! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion: I 'll have 't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away:
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A council-chamber.

The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.
First Sen. Indeed they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter Sailor.

Duke. Now, what 's the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,

And let ourselves again but understand
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

First Sen. He 's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

All. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. [*To Othello*] What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic—
For such proceeding I am charged withal—
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,

He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.
[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done.
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:

I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief,
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the

place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I 'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart 's subdued

Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voices.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer 't; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see
She has deceived her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago!

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens: to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself!

drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: go, make money: I have

told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I 'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to: farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I 'll go sell all my land. [*Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I for mere suspicion in that kind
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let 's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let 's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*A cry within*: 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?
Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns heard.*
Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.
Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught
But that he 's well and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.
[*A cry within*: 'A sail, a sail!' *Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*] Welcome, mistress:
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 100
[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'ld have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors, 110
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay—There 's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

Iago. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that in the authority of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may';
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.
Des. Let 's meet him and receive him.
Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!
Des. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned now!
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,

begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she 's full of most blest condition.

Iago. Blest fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blest, she would never have loved the Moor: blest pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and

main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not: I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; people following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for,

besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But notwithstanding with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.
[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore

blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I 'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and he 's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen; Servants following with wine.

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!
[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier 's a man;
A life 's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.
Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well: God 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient: this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go! [*Exit Roderigo.*
Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil:—But, hark! what noise?
[*A cry within:* 'Help! help!'

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. 'Zounds! you rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What 's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave teach me my duty! But I 'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.*
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir, or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you 're drunk.
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*
Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch indeed!
[*A bell rings.*
Who 's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.
[*Faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,
As if some planet had unwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgement collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
I 'll make thee an example.

Des. What 's the matter?

Oth. All 's well now, sweeting; come away to bed,
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
[*To Montano, who is led off.*
Lead him off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.
[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and

by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*
Iago. And what 's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit. She 's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!
Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound

that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to be done:
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before the castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that 's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?
First Mus. How, sir, how?
Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?
First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.
Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.
First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?
Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here 's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.
First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.
Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.
First Mus. We have none such, sir.
Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away: go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*
Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*] I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?
Gent. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The garden of the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that 's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know 't: I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave.

Des. Nay, stay and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here.
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I prithee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord!
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!
Oth. Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that 's just
They 're close delations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then I think Cassio 's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;
And where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beeseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this!
Think'st thou I 'ld make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I 'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abused; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love; but I do see you 're moved:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend—

My lord, I see you 're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved:
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there 's the point: as—to be bold with you—
Not to effect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

Iago. [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much—
She 's gone; I am abused, and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogatived are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I 'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that 's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and she drops it.*
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin: 290
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 300
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I being here took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. [*Snatching it*] Why, what 's that to you?

Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look, where he comes!

Re-enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't and he 's not robbed at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell,
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain; be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or at the least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That livest to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I 'll love no friend sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where 's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say ' Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves';

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry ' O sweet creature! ' and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd, and then
Cried ' Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor! '

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I 'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this;
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand:

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.
Des. Why, man?
Clo. He 's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to: where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and by them answer.
Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well.
Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello.

How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That 's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she dying gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is 't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: there 's magic in a web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed, is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?
Oth. How!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—
Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit.*
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband.

Enter Cassio and Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Nor purposed merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,

And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
There 's matter in 't indeed if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*

Something sure of state,
Either from Venice some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, by my faith, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I 'ld have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I 'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago!
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthorized kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That 's not so good now.

Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What, what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! 'Zounds, that 's fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour; first, to be hanged, and then to confess. I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears and lips. Is 't possible?—Confess?—Handkerchief?—O devil!

[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught:
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What 's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.
[*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that 's but yoked
May draw with you; there 's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when
He hath and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! what, a customer! I prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my

chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter Bianca.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now! I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I 'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she 'll rail i' the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Oth. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that 's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That 's fouler.
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night. I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.
Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.
Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.
Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. God save the worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my lord An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do as you will—'

Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed!
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserved this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress!
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home. Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He 's that he is: I may not breathe my censure
What he might be: if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?
Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That 's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither: go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough: yet she 's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy 's this?
Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch.
[*Exit Emilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona! Away! away! away!
Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*]
You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here 's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What 's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander; I 'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones?
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':
It doth abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, for I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee; and

even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt more directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable

fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?
O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All 's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—
Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon:—

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that 's not next. Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil. It 's the wind.

Des. [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men.

So get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world 's a huge thing: it is a great price For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Cyprus. A street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[*Retires.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona:
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die. Be 't so. I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest!
[*Makes a pass at Cassio.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

Rod. O, I am slain!
[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder!
[*Falls.*

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain.
Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let 's think 't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What 's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is here about,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains?
What are you there? come in and give some help.
[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That 's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Stabs Roderigo.*

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is 't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen: I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?

Iago. Who is 't that cried!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O
Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure: O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him! ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair?
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O, that's well said; the chair:
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale? O, bear him out o' the air. [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped:
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd.
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd!
Will you go on? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed asleep; a light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither: I 'll smell it on the tree.
[*Kissing her.*
Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow 's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who 's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so. What 's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
Thou gavest to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath used thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
Des. O, my fear interprets! what, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!
Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour!
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late. [*He stifles her.*
Emil. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
So, so.
Emil. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who 's there?
Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She 's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were 't good?
I think she stirs again. No. What 's best to do?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.
Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Emilia.

What 's the matter with thee now?
Emil. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murders done!
Oth. What, now?
Emil. But now, my lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont

And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!
Emil. Alas, what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done this deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, It was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'ld not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!
She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
All. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon 't: I think: I smell 't: O villany!
I thought so then: I 'll kill myself for grief:
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul! 200
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father 's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. 'Zounds! hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north: 220
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman!
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!
[*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia, and exit.*
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.
Gra. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.
[*Exeunt all but Othello and Emilia.*
Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow, willow.
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair, and Officers, with Iago, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That 's he that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that 's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I 'ld have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.
[*Falls on the bed, and dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abhor; "it doth a. me," it is abhorrent to me; IV. ii. 162.
About, out; I. ii. 46.
Abuse, deceive; I. iii. 401.
Abused, deceived; I. i. 174.
Abuser, corrupter; I. ii. 78.
Achieved, won; II. i. 61.
Acknown on't, confess any knowledge of it; III. iii. 319.
Act, action, working; III. iii. 328.
Action, accusation; I. iii. 70.
Addiction, inclination; II. ii. 6.
Addition, honour; III. iv. 194.
Advantage; "in the best a.," at the most favourable opportunity; I. iii. 298.
Advised, careful; I. ii. 55.
Advocation, advocacy; III. iv. 123.
Affined, bound by any tie; I. i. 39.
Affinity, connexions; III. i. 49.
Agnize, confess with pride; I. iii. 232.
Aim, conjecture; I. iii. 6.
All in all, wholly, altogether; IV. i. 89.
Allowance; "and your a.," and has your permission; I. i. 128.
Allowed, acknowledged; I. iii. 224.
All's one, very well; IV. iii. 23.
Almain, German; II. iii. 86.
Ancient, ensign (Folio 1, "*Auntient*"); I. i. 33.
Anthropophagi, cannibals (Quartos, "*Anthropophagie*"; Folio 1, "*Antropophague*"); I. iii. 144. For '*men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.*' *Cp.* illustration.

From Kuchlein's illustrations of the Tourney held at Stuttgart, 1609.

Antres, caverns; I. iii. 140.
Apart, aside; II. iii. 391.
Approve, prove, justify; II. iii. 64.
——, love, adore; IV. iii. 19.
Approved, proved to have been involved; II. iii. 211.
Apt, natural; II. i. 295.
Arraigning, accusing; III. iv. 152.
Arrivance, arrival (Folios, "*Arrivancy*" or "*Arrivancie*"); II. i. 42.

As, as if; III. iii. 77.
Aspics, venomous snakes; III. iii. 450.
Assay, a test; I. iii. 18.
——, try; II. i. 121.
Assure thee, be assured; III. iii. 20.
At, on; I. ii. 42.
Atone, reconcile; IV. i. 236.
Attach, arrest; I. ii. 77.
Attend, await; III. iii. 281.

Bauble, fool (used contemptuously); IV. i. 137.
Bear, the Constellation so called; II. i. 14.
Bear out, get the better of; II. i. 19.
Beer; "small beer," small accounts, trifles; II. i. 161.
Be-lee'd, placed on the lee (Quarto 1, "*be led*"); I. i. 30.
Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; III. iv. 150.
Besort, what is becoming; I. iii. 239.
Best; "were b.," had better; I. ii. 30.
Bestow, place; III. i. 56.
Betimes, early; I. iii. 383.
Bid "good morrow," alluding to the custom of friends bidding *good-morrow* by serenading a newly married couple on the morning after their marriage; III. i. 2.
Birdlime, lime to catch birds; II. i. 127.
Black, opposed to "fair"; III. iii. 263.
Blank, the white mark in the centre of the butt, the aim; III. iv. 128.
Blazoning, praising; II. i. 63.
Blood, anger, passion; II. iii. 205.
Blown, empty, puffed out; III. iii. 182.
Bobb'd, got cunningly; V. i. 16.
Boding, foreboding, ominous; IV. i. 22.
Bootless, profitless; I. iii. 209.
Brace, state of defence (properly, armour to protect the arm); I. iii. 24.
Brave, defy; V. ii. 326.
Bravery, bravado, defiance; I. i. 100.
Bring on the way, accompany; III. iv. 197.
Bulk, the projecting part of a shop on which goods were exposed for sale; V. i. 1.
Butt, goal, limit; V. ii. 267.
By, aside; V. ii. 30.
——, "how you say by," what say you to; I. iii. 17.
By and by, presently; II. iii. 309.

Cable; "give him c.," give him scope; I. ii. 17.
Caitiff, thing, wretch; a term of endearment; IV. i. 109.
Callet, a low woman; IV. ii. 121.
Calm'd, becalmed, kept from motion; I. i. 30.
Canakin, little can; II. iii. 71.
Cannibals; I. iii. 143. *Cp.* illustration.
Capable, ample; III. iii. 459.

From a rare old broadside depicting the habits of the aboriginal Mexicans.

Carack, large ship, galleon; I. ii. 50.

Caroused, drunk; II. iii. 55.

Carve for, indulge (Quarto 1, "*carve forth*"); II. iii. 173.

Case, matter (Folios, "*cause*"); III. iii. 4.

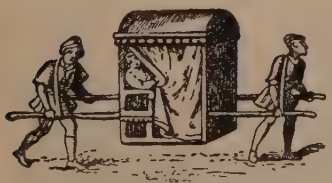
Cast, dismissed, degraded from office; V. ii. 327.

Censure, judgement; II. iii. 193.

——, opinion; IV. i. 273.

Certes, certainly; I. i. 16.

Chair; "a chair, to bear him easily hence"; V. i. 82. *Cp.* illustration.



From a plate in Sandy's Travels (1621), depicting a sick person carried to the sulphur-baths at Pozzuoli, near Naples.

Challenge, claim; I. iii. 188.

Chamberers, effeminate men; III. iii. 265.

Chances, events; I. iii. 134.

Charm, make silent, restrain; V. ii. 183.

Charmer, enchantress, sorceress; III. iv. 57.

Cherubin, cherub; IV. ii. 62.

Chidden, chiding, making an incessant noise; II. i. 12.

Chide, quarrel; IV. ii. 167.

Chuck, a term of endearment; III. iv. 49.

Circumscription, restraint; I. ii. 27.

Circumstance, circumlocution; I. i. 13.

——, appurtenances; III. iii. 354.

Circumstanced, give way to circumstances; III. iv. 201.

Civil, civilised; IV. i. 65.

Clean, entirely, altogether; I. iii. 366.

Clime, country; III. iii. 230.

Clip, embrace; III. iii. 464.

Clog, encumber (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*enclogge*"); II. i. 70.

Close, secret; III. iii. 123.

Close as oak = "close as the grain of oak"; III. iii. 210.

Clyster-pipes, tubes used for injection; II. i. 179.

Coat, coat of mail; V. i. 25.

Cogging, deceiving by lying; IV. ii. 132.

Collied, blackened, darkened; II. iii. 204.

Coloquintida, colocynth, or bitter apple; I. iii. 355.

Commoner, harlot; IV. ii. 72.

Companions, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 141.
Compasses, annual circuits; III. iv. 71.
Compliment extern, external show; I. i. 63.
Composition, consistency; I. iii. 1.
Compt, reckoning, day of reckoning; V. ii. 273.
Conceit, idea; thought (Quarto 1, "*counsell*"); III. iii. 115.
Conceits, conceives, judges; III. iii. 149.
Condition, temper, disposition; II. i. 255.
Confine, limit; I. ii. 27.
Conjunctive, closely united (Quarto 1, "*communicatiue*"; Quarto 2, "*conjectiue*"); I. iii. 375.
Conjured, charmed by incantations; I. iii. 105.
Conscionable, conscientious; II. i. 242.
Consent in, plan together; V. ii. 297.
Consequence, that which follows or results; II. iii. 64.
Conserved, preserved (Quarto 1, "*conserues*"; Quarto 2, "*concerue*"); III. iv. 75.
Consuls, senators (Theobald, "*Couns'lers*"; Hanmer, "*counsel*"); I. ii. 43.
Content, joy; II. i. 185.
——, satisfy, reward; III. i. 1.
Content you, be satisfied, be easy; I. i. 41.
Continuate, continual, uninterrupted (Quarto 1, "*conuenient*"); III. iv. 178.
Contrived, plotted, deliberate; I. ii. 3.
Conveniences, comforts; II. i. 234.
Converse, conversation; III. i. 40.
Cope, meet; IV. i. 87.
Corrigible, corrective; I. iii. 329.
Counsellor, prater (Theobald, "*censurer*"); II. i. 165.
Counter-caster, accountant (used contemptuously); I. i. 31.
Course, proceeding (Quarto 1, "*cause*"); II. i. 275.
——, run (Quarto 1, "*make*"); III. iv. 71.
Court and guard of safety, "very spot and guarding place of safety" (Theobald, "*court of guard and safety*"); II. iii. 216.
Court of guard, the main guardhouse; II. i. 220.
Courtship, civility, elegance of manners (Quarto 1, "*courtesies*"); II. i. 171.
Coxcomb, fool; V. ii. 233.
Cozening, cheating; IV. ii. 132.
Crack, breach; II. iii. 330.
Creation, nature; II. i. 64.
Cries on, cries out (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*cries out*"); V. i. 48.
Critical, censorious; II. i. 120.
Crusadoes, Portuguese gold coins; so called from the cross on them (worth between six and seven shillings); III. iv. 26. *Cp.* illustration.

From an engraving by Fairholt.

Cry, pack of hounds; II. iii. 370.

Cunning, knowledge; III. iii. 49.

Curled, having hair formed into ringlets, *hence* affected, foppish; I. ii. 68.

Customer, harlot; IV. i. 112.

Daffet, dost put off (Collier, "*d a ff' s t*"; Quartos, "*dofftst*"; Folio 1, "*dafts*"); IV. ii. 175.

Danger; "hurt to danger," dangerously hurt, wounded; II. iii. 197.

Darlings, favourites; I. ii. 68.

Daws, jack-daws; I. i. 65.

Dear, deeply felt; I. iii. 260.

Dearest, most zealous; I. iii. 85.

Debitor and creditor, "the title of certain ancient treatises on book-keeping here used as a nick-name" (Clarke); I. i. 31.

Defeat, destroy; IV. ii. 160.

——, disfigure; I. iii. 346.

Defend, forbid; I. iii. 267.

Delations, accusations; III. iii. 123.

Delighted, delightful; I. iii. 290.

Deliver, say, relate; II. iii. 217.

Demand, ask; V. ii. 301.

Demerits, merits; I. ii. 22.

Demonstrable, "made d.," demonstrated, revealed; III. iv. 142.

Denotement, denoting; II. iii. 323.

Deputing, substituting; IV. i. 248.

Designment, design; II. i. 22.

Desired; "well d.," well loved, a favourite; II. i. 206.

Despite, contempt, aversion; IV. ii. 116.

Determinate, decisive; IV. ii. 232.

Devesting, divesting; II. iii. 179.

Diablo, the Devil; II. iii. 161.

Diet, feed; II. i. 302.

Dilate, relate in detail, at length; I. iii. 153.

Directly, in a direct straightforward way; IV. ii. 210.

Discontented, full of dissatisfaction; V. ii. 314.

Discourse of thought, faculty of thinking, range of thought; IV. ii. 153.

Dislikes, displeases; II. iii. 49.

Displeasure; "your d.," the disfavour you have incurred; III. i. 45.

Disports, sports, pastimes; I. iii. 272.

Dispose, disposition; I. iii. 403.

Disprove, refute; V. ii. 172.

Disputed on, argued, investigated; I. ii. 75.

Distaste, be distasteful; III. iii. 327.

Division, arrangement; I. i. 23.

Do, act; I. iii. 395.

Dotage, affection for; IV. i. 27.

Double, of two-fold influence; I. ii. 14.
Double set, go twice round; II. iii. 135.
Doubt, suspicion; III. iii. 188.
——, fear; III. iii. 19.
Dream, expectation, anticipation; II. iii. 64.

Ecstacy, swoon; IV. i. 80.
Elements, a pure extract, the quintessence; II. iii. 59.
Embay'd, land-locked; II. i. 18.
Encave, hide, conceal; IV. i. 82.
Enchafed, chafed, angry; II. i. 17.
Engage, pledge; III. iii. 462.
Engines, devices, contrivances, (?) instruments of torture; IV. ii. 219.
Engluts, engulfs, swallows up; I. iii. 57.
Enshelter'd, sheltered; II. i. 18.
Ensteep'd, steeped, lying concealed under water (Quarto 1, "*enscerped*"); II. i. 70.
Entertainment, re-engagement in the service; III. iii. 250.
Enwheel, encompass, surround; II. i. 87.
Equinox, counterpart; II. iii. 129.
Erring, wandering; III. iii. 227.
Error, deviation, irregularity; V. ii. 109.
Escape, escapade, wanton freak; I. iii. 197.
Essential, real; II. i. 64.
Estimation, reputation; I. iii. 275.
Eternal, damned (used to express abhorrence); IV. ii. 130.
Ever-fixed, fixed for ever (Quartos, "*ever-fired*"); II. i. 15.
Execute, to wreak anger; II. iii. 228.
Execution, working; III. iii. 466.
Exercise, religious exercise; III. iv. 41.
Exhibition, allowance; I. iii. 238.
Expert, experienced; II. iii. 82.
Expert and approved allowance, acknowledged and proved ability; II. i. 49.
Exsufflicate, inflated, unsubstantial; (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, 3, "*exufflicate*"; Folio 4. "*exsufflicated*"); III. iii. 182.
Extern, eternal; I. i. 63.
Extincted, extinct (Folios 3, 4, "*extinctest*"; Rowe, "*extinguished*"); II. i. 81.
Extravagant, vagrant, wandering; I. i. 137.

Facile, easy; I. iii. 23.
Falls, lets fall; IV. i. 248.
Fantasy, fancy; III. iii. 299.
Fashion, conventional custom; II. i. 208.
Fast, faithfully devoted; I. iii. 369.
Fathom, reach, capacity; I. i. 153.
Favour, countenance, appearance; III. iv. 125.
Fearful, full of fear; I. iii. 12.

Fell, cruel; V. ii. 362.
Filches, pilfers, steals; III. iii. 159.
Filth, used contemptuously; V. ii. 231.
Fineless, without limit, boundless; III. iii. 173.
Fitchew, pole-cat (used contemptuously); IV. i. 150.
Fits, befits; III. iv. 150.
Fleers, sneers; IV. i. 83.
Flood, sea; I. iii. 135.
Flood-gate, rushing, impetuous; I. iii. 56.
Folly, unchastity; V. ii. 132.
Fond, foolish; I. iii. 320.
Fopped, befooled, duped; IV. ii. 195.
For, because (Folios, "*when*"); I. iii. 269.
Forbear, spare; I. ii. 10.
Fordoes, destroys; V. i. 129.
Forfend, forbid; V. ii. 32.
Forgot; "are thus f.," have so forgotten yourself; II. iii. 188.
Forms and visages, external show, outward appearance; I. i. 50.
Forth of, forth from, out of (Folio 1, "*For of*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*For off*"); V. i. 35.
Fortitude, strength; I. iii. 222.
Fortune, chance, accident; V. ii. 226.
Framed, moulded, formed; I. iii. 404.
Fraught, freight, burden; III. iii. 449.
Free, innocent, free from guilt; III. iii. 255.
——, liberal; I. iii. 266.
Frights, terrifies; II. iii. 175.
Frize, a kind of coarse woollen stuff; II. i. 127.
From, contrary to; I. i. 132.
Fruitful, generous; II. iii. 347.
Full, perfect; II. i. 36.
Function, exercise of the faculties; II. iii. 354.
Fustian; "discourse f.," talk rubbish; II. iii. 282.

Galls, rancour, bitterness of mind; IV. iii. 93.
Garb, fashion, manner; II. i. 314.
Garner'd, treasured; IV. ii. 57.
Gastness, ghastliness (Quartos 1, 2, "*ieastures*"; Quarto 3, "*jestures*"; Quarto 1687, "*gestures*"; Knight, "*ghastness*"); V. i. 106.
Gender, kind, sort; I. iii. 326.
Generous, noble; III. iii. 280.
Give away, give up; III. iii. 28.
Government, self-control; III. iii. 256.
Gradation, order of promotion; I. i. 37.
Grange, a solitary farm-house; I. i. 106.
Green, raw, inexperienced; II. i. 251.
Grise, step; I. iii. 200.
Gross in sense, palpable to reason; I. ii. 72.
Guardage, guardianship; I. ii. 70.
Guards, guardians ("alluding to the star Arctophylax," Johnson); II. i. 15.
Guinea-hen, a term of contempt for a woman; I. iii. 317.

Gyve, fetter, ensnare; II. i. 171.

Habits, appearances, outward show; I. iii. 108.
Haggard, an untrained wild hawk; III. iii. 260.
Hales, hauls, draws; IV. i. 141.
Haply, perhaps; II. i. 279.
Happ'd, happened, occurred; V. i. 127.
Happiness, good luck; III. iv. 108.
Happy; "in h. time," at the right moment; III. i. 32.
Hard at hand, close at hand (Quartos, "*hand at hand*"); II. i. 268.
Hardness, hardship; I. iii. 234.
Hast-posthaste, very great haste; I. ii. 37.
Have with you, I'll go with you; I. ii. 53.
Having, allowance (?) "pin-money"; IV. iii. 92.
Hearted, seated in the heart; III. iii. 448.
Heavy, sad; V. ii. 371.
——; "a h. night," a thick cloudy night; V. i. 42.
Heat, urgency; I. ii. 40.
Helm, helmet; I. iii. 273.
Herself, itself; I. iii. 96.
Hie, hasten; IV. iii. 50.
High suppertime, high time for supper; IV. ii. 245-6.
Hint, subject, theme; I. iii. 142.
Hip; "have on the h.," catch at an advantage (a term in wrestling); II. i. 314.
Hold, make to linger; V. ii. 334.
Home, to the point; II. i. 166.
Honestly, becoming; IV. i. 288.
Honey, sweetheart; II. i. 206.
Horologe, clock; II. iii. 130.
Housewife, hussy; IV. i. 95.
Hungerly, hungrily; III. iv. 105.
Hurt; "to be h.," to endure being hurt; V. ii. 163.
Hydra, the fabulous monster with many heads; II. iii. 308.

Ice-brook's temper, i.e. a sword tempered in the frozen brook; alluding to the ancient Spanish custom of hardening steel by plunging red-hot in the rivulet Salo near Bilbilis; V. ii. 252.
Idle, barren; I. iii. 140.
Idleness, unproductiveness, want of cultivation; I. iii. 328.
Import, importance; III. iii. 316.
Importancy, importance; I. iii. 20.
In, on; I. i. 137.
Inclining, favourably disposed; II. iii. 346.
Incontinent, immediately; IV. ii. 12.
Incontinently, immediately; I. iii. 306.
Index, introduction, prologue; II. i. 263.
Indign, unworthy; I. iii. 274.
Indues, affects, makes sensitive; (Quarto 3, "*endures*"; Johnson conj. "*subdues*"); III. iv. 146.
Ingener, inventor (of praises); II. i. 65.

Ingraft, ingrafted; II. iii. 145.
Inhibited, prohibited, forbidden; I. ii. 79.
Injointed them, joined themselves; I. iii. 35.
Injuries; "in your i.," while doing injuries; II. i. 112.
Inordinate, immoderate; II. iii. 311.
Intendment, intention; IV. ii. 203.
Intentively, with unbroken attention (Folio 1, "*instinctiuely*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*distinctively*"; Gould conj. "*connectively*"); I. iii. 155.
Invention, mental activity; IV. i. 195.
Issues, conclusions; III. iii. 219.
Iteration, repetition; V. ii. 150.

Janus, the two-headed Roman God; I. ii. 33.
Jesses, straps of leather or silk, with which hawks were tied by the leg for the falconer to hold her by; III. iii. 261. *Cp.* illustration.

From an engraving of the year 1593.

Joint-ring, a ring with joints in it, consisting of two halves; a lover's token; IV. iii. 73. *Cp.* illustration.

From a woodcut by Fairholt.

Jump, exactly; II. iii. 392.
——, agree; I. iii. 5.
Just, exact; I. iii. 5.
Justly, truly and faithfully; I. iii. 124.

Keep up, put up, do not draw; I. ii. 59.
Knave, servant; I. i. 45.
Knee-crooking, fawning, obsequious; I. i. 45.
Know of, learn from, find out from; V. i. 117.

Lack, miss; III. iii. 318.
Law-days, court-days; III. iii. 140.
Leagued, connected in friendship (Quartos, Folios, "*league*"); II. iii. 218.
Learn, teach; I. iii. 183.
Learned, intelligent; III. iii. 259.
Leets, days on which courts are held; III. iii. 140.
Levels, is in keeping, is suitable; I. iii. 240.
Liberal, free, wanton; II. i. 165.

Lies, resides; III. iv. 2.
Like, equal; II. i. 16.
Lingered, prolonged; IV. ii. 228.
List, boundary; "patient l.," the bounds of patience; IV. i. 76.
——, inclination (Folios, Quartos 2, 3, "*leaue*"); II. i. 105.
——, listen to, hear; II. i. 219.
Living, real, valid; III. iii. 409.
Lost, groundless, vain; V. ii. 269.
Lown, lout, stupid, blockhead; II. iii. 95.

Magnifico, a title given to a Venetian grandee; I. ii. 12.
Maidhood, maidenhood; I. i. 173.
Main, sea, ocean; II. i. 3.
Make away, get away; V. i. 58.
Makes, does; I. ii. 49.
Mammering, hesitating (Folios, Quartos 2, 3, "*mam'ring*"; Quarto 1, "*muttering*"; Johnson, "*mummering*"); III. iii. 70.
Man, wield; V. ii. 270.
Manage, set on foot; II. iii. 215.
Mandragora, mandrake, a plant supposed to induce sleep; III. iii. 330.
Mane, crest; II. i. 13.
Manifest, reveal; I. ii. 32.
Marble, (?) everlasting; III. iii. 460.
Mass; "by the mass," an oath (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Introth*"; Folio 4, "*In troth*"); II. iii. 384.
Master, captain; II. i. 211.
May, can; V. i. 78.
Mazzard, head; II. iii. 155.
Me; "whip me," whip (*me* ethic dative); I. i. 49.
Mean, means; III. i. 39.
Meet, seemly, becoming; I. i. 146.
Mere, utter, absolute; II. ii. 3.
Minion, a spoilt darling; V. i. 33.
Mischance, misfortune; V. i. 38.
Mock, ridicule; I. ii. 69.
Modern, common-place; I. iii. 109.
Moe, more; IV. iii. 57.
Molestation, disturbance; II. i. 16.
Monstrous (trisyllabic) (Capell, "*monsterous*"); II. iii. 217.
Moons, months; I. iii. 84.
Moorship's (formed on analogy of worship; Quarto 1 reads "*Worship's*"); I. i. 33.
Moraler, moralizer; II. iii. 301.
Mortal, deadly; II. i. 72.
——, fatal; V. ii. 205.
Mortise, "a hole made in timber to receive the tenon of another piece of timber; II. i. 9.
Moth, "an idle eater"; I. iii. 257.
Motion, impulse, emotion; I. iii. 95.
——, natural impulse; I. ii. 75.
Mountebanks, quacks; I. iii. 61.
Mummy, a preparation used for magical—as well as medicinal—purposes, made originally from mummies; III. iv. 74.

Mutualities, familiarities; II. i. 266.
Mystery, trade craft; IV. ii. 30.

Naked, unarmed; V. ii. 258.
Napkin, handkerchief; III. iii. 287.
Native, natural, real; I. i. 62.
New, fresh (Quartos, "*more*"); I. iii. 205.
Next, nearest; I. iii. 205.
North, north wind; V. ii. 220.
Notorious, notable, egregious; IV. ii. 140.
Nuptial, wedding (Quartos, "*Nuptialls*"); II. ii. 8.

Obscure, abstruse; II. i. 263.
Observancy, homage; III. iv. 149.
Odd-even, probably the interval between twelve o'clock at night and one o'clock in the morning; I. i. 124.
Odds, quarrel; II. iii. 185.
Off, away; V. ii. 331.
Off-capp'd, doffed their caps, saluted (Quartos, "*oft capt*"); I. i. 10.
Offends, hurts, pains; II. iii. 199.
Office, duty (Quarto 1, "*duty*"); III. iv. 113.
Officed, having a special function; I. iii. 271.
Offices, domestic offices, where food and drink were kept; II. ii. 9.
Old, time-honoured system; I. i. 37.
On, at; II. iii. 132.
On't, of it; II. i. 30.
Opinion, public opinion, reputation; II. iii. 196.
Opposite, opposed; I. ii. 67.
Other, otherwise; IV. ii. 13.
Ottomites, Ottomans; I. iii. 33.
Out-tongue, bear down; I. ii. 19.
Overt; "o. test," open proofs; I. iii. 107.
Owe, own; I. i. 66.
Owedst, didst own; III. iii. 333.

Paddle, play, toy; II. i. 259.
Pageant, show, pretence; I. iii. 18.
Paragons, excels, surpasses; II. i. 62.
Parcels, parts, portions; I. iii. 154.
Partially, with undue favour (Qq., "*partiality*"); II. iii. 218.
Parts, gifts; III. iii. 264.
Passage, people passing; V. i. 37.
Passing, surpassingly; I. iii. 160.
Patent, privilege; IV. i. 203.
Patience (trisyllabic); II. iii. 376.
Peculiar, personal; III. iii. 79.
Peevish, childish, silly; II. iii. 185.
Pegs, "the pins of an instrument on which the strings are fastened"; II. i. 202.
Perdurable, durable, lasting; I. iii. 343.
Period, ending; V. ii. 357.
Pestilence, poison; II. iii. 362.
Pierced, penetrated; I. iii. 219.

Pioners, pioneers, the commonest soldiers, employed for rough, hard work, such as levelling roads, forming mines, etc.; III. iii. 346.

Pleasance, pleasure (Quartos, "*pleasure*"); II. iii. 293.

Pliant, convenient; I. iii. 151.

Plume up, make to triumph (Quarto 1, "*make up*"); I. iii. 398.

Poise, weight; III. iii. 82.

Pontic sea, Euxine or Black Sea; III. iii. 453.

Portance, conduct; I. iii. 139.

Position, positive assertion; III. iii. 234.

Post-post-haste, very great haste; I. iii. 46.

Pottle-deep, to the bottom of the tankard, a measure of two quarts; II. iii. 56.

Practice, plotting; III. iv. 141.

Precious, used ironically (Quartos 2, 3, "*pernitious*"); V. ii. 235.

Prefer, promote; II. i. 286.

——, show, present; I. iii. 109.

Preferment, promotion; I. i. 36.

Pregnant, probable; II. i. 239.

Presently, immediately; III. i. 38.

Prick'd, incited, spurred; III. iii. 412.

Probal, probable, reasonable; II. iii. 344.

Probation, proof; III. iii. 365.

Profane, coarse, irreverent; II. i. 165.

Profit, profitable lesson; III. iii. 379.

Proof; "make p.," test, make trial; V. i. 26.

Proper, own; I. iii. 69.

——, handsome; I. iii. 397.

Propontic, the Sea of Marmora; III. iii. 456.

Propose, speak; I. i. 25.

Propriety; "from her p.," out of herself; II. iii. 176.

Prosperity, success; II. i. 287.

Prosperous, propitious; I. iii. 245.

Puddled, muddled; III. iv. 143.

Purse, wrinkle, frown; III. iii. 113.

Purse . . . strings; I. i. 2, 3. *Cp.* illustration.

From the leaden seal of the Confraternity of Purse-makers (Boursiers) of Paris.

Put on, incite, instigate; II. iii. 357.

Qualification, appeasement; II. i. 281.

Qualified, diluted; II. iii. 41.

Quality; "very q.," *i.e.* very nature; I. iii. 252.

Quarter; "in q.," in peace, friendship; II. iii. 180.

Quat, pistule, pimple (used contemptuously); Quarto 1, "*gnat*"; Theobald, "*knot,*" etc.); V. i. 11.
Question, trial and decision by force of arms; I. iii. 23.
Quests, bodies of searchers; I. ii. 46.
Quicken, receive life; III. iii. 277.
Quillets, quibbles; III. i. 25.
Quirks, shallow conceits; II. i. 63.

Raised up, awakened; II. iii. 250.
Rank, coarse; II. i. 314.
Rank, lustful (? morbid); III. iii. 232.
Recognizance, token; V. ii. 214.
Reconciliation, restoration to favour; III. iii. 47.
Reference, assignment (Quarto 1, "*reuerence*"; Folios 3, 4, "*reverence*"; Johnson conj. "*preference*"); I. iii. 238.
Regard, view; II. i. 40.
Region, part; IV. i. 84.
Relume, rekindle; V. ii. 13.
Remorse, pity, compassion; III. iii. 369.
Remove, banish; IV. ii. 14.
Repeals, recalls to favour; II. iii. 363.
Reprobation, perdition, damnation (Folios, "*Reprobance*"); V. ii. 209.
Reverses, keeps; III. iii. 295.
Respect, notice; IV. ii. 190.
Re-stem, retrace; I. iii. 37.
Revolt, inconstancy; III. iii. 188.
Rich, valuable, precious; II. iii. 195.
Roman (used ironically); IV. i. 121.
Round, straightforward, plain; I. iii. 90.
Rouse, bumper, full measure; II. iii. 66.
Rude, harsh; III. iii. 355.
Ruffian'd, been boisterous, raged; II. i. 7.

Sadly, sorrowfully; II. i. 32.
Safe, sound; IV. i. 272.
Sagittary, a public building in Venice; I. i. 159.
Salt, lustful; II. i. 245.
Sans, without; I. iii. 64.
'Sblood, a corruption of *God's blood*; an oath (the reading of Quarto 1; omitted in others); I. i. 4.
Scant, neglect; I. iii. 268.
'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 136.
Scattering, random; III. iii. 151.
Scion, slip, off-shoot (Quartos, "*syen*"; Folios, "*Seyen*"); I. iii. 337.
Scored me, "made my reckoning, settled the term of my life" (Johnson, Schmidt), "branded me" (Steevens, Clarke); IV. i. 129.
Scorns, expressions of scorn; IV. i. 83.
Seamy side without, wrong side out; IV. ii. 146.
Sect, cutting, scion; I. iii. 336.
Secure, free from care; IV. i. 72.

Secure me, feel myself secure; I. iii. 10.

Seel, blind (originally a term in falconry); I. iii. 270.

Seeming, appearance, exterior; I. iii. 109.

——, hypocrisy; III. iii. 209.

Segregation, dispersion; II. i. 10.

Self-bounty, inherent kindness and benevolence; III. iii. 200.

Self-charity, charity to one's self; II. iii. 202.

Se'nnight's, seven night's, a week's; II. i. 77.

Sense, feeling (Quartos, "*offence*"); II. iii. 268.

——; "to the s.," *i.e.* "to the quick"; V. i. 11.

Sequent, successive; I. ii. 41.

Sequester, sequestration; III. iv. 40.

Sequestration, rupture, divorce; I. iii. 351.

Shore, did cut; V. ii. 206.

Should, could; III. iv. 23.

Shrewd, bad, evil; III. iii. 429.

Shrift, shriving place, confessional; III. iii. 24.

Shut up in, confine to; III. iv. 121.

Sibyl, prophetess; III. iv. 70.

Siege, rank, place; I. ii. 22.

Simpleness, simplicity; I. iii. 247.

Sir; "play the s.," play the fine gentleman; II. i. 176.

Sith, since (Quartos, "*since*"); III. iii. 380.

Skillet, boiler, kettle; I. iii. 273. The accompanying illustration represents an old sixteenth century helmet used as a skillet, which was found in dredging the Thames near the Tower of London.

Slight, worthless, frivolous; II. iii. 279.

Slipper, slippery; II. i. 246.

Slubber, sully, soil; I. iii. 227.

Snipe, simpleton (Folio 1, "*Snpe*"; Folio 2, "*a Swaine*"; Folios 3, 4, "*a Swain*"); I. iii. 390.

Snorting, snoring; I. i. 90.

Soft, mild, gentle; I. iii. 82.

Soft you, hold; V. ii. 338.

Something, somewhat; II. iii. 199.

Sorry, painful (Quartos, "*sullen*"; Collier MS., "*sudden*"); III. iv. 51.

Spake, said, affirmed (Quarto 3, "*speake*"); V. ii. 327.

Spartan dog, the dogs of Spartan breed were fiercest; V. ii. 361.

Speak i' the nose, "the Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect; and Shylock tells of 'when the bagpipe sings i' the nose'" (Clarke); (Collier MS., "squeak"; etc.); III. i. 5.

Speak parrot, talk nonsense; II. iii. 280.

Speculative, possessing the power of seeing; I. iii. 271.

Spend, waste, squander; II. iii. 195.

Spleen, choler, anger; IV. i. 89.

Splinter, secure by splints; II. iii. 329.

Squire, fellow (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 145.

Stand in act, are in action; I. i. 152.

Start, startle, rouse; I. i. 101.

Startingly, abruptly (Folios 3, 4, "*staringly*"); III. iv. 79.

Stay, are waiting for; IV. ii. 170.

Stead, benefit, help; I. iii. 344.

Still, often, now and again; I. iii. 147.

Stomach, appetite; V. ii. 75.

Stop; "your s.," the impediment you can place in my way; V. ii. 264.

Stoup, a vessel for holding liquor; II. iii. 30.

Stow'd, bestowed, placed; I. ii. 62.

Straight, straightway; I. i. 138.

Strain, urge, press; III. iii. 250.

Strangeness, estrangement (Quartos, "*strangest*"); III. iii. 12.

Strawberries; the accompanying engraving is copied from "a piece of Elizabethan needlework in which the strawberry and pink alternate over a ground of fawn-coloured silk"; III. iii. 435.

Stuff o' the conscience, matter of conscience; I. ii. 2.

Subdued, make subject; I. iii. 251.

Success, that which follows, consequence; III. iii. 222.

Sudden, quick, hasty; II. i. 278.

Sufferance, damage, loss; II. i. 23.

Sufficiency, ability; I. iii. 224.

Sufficient, able; III. iv. 91.

Suggest, tempt; II. iii. 358.

Supersubtle, excessively crafty (Collier MS., "*super-supple*"); I. iii. 363.

Sweeting, a term of endearment; II. iii. 252.

Swelling, inflated; II. iii. 57.

Sword of Spain, Spanish swords were celebrated for their excellence; V. ii. 253.

Ta'en order, taken measures; V. ii. 72.
Ta'en out, copied; III. iii. 296.
Tainting, disparaging; II. i. 274.
Take out, copy; III. iv. 180.
Take up at the best, make the best of; I. iii. 173.
Talk, talk nonsense; IV. iii. 25.
Talk me, speak to me; III. iv. 92.
Tells o'er, counts; III. iii. 169.
Theoric, theory; I. i. 24.
Thick-lips; used contemptuously for "Africans"; I. i. 66.
Thin, slight, easily seen through; I. iii. 108.
Thread, thread of life; V. ii. 206.
Thrice-driven, "referring to the selection of the feathers by *driving* with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy" (Johnson); I. iii. 232.
Thrive in, succeed in gaining; I. iii. 125.
Time, life; I. i. 162.
Timorous, full of fear; I. i. 75.
Tire, make tired, weary out; II. i. 65.
Toged, wearing the toga; I. i. 25.
Told, struck, counted (Folios 3, 4, "*toll'd*"); II. ii. 11.
Toy, fancy; III. iv. 156.
Toys, trifles; I. iii. 269.
Trash, worthless thing, dross; II. i. 311.
——, keep back, hold in check (a hunter's term); II. i. 311.
Traverse, march, go on; I. iii. 378.
Trimm'd in, dressed in, wearing; I. i. 50.
Turn; "t. thy complexion," change colour; IV. ii. 62.

Unblest, accursed; II. iii. 311.
Unbonnetted, without taking off the cap, on equal terms; I. ii. 23.
Unbookish, ignorant; IV. i. 102.
Uncapable, incapable; IV. ii. 232.
Undertaker; "his u.," take charge of him, dispatch him; IV. i. 224.
Unfold, reveal, bring to light; IV. ii. 141.
Unfolding, communication; I. iii. 245.
Unhandsome, unfair; III. iv. 151.
Unhatch'd, undisclosed; III. iv. 141.
Unhoused, homeless, not tied to a household and family; I. ii. 26.
Unlace, degrade; II. iii. 194.
Unperfectness, imperfection; II. iii. 298.
Unprovide, make unprepared; IV. i. 211.
Unsure, uncertain; III. iii. 151.
Unvarnish'd, plain, unadorned; I. iii. 90.
Unwitted, deprived of understanding; II. iii. 182.
Upon, incited by, urged by; I. i. 100.

Use, custom; IV. i. 277.
Uses, manners, habits (Quarto 1, "*vsage*"); IV. iii. 105.

Vantage; "to the v.," over and above; IV. iii. 85.
Vessel, body; IV. ii. 83.
Vesture, garment; II. i. 64.
Violence, bold action; I. iii. 250.
Virtuous, having efficacy, powerful; III. iv. 111.
Voices, votes; I. iii. 261.
Vouch, assert, maintain; I. iii. 103, 106.
——, bear witness; I. iii. 262.
——, testimony; II. i. 148.

Wage, venture, attempt; I. iii. 30.
Watch, watchman; V. i. 37.
Watch him, keep him from sleeping; a term in falconry; III. iii. 23.
Wearing, clothes; IV. iii. 16.
Well said, well done (Quartos, "*well sed*"); II. i. 168.
What, who; I. i. 18.
Wheeling, errant (Quarto 2, "*wheedling*"); I. i. 137.
Whipster, one who whips out his sword (used contemptuously); V. ii. 244.
White (used with a play upon *white* and *wight*); II. i. 134.
Wholesome, reasonable; III. i. 49.
Wicker, covered with wickerwork; (Folios, "*Twiggen*"); II. iii. 152.
Wight, person (applied to both sexes); II. i. 159.
Wind; "let her down the w."; the falconers always let the hawk fly against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind,* and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*" (Johnson); III. iii. 262.
Wind-shaked, wind-shaken; II. i. 13.
With, by; II. i. 34.
Withal, with; I. iii. 93.
With all my heart, used both as a salutation, and also as a reply to a salutation; IV. i. 220.
Within door; "speak w. d.," *i.e.* "not so loud as to be heard outside the house"; IV. ii. 144.
Woman'd, accompanied by a woman; III. iv. 195.
Worser, worse; I. i. 95.
Wrench, wrest (Quarto 1, "*Wring*"); V. ii. 288.
Wretch, a term of endearment; (Theobald, "*wench*"); III. iii. 90.
Wrought, worked upon; V. ii. 345.

Yerk'd, thrust; I. ii. 5.
Yet, as yet, till now; III. iii. 432.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 15. Omitted in Folios and Quartos 2, 3.

I. i. 21. *'A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife'*; if this alludes to Bianca, the phrase may possibly mean 'very near being married to a most fair wife.' Some explain "A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a fair woman." The emendations proposed are unsatisfactory, and probably unnecessary.

I. i. 72. *'changes'*; Folios read *'chances.'*

I. ii. 72-77; iii. 16; 36; 63; 118; 123; 194; omitted in Quarto 1.

I. ii. 75. *'weaken motion'*; Rowe's emendation; Folios, and Quartos 2, 3, *'weakens motion'*; Pope (Ed. 2, Theobald) *'weaken notion'*; Hanmer, *'waken motion'*; Keightley, *'wakens motion'*; Anon. conj. in Furness, *'wake emotion,'* etc.

I. iii. 67. *'bloody book of law'*; "By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal" (Clarke).

I. iii. 87. *'feats of broil'*; Capell's emendation; Quarto 1, *'feate of broile'*; Folio 1, *'Feats of Broiles,'* etc.

I. iii. 107. *'Certain'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'wider.'*

I. iii. 139. *'portance in my'*; so Folios and Quarto 2; Quarto 3, *'portence in my'*; Quarto 1, *'with it all my'*; Johnson conj. *'portance in't; my'*; etc.; *'travels'*; the reading of Modern Edd. (Globe Ed.); Quartos, *'trauells'*; Pope, *'travel's'*; Folio 1, *'Trauellours'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Travellers'*; Folio 4, *'Traveller's'*; Richardson conj. *'travellous'* or *'travailous.'*

I. iii. 159. *'sighs'*; Folios, *'kisses'*; Southern MS., *'thanks.'*

I. iii. 250. *'and storm of fortunes'*; Quarto 1, *'and scorne of Fortunes,'* etc.

I. iii. 261. *'Let her have your voices'*; Dyce's correction; Folios, *'Let her have your voice'*; Quartos read—

> *"Your voyces Lords; beseech you let her will*
> *Haue a free way."*

I. iii. 264-265. *'the young affects In me defunct'*; Quartos, *'the young affects In my defunct'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'effects.'* The reading of the text is the simplest and most plau-

sible emendation of the many proposed, the words meaning 'the passions of youth which I have now outlived': '*proper satisfaction*' = 'my own gratification.'

I. iii. 330. '*balance*'; Folios, '*brain*' and '*braine*'; Theobald, '*beam.*'

I. iii. 354. '*luscious as locusts*': "perhaps so mentioned from being placed together with wild honey in St. Matthew iii. 4" (Schmidt).

I. iii. 358. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 384-388. The reading in the text is that of the second and third Quartos; Quarto 1, adds after the words '*I am chang'd*'—

"*Goe to farewell, put money enough in your purse*";

omitting '*I'll go sell all my land.*'

II. i. 39-40; 158; 260 ('*didst not mark that?*'); omitted in Quarto 1.

II. i. 65. '*tire the ingener*'; Knight, Steevens conj.; Folio 1, '*tyre the Ingeniuer*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*tire the Ingeniver*'; Quarto 1, '*beare all Excellency*'—; Quartos 2, 3, '*beare an excelency*':— Johnson conj. '*tire the ingenious verse*'; Pope, '*beare all excellency*—'

II. i. 82. '*And . . . Cyprus*'; omitted in Folios.

II. i. 249. '*a devilish knave*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 258. '*blest pudding*'; Folios, '*Bless'd pudding*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 267-268. '*comes the master and main*'; so Folios; Quarto 1 reads '*comes the maine*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*comes Roderigo, the master and the maine.*'

II. i. 279. '*haply may*'; Quartos read '*haply with his Trunchen may.*'

II. i. 311. '*poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*'; Steevens' emendation; Quarto 1, '*poor trash . . . I crush*'; Folios, Quartos 2, 3, '*poor Trash . . . I trace*'; Theobald, Warburton conj. '*poor brach . . . I trace*'; Warburton (later conj.) '*poor brach . . . I cherish.*'

II. iii. 42. '*here,*' *i.e.* in my head.

II. iii. 92-99. These lines are from an old song called '*Take thy old cloak about thee,*' to be found in Percy's *Reliques.*

II. iii. 167. '*sense of place*'; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos: Folios, '*place of sense.*'

II. iii. 292. '*transform ourselves into beasts.*' "This trans-

formation was frequently depicted in old satirical prints; as in the woodcut here copied from the Musarum Deliciae 1657, representing 'the drunken humors' imparting to men the feeling and manners of the tiger, the ass, the fox, the dog, the ape and the swine."

II. iii. 318. *'some time'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'a time'*; Grant White, *'one time.'*

III. i. 13. *'for love's sake'*; Quarto 1, *'of all loues.'*

III. i. 43. *'Florentine,' i.e.* 'even a Florentine'; Iago was a Venetian.

III. i. 52. Omitted in Folios.

III. iii. 23. *'watch him tame,' i.e.* tame him by keeping him from sleep (as was done with hawks).

III. iii. 106. *'By heaven, he echoes me'*; Quarto 1, *'By heauen he ecchoes me'*; Folios *'Alas, thou ecchos't me'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'why dost thou ecchoe me.'*

III. iii. 132. *'thy worst of thoughts'*; so Folios, Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads *'the worst of thoughts'*; Quarto 3, *'thy thoughts'*; perhaps we should read:—

"As thou dost rum'nate, give thy worst of thoughts."

III. iii. 170. *'strongly'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'soundly'*; Knight, *'fondly.'*

III. iii. 277. *'Desdemona comes'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'Looke where she comes.'*

III. iii. 325; 383-390; 453-460; iv. 8-10; 195-196. Omitted in Quarto 1.

III. iii. 440. *'any that was hers'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, *'any, it was hers'*; Folio 1, *'any, it was hers'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'any, if 't was hers'*; Anon. conj. *'any 'it' was hers.'*

III. iii. 447. *'thy hollow cell'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'the hollow hell'*; Warburton, *'th' unhallow'd cell.'*

III. iii. 456. Steevens compares the following passage in Holland's *Pliny*:—"And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out from Propontes, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus."

III. iii. 469. '*business ever*'; Quartos, '*worke so euer*'; Collier, '*work soe'er,*' etc.

III. iv. 47. '*our new heraldry,*' (*vide* PREFACE).

III. iv. 65. '*her,*' *i.e.* to my wife (implied in '*wive*').

III. iv. 121. '*shut myself up in,*' etc., *i.e.* 'Confine myself to some other course of life, awaiting fortune's charity'; Quarto 1, '*shoote my selfe up in*'; Capell, '*shoot myself upon*'; Rann, '*shape myself upon*'; Collier MS., '*shift myself upon.*'

III. iv. 151. '*warrior*'; Hanmer, '*wrangler*'; *cp.* '*O my fair warrior*'; (II. i. 184).

IV. i. 77. '*here o'erwhelmed*'; Quarto 1, '*here ere while, mad.*'

IV. i. 122. ('*What, a customer!*'); ii. 73-76; iii. 60-63, 87-104; omitted in Quarto 1.

IV. i. 137-138. '*and, by this hand, she falls me*'; so Collier; Quarto 1, reads '*by this hand she fals*'; Folios, '*and falls me*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*fals me.*'

IV. i. 268. '*This the nature,*' Pope's reading; Quartos, '*This the noble nature*'; Folios, '*Is this the nature.*'

IV. ii. 109. '*least misuse*'; Quarto 1, '*greatest abuse*'; Collier MS., '*least misdeede.*'

IV. ii. 170. '*The messengers of Venice stay the meat*'; Knight's reading; Folio 1, '*The Messengers of Venice staies the meate*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*The Messenger of Venice staies the meate*'; Quarto 1, '*And the great Messengers of Venice stay*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay.*'

IV. iii. 23. '*All's one. Good faith*'; Quarto 1, '*All's one good faith*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*All's one; good father*'; Folios, '*All's one: good Father.*'

IV. iii. 26. '*Barbara*'; Quartos read '*Barbary*'; Folio 1, '*Barbarie.*'

IV. iii. 41, etc.; the original of Desdemona's song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of '*A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love*'; where the plaintive lover is a man.

IV. iii. 41. '*sighing*'; Folios, '*singing*'; Quarto 3, '*singhing*'; Folio 1, (Dev.) '*sining.*'

V. i. 82-83; ii. 82, 185-193, 266-272; omitted in Quarto 1.

V. i. 105. '*gentlemen,*' the reading of Folios; Quartos, '*Gentlewoman.*'

V. i. 107. '*if you stare*'; so Folios; Quartos 1, 2, '*an you stirre*'; Quarto 3, '*an you stirr*'; Anon. conj. '*if you stay.*'

V. ii. 7. '*Put out the light, and then put out the light*'; *i.e.*

'put out the light, and then put out the light of life.' The Cambridge Editors give some dozen variant methods of punctuating and reading the line, but it is perfectly clear as it stands.

V. ii. 151. *'made mocks with love'*; "taken advantage to play upon the weakness of passion" (Johnson).

V. ii. 172. *'Disprove this villain'*; Capell, *'Disprove it, villain.'*

V. ii. 337. *'bring away'*; Quartos, *'bring him away'*; Collier MS., *'bring them away.'*

V. ii. 347. *'Indian'*; Folio 1, *'Iudean'*; Theobald proposed *'Judian,'* adding, "I am satisfied in his *Judian* he is alluding to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealosie, threw away such a jewel of a wife as *Mariamne* was to him." This interpretation was Warburton's. "This it is," as Coleridge put it, "for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed Mariamne!" Boswell aptly quotes from Habington's *Castara*:—

> *"So the unskilful Indian those bright gems*
> *Which might add majesty to diadems,*
> *'Mong the waves scatters."*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

3. *shouldst know of this*:—Of the intended elopement. Roderigo has been suing for Desdemona's hand, employing Iago to aid him in his suit, and paying his service in advance. The play opens pat upon her elopement with the Moor, and Roderigo presumes Iago to have been in the secret of their intention.

10. *Off-capp'd*:—To *cap* was often used for a salutation of respect, made by taking off the cap. "Three great ones of the city," says Knight, "wait upon Othello; they *off-capp'd*—they took cap in hand—in personal suit that he should make Iago his lieutenant."

31. *By debitor and creditor*:—By a mere accountant, a keeper of debt and credit. Iago means that Cassio, though knowing no more of war than men of the gown, as distinguished from men of the sword, has yet *outsailed* him in military advancement. Again, he calls Cassio "this *counter-caster*," in allusion to the *counters* formerly used in reckoning up accounts.

33. *ancient*:—This old corruption of ensign was used both for a standard and a standard-bearer. For both uses see 1 *Henry IV.*, IV. ii. 25 and 33 respectively. But that *ensign* was in use in Shakespeare's day is abundantly proved, as in Drayton's *Barons' Warres*:—

"Ensigne beards Ensigne, Sword 'gainst Sword doth shake."

39. Whether I stand *within* any such *terms* of *affinity* to the Moor, as that I am bound to love him.

45. *knee-crooking knave*:—We have here a notable example of the use of *knave* in the transition stage between its second and its third or present meaning. It first meant a child; then, because children served their elders, a servant; and finally, because of the dishonesty and loose morals of servants, a rogue. In Roderigo's account of the elopement, farther on in this scene, the word occurs in its secondary sense, "a knave of common hire, a gondolier." The opprobrious sense of the word seems to have become fixed early in the second quarter of the seventeenth century. "For whosoeuer should in these present times say in England to some English men knaue, which formerly was taken for a man seruant, and on which word the law takes no hold, it would not take well, for that knaue and a base fellow signifieth the selfe same thing."

65. *I am not what I am*:—A misprint, perhaps, for "I am not what I *seem*." This, at all events, is probably the meaning of Iago.

66. *full fortune*, etc.:—So both the Quartos: the Folio has *fall* instead of *full*. The meaning is, how fortunate he is, or how strong in fortune, if he can hold out against such practice. Similar language occurs in *Cymbeline*: "Our pleasure his *full fortune* doth confine." And in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The imperious show of the *full-fortuned* Cæsar." Of course *owe* is used in the old sense of *own* or *possess*.

75, 76. *In the time of* night and negligence; a very common form of expression. *Timorous* was sometimes used, as *fearful* still is, for that which *frightens*. Old dictionaries explain it, "fearful, horridus, formidolosus."

106. *My house is not a grange*:—Mine is not a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed. *Grange* is, strictly, the farm of a monastery; but, provincially, any lone house or solitary farm is called a *grange*. So in *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 274, 275: "There, at the moated *grange*, resides this dejected Mariana."

114. A *gennet* is a horse; strictly a Spanish horse of the breed called barbs, introduced into Spain by the Moors from Barbary. *Germans*, meaning brothers, sisters, or cousins, is here used for any near relations.

126. *gondolier*:—A writer in the *Pictorial Shakspere* tells us, "that the gondoliers are the only conveyors of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice; that they are thus cognizant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptations to make profit of the

secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in 'the dull watch o' the night, no worse nor better guard.'"

132. *from*:—Against or opposed to.

137. *In an extravagant and wheeling stranger*:—A stranger who has no fixed abode, whose life is irregular. So in Markham's *English Housewife*, "The Sewer upon the placing them [certain dishes] upon the table shall not set them down as he received them, but setting the Sallets extravagantly about the table," etc., Ed. 1653; and in *Hamlet*, I. i. 154, 155, "The extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine." So Iago, Sc. iii., 362, 363, of this Act calls Othello an "erring barbarian."

143. *not unlike my dream*:—"The careful old senator," says Coleridge, "being caught careless, transfers his caution to his dreaming-power at least."

159. The *Sagittary* is supposed by some commentators to have been some public house or inn with a figure of the Archer, after *Sagittarius*, ninth sign of the zodiac, for the sign of the house itself. Perhaps Shakespeare knew at Venice an inn so called.

182. *at most*:—That is, at most *of the houses*.

Scene II.

2. *stuff o' the conscience*:—A *point* or *matter* of conscience.

8. Iago is speaking of Roderigo, and pretending to relate what he has done and said against Othello.

22. *men of royal siege*:—Men who have sat on kingly *thrones*. *Siege* was often thus used for *seat*.

22, 23. *my demerits may speak unbonneted*, etc.:—Shakespeare and his contemporaries use *demerits* to express both the presence and the absence of merit. See an instance of the former in *Macbeth*, IV. iii., and of the latter in *Coriolanus*, I. i. *Unbonneted* can only mean without the bonnet; which sense, as the uncovering of the head is a sign of deference, seems at variance with the manifest purpose of Othello's speech. Yet there does not appear to be sufficient reason for us to assume that there is corruption. Theobald would have read, "may speak *and* bonneted."

28. *the sea's worth*:—Pliny, the naturalist, has a chapter on *the riches of the sea*. The expression seems to have been proverbial.

59. There seems to be a sort of playful, good-humoured irony expressed in the very rhythm of this line. Throughout this Scene,

Othello appears at all points "the noble nature, whose solid virtue the shot of accident, nor dart of chance, could neither graze, nor pierce"; his calmness and intrepidity of soul, his heroic modesty, his manly frankness and considerative firmness of disposition are all displayed at great advantage, marking his character as one made up of the most solid and gentle qualities. Though he has nowise wronged Brabantio, he knows that he seems to have done so: his feelings therefore take the old man's part, and he respects his age and sorrow too much to resent his violence; hears his charges with a kind of reverential defiance, and answers them as knowing them false, yet sensible of their reasonableness, and honouring him the more for making them.

68. In Shakespeare's time it was the fashion for lusty gallants to wear "a *curled* bush of frizzled hair." In *King Lear*, Edgar, when he was "proud in heart and mind," *curled his hair*. The Poet has other allusions to the custom among people of rank and fashion.

99. *Pagan* was a word of contempt; and the reason will appear from its etymology: "*Paganus*, villanus vel incultus. Et derivatur a *pagus*, quod est villa. Et *quicunque habitat in villa est paganus*. Prætera quicunque est extra civitatem Dei. *i. e.*, ecclesiam, dicitur paganus. Anglice, a *paynim*."—*Ortus Vocabulorum*, 1528.

Scene III.

23. That he may capture it with an easier conflict.

48, 49. *employ you*, etc.:—It was part of the policy of the Venetian state to employ strangers, and even Moors, in their wars. "By lande they are served of straungers, both for generals, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre, because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande; fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's example."—Thomas's *History of Italye*.

67. *bloody book of late*:—By the Venetian law the giving love-potions was highly criminal, as appears in the *Code Della Promission del Malefico*.

96. *herself*:—Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the personal instead of the neutral pronoun.

140. *antres*:—Caverns; from *antrum*, Lat. Warburton observes that Rymer ridicules this whole circumstance; and Shaftesbury obliquely sneers at it. "Whoever," says Johnson, "ridicules this

account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were magnified by her timidity."

144, 145. Nothing excited more universal attention than the account brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation, "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages in 1599, adorned with copper-plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, etc. These extraordinary reports were universally credited; and Othello therefore assumes no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of the Poet's time.

155. *not intentively*:—*Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. "*Intentive*, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing," says Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616.

163. *such a man*:—A question has been raised whether the meaning here is, that Desdemona wished such a man had been made *for* her, or that she herself had been made such a man; and several have insisted on the latter, lest the lady's delicacy should be impeached. Her delicacy stands in need of no such critical guardianship.

199. Let me speak as you yourself have spoken; referring to Brabantio's words, "I here do give thee that," etc.

202. This is expressed in a common proverbial form in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "Past cure is still past care."

219. *pierced through the ear*:—The wounded heart was healed with words, *pierced* being used simply in the sense of *reached* or *penetrated*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, vi. 9, 26:—

> "Whyl'st thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy eare
> Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
> Whose sensefull *words empierst his hart* so neare,
> That he was wrapt with double ravishment."

Dyce quotes the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, I. 2:—

> "Nor thee nor them, thrice-noble Tamburlaine,
> Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladness pierc'd*."

249-251. *That I did love . . . world*:—So the Folio and the Quarto of 1630: the Quarto of 1622 has *scorn* instead of *storm. Scorn* will not cohere with *violence,* unless by making it express a quality of Desdemona herself, not of her fortunes; the sense in that case being, "my downright violence of behaviour, and scorn of fortune." She evidently means the violence and storm of fortunes which she has *braved* or *encountered* in marrying the Moor, and not anything of a violent or scornful temper in herself.

293-295. *Look to her . . . her faith*:—"In real life," says Coleridge, "how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them."

313. *four times seven years*:—This clearly ascertains the age of Iago to be twenty-eight years; though the general impression of him is that of a much older man. The Poet, no doubt, had a wise purpose in making him so young, as it infers his virulence of mind to be something innate and spontaneous, and not superinduced by harsh experience of the world. Verplanck remarks upon it thus: "An old soldier of acknowledged merit, who, after years of service, sees a young man like Cassio placed over his head, has not a little to plead in justification of deep resentment, and in excuse, though not in defence, of his revenge: such a man may well brood over imaginary wrongs. The caustic sarcasm and contemptuous estimate of mankind are at least pardonable in a soured and disappointed veteran. But in a young man the revenge is more purely gratuitous, the hypocrisy, the knowledge, the dexterous management of the worst and weakest parts of human nature, the recklessness of moral feeling,—even the stern, bitter wit, intellectual and contemptuous, without any of the gaiety of youth,—are all precocious and peculiar; separating Iago from the ordinary sympathies of our nature, and investing him with higher talent and blacker guilt."

336, 337. A *sect* is what the gardeners call a *cutting.* "This speech," observes Coleridge, "comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of a truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man."

354, 355. Alluding, probably, to the *ceratonia* or *carob,* an evergreen growing in the south of Europe, and bearing sweet black

pods. Commerce had made the fruit well known in London, and *locust* was the popular name for it.

396. *Will do . . . well*:—That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. *He holds me well* is, he entertains a good opinion of me.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

[*A sea-port in Cyprus.*] The principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta*; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, "neare which," says Knolles, "standeth an old *castle*, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs.

13. There is implied a comparison of the "wind-shaked surge" to the war-horse; the Poet probably having in mind the passage of Job: "Hast Thou given the horse strength? Hast Thou clothed his *neck* with thunder?" Knight remarks upon the place thus: "The horse of Job is the war-horse, 'who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage'; and when Shakespeare pictured to himself his mane wildly streaming, 'when the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield,' he saw an image of the fury of the 'wind-shaked surge,' and of its very form; and he painted it 'with high and monstrous *mane*.'"

14. *bear*:—The constellation near the pole star. The next line alludes to the star *Arctophylax*, which literally signifies the guard of the bear.

26. *Veronesa*:—This refers to the ship. It is true, the same speaker has just called the ship "a noble ship of *Venice*"; but Verona was tributary to the Venetian state; so that there is no reason why she might not belong to Venice, and still take her name from Verona.

39, 40. *till we make the main . . . regard*:—Till sea and sky blend and become indistinguishable to sight. On this passage Coleridge remarks: "Observe in how many ways Othello is made, first, our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the deeper interest is to be approached."

49. Of allowed and approved expertness.

64, 65. By *the essential vesture of creation* the Poet seems to mean her *outward form*, which in the *Merchant of Venice* (V. i.

64) he calls "this muddy *vesture* of decay." The meaning would appear to be, "She is one who exceeds all description, and in real beauty, or outward form, goes beyond the power of the inventive pencil of the artist. Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, I. i., says: "No, Silius, we are no good *inginers*; we want their fine arts." Flecknoe, in 1664, speaking of painting, mentions "the stupendous works of your great *ingeniers*."

70. *Ensteep'd* here means simply hid in the water, *submerged*; a frequent use of the word. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 11:—

"Now gan the golden Phœbus for to *steepe*
His fierie face in billows of the west."

112. *Saints in your injuries*:—"When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity."

144-148. "The sense," says Warburton, "is this: One that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was strong commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice."

156. To exchange a delicacy for coarser fare, the head being the best part of the cod, the tail the worst of the salmon.

161. That is, to suckle children and keep the accounts of the household.

184. *fair warrior*:—Perhaps Othello intends a playful allusion to the unwillingness Desdemona has expressed to *be left behind, a moth of peace, and he go to the war*. Steevens, however, thinks it was a term of endearment derived from the old French poets; as Ronsard, in his Sonnets, often calls the ladies *guèrrières*.

201-203. [*Aside.*] Coleridge pronounces Iago "a being next to devil, and only not quite devil." It is worth noting that Milton's Satan relents at the prospect of ruining the happiness before him, and prefaces the deed with a gush of pity for the victims; whereas the same thought puts Iago in a transport of jubilant ferocity. Is our idea of Satan's wickedness enhanced by his thus indulging such feelings, and then acting in defiance of them, or as if he had them not? or is Iago more devilish than he?

208. *out of fashion*:—Out of method, without any setttled order of discourse.

223. *Lay thy finger thus*:—On thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to a wiser man.

262, 263. *index . . . prologue*:—Indexes were formerly *prefixed* to books.

314. *in the rank garb*:—In the *right-down*, or *straight-forward fashion*. In *King Lear*, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he "doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the *garb* quite from his nature." Gower says of Fluellen, in *King Henry V.*, "You thought, because he could not speak English in the native *garb*, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel."

320. "An honest man," says Johnson, "acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution."

Scene III.

57. *elements*:—As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water.

62. Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*.

80-83. In *The Captain* of Beaumont and Fletcher, one of the persons asks, "Are the Englishmen such stubborn drinkers?" and another answers thus: "Not a leak at sea can suck more liquor: you shall have their children christened in mull'd sack, and at five years old able to knock a *Dane* down." And in Henry Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, 1622, we have the following: "Within these fiftie or threescore yeares it was a rare thing with us to see a drunken man. But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands, the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their owne judges, if we equall them not; yea, I think, rather excell them."

85. *I'll do you justice*:—That is, drink as much as you do: old pot-house slang.

87-94. These stanzas are copied, with a few slight variations, from an old ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee," which is reprinted entire in Percy's *Reliques*.

122, 123. How differently the liar speaks of Cassio's soldiership to Montano and to Roderigo! He is now talking where he is liable to be called to account for his words.

130. If he have no drink, he will keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. The word *horologe* is familiar to most of our ancient writers: Chaucer often uses it.

252. *Lead him off*:—Malone thought that these words were a stage direction which had crept into the text, because "in our old plays all the stage directions were couched in imperative terms." "Such," says White, "is my opinion, and such it was before I saw Malone's note, but for a different reason. If Othello had ordered the removal of Montano, he would have said, not 'Lead him off,' but 'Lead him *away*.' We speak of a man's being or having been led off, or on, in the sense of away, or onward; but when we direct a man to be taken from where we are, we say 'away,' unless we are upon a staging, or some place of that kind, which, for Shakespeare's purposes, Othello was not. The rhythm of this command, too, is not like that of Shakespeare's hemistichs. But as Folio and Quartos unite in the reading in question, I do not venture to change it upon mere opinion." Rolfe retains this reading. Hudson (Harvard ed.) omits it.

354, 355. *Parallel course*:—Course parallel to or agreeing with his good; coinciding with his wish or design.

356. When devils will *instigate* to their blackest sins, they *tempt*, etc. We repeatedly meet with the same use of *put on*, and of *suggests* and its cognates for *tempt*.

382, 383. *Though other things*, etc.:—Clarke's explanation is, "Although our other plans are growing to maturity, yet the fruits of our scheme for the removal of Cassio, as it first bore promising blossom, will naturally first ripen. Iago is trying to inspire Roderigo with patience for the ripening of his plan against Desdemona by bidding him remember that meanwhile his plan against Cassio is succeeding." Johnson explains the passage thus: "Of many different things, all planned with the same art and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Everything cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

2. It was usual for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a *morning song* to bid them good morrow.

42. In consequence of this line a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first Scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a Venetian is proved by a speech in the third Scene of this Act, and by what he says in the fifth Act, after having stabbed Roderigo. All that Cassio means to say in the present passage is, "I never experienced more honesty and kindness, even in one of my own countrymen."

44. *your displeasure*:—The displeasure you have incurred from Othello.

Scene III.

14 *et seq. That policy,* etc.:—Johnson explains this as follows: He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten.

23. *I'll watch him tame*:—Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep. To this Shakespeare alludes.

90. The word *wretch* was a term of the fondest tenderness and endearment. Shakespeare often uses it so.

91, 92. The meaning is, "Ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos." *But* is used in its exceptive sense; *but that,* or "*if* I do *not* love thee."

96. *He did,* etc.:—In Act I. Sc. ii., when Iago, speaking of the Moor to Cassio, says, "He's married," Cassio asks, "To whom?" Yet here he seems to have known all about it. Of course the explanation is, that Cassio there feigned ignorance, in order to keep his friend's secret till it should be publicly known.

123. *close delations*:—"Close delations" are secret accusings, intimations. So in Ben Jonson's *Volpone,* II. iii.: "Yet, if I do it not, they may *delate* my slackness to my patron." It should be noted, that in all this part of the dialogue the doubts started in Othello by the villain's artful insinuations have reference only to Cassio. There is not the least sign that the Moor's thoughts anywise touch his wife; and Iago seeems perplexed that his suspicions have lighted elsewhere than he had intended.

136 *et seq. Utter my thoughts,* etc.:—Who has so virtuous a breast that some impure conceptions and uncharitable surmises will not sometimes enter into it; hold a session there, as in a regular court, and "bench by the side" of authorized and lawful

thoughts? A *leet* is also called a *law-day*. "This court, in whose manor soever kept, was accounted the king's court, and commonly held every half year": it was a meeting of the hundred "to certify the king of the good manners and government of the inhabitants."

166, 167. *the green-eyed monster,* etc.:—Hanmer changed *mock* to *make,* and the change has been frequently adopted, among other commentators, by Hudson. Schmidt conjectures that *make* may be correct. Furness and Rolfe adhere to mock, the former remarking: "The meat that jealousy feeds on is the victim of jealousy, the jealous man, who is mocked with trifles light as air." White says that jealousy "is fed by the objects of its open scorn and derision. For we all know, as well as Iago, that *the green-eyed monster* is like Pistol, and if it 'can mock a leek,' it 'can eat a leek.' Had the original text read *make* there could have been no question as to its soundness. But both Folio and Quarto have, *which doth mocke.* The curious reader will find five pages of comment upon this passage in the *Variorum* of 1821."

173. *riches fineless,* etc.:—*Fineless* is *endless, unbounded.* Warburton observes that this is finely expressed—*winter* producing no fruits.

182. *exsufflicate*:—This is the only known instance of *exsufflicate.* Phillips interprets *sufflation* "a puffing up, a making to swell with blowing." In Platus we have "*sufflavit* nescio quid uxore"; which Cooper renders, "He hath *whispered* something in his wifes eare whatsoever it be." Richardson's explanation is, "*Exsufflicate,* in Shakespeare, is not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate,* that is, *efflate* or *efflated,* puffed out, and, consequently exaggerated, extravagant; to which *blown* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as of giving emphasis to the first."

249. You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means,* his most powerful *interest,* is by the solicitation of your lady.

259, 260. *And knows . . . dealings*:—"He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings."

260. *Haggard* is *wild, unreclaimed*; commonly used of a hawk. So in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*: "Thus I teach my *haggard* and *unreclaimed* reason to stoop to the lure of faith." A passage in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona,* 1612, shows that the term was sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard*? fly to the *stews.*"

292. *hundred*:—Here used for an indefinite number; still it

shows that the unity of time is much less observed in this play than some have supposed. Thus far only one night since that of the marriage has been *expressly* accounted for; and this was the night when the nuptials were celebrated, and Cassio cashiered; though several must have passed during the sea-voyage. From Iago's soliloquy at the close of Act I., it is clear he had his plot even then so far matured, that he might often woo his wife to steal the handkerchief while at sea. Moreover, we may well enough suppose a considerable interval of time between the first and third Scenes of the present Act; since Cassio may not have had the interview with Desdemona immediately after he engaged Emilia to solicit it for him.

296. *ta'en out*:—Meaning that she will have it *copied*. Her first thoughts are to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona; but the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution.

330. *Look, where he comes!*—"That is," explains Steevens, "I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose; I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look, where Othello approaches, to confirm my observation."

350 *et seq.* There is some resemblance between this speech and the following lines in Peele's *Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces*, 1589:—

> "Change love for armes; gyrt to your blades, my boyes;
> Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,
> And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,
> The *roaring cannon*, and the brazen trumpe,
> The *angry-sounding drum*, the *whistling fife*,
> The shriekes of men, the princelie *courser's ney*."

352. In mentioning the *fife* joined to the *drum*, Shakespeare, as usual, paints from life; those instruments, accompanying each other, being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards discontinued for many years, but at length revived by the British guards under the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped before Maestricht in 1747, and thence adopted into other English regiments of infantry.

449, 450. *Swell . . . tongues!—Swell*, because the freight thou art charged with is that of poison, as from the deadly bites of asps.

467-469. The meaning here, as explained by Mr. Joseph Crosby, is: "Let him command whatever bloody work he may, to perform it shall be with me a matter of conscience."

Scene IV.

24. *I know not*:—Objection has been made to the conduct of Emilia in this scene, as inconsistent with the spirit she afterwards shows. But it is not easy to discover any such inconsistency. Want of principle and strength of attachment are often thus seen united. Emilia loves her mistress deeply; but she has no *moral* repugnance to theft and falsehood, apprehends no *fatal* consequences from the Moor's passion, and has no soul to conceive the agony her mistress must suffer by the charge of infidelity; and it is but natural that when the result comes she should be the more spirited for the very remembrance of her own guilty part in the process. It is the seeing of the end that rouses such people, and rouses them all the more that they themselves have served as means.

26. *crusadoes*:—It appears from Rider's *Dictionary* that there were three sorts of crusadoes; one with a long cross, one with a short cross, and the great crusado of Portugal. They were of gold, and differed in value from six shillings and eight pence to nine shillings.

47. *new heraldry*:—This "new heraldry" appears to be an allusion to the *bloody hand* borne on the arms of the new order of baronets, created by James I. in 1611. Malone, with much probability, quotes, in illustration of the text, the following from the *Essays* of Sir William Cornwallis, 1601: "We of these later times, full of a nice curiositie, mislike all the performances of our *forefathers*; we say they were honest plaine men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. *They had wont to give their hands and hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to looke asquint, our hand looking one way and our heart another.*"

57. *a charmer*:—Used for an *enchanter* in the Psalms. So in Perkins's *Discourse of the damned Art of Witchcraft*, 1610: "By witches we understand not only those which kill and torment, but all *charmers*, jugglers, all wizards, commonly called wise men and wise women."

65. *To give it her*:—Of course *her* refers to the noun implied in *wive*. In the last scene of the play, Othello speaks of the handkerchief as "an antique token my father gave my mother." This

has been thought an oversight; Steevens regards it as a fresh proof of the Poet's art. "The first account," says he, "was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he again mentions it, the truth was sufficient."

74. *dyed in mummy*:—The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. It was much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that threw a warmth into the shadows of a picture.

169. "What are you doing away from home?" We repeatedly meet with the same phraseology in Shakespeare.

173. *A week away*:—It would seem, by this, that seven days at least have elapsed since Cassio was cashiered; perhaps much more, as the "leaden thoughts" may have been kept off for some time by the hopes built upon Desdemona's promise of intercession, and brought on again by the unexpected delay.

180. *Take me this work out*:—Copy this work in another handkerchief. So in Middleton's *Women beware Women*: "She intends *to take out* other works in a new sampler." Again, in the Preface to Holland's Pliny, 1601: "Nicophanes gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplify and *take out* patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1. We must suppose that Iago had been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found exchanging endearments, there might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of their virtue. In these pretended excusings Iago seeks only to intensify the sufferings which he professes to allay.

8. The *devil tempts their virtue* by stirring up their passions, and they *tempt heaven* by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's *Actes of Englysh Votaries*, is referred to: "This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the Devyll with."

21, 22. The raven was thought to be a bird of ill omen, given to hovering about houses infected with the plague.

28. *Convinced*:—Having either *conquered* her reluctance or complied with her wish. The proper meaning of *convince* is *conquer* or *overcome*.

41-43. *Nature . . . instruction*:—This passage has called forth much critical discussion. As suggested by Johnson, Othello seems to say, "This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words: it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Or the sense may be given, as by Sir J. Reynolds, something thus: "Nature would not in Cassio clothe herself in such shadowing passion, or would not give out such *adumbrations of passion*, without *some former experience*, or the *instruction* of some *foregoing fact*."

45. "The starts," says Warburton, "and broken reflections in this speech have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies." The trance is thus justified by Sir J. Reynolds: "Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that *all the proofs are present at once to his mind*, which so overpower it that he falls into a trance—the natural consequence."

69. Beds which really do not pertain to themselves alone; beds which are not peculiarly or specially their own, but are shared in common with others.

121. Othello calls Cassio *Roman* ironically, probably in allusion to his apparent elation, calling to Othello's mind the triumphs or triumphant career of the Romans.

247, 248. *If that the earth . . . crocodile*:—By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals. In Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616, occurs the following: "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too." Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, "Crocodili lachrymæ, crocodiles teares, to signifie such teares as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm."

265. *Goats and monkeys!*—In this exclamation Shakespeare has shown great art. Iago in Act III. Sc. iii., being urged to give some *ocular proof* of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells the Moor it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, "were they as *prime as goats*, as *hot as monkeys*." These words

still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, explodes with this involuntary exclamation.

Scene II.

54, 55. *A fixed figure . . . finger at!*—Much has been written upon this famous passage, and various changes proposed. "The time of scorn" probably means, as Knight says, the *age* of scorn, that is, the whole period during which scorn may be said to live. The "fixed figure" is simply the speaker himself, and not, as been so much supposed, a figure on a dial. As to "slow unmoving," the sense of it can be better felt than expressed: we can see the sneer darting from the inexorable finger, ever slowly moving *with* the object, never moving *from* it; but we cannot speak it in any words but Shakespeare's, as they stand in the text.

74. *make very forges of my cheeks*:—Othello has already, when with Iago, spoken Desdemona's imputed deeds very plainly; and would Shakespeare have forgotten that Othello's cheeks were too dark to show a blush? or still more, would he have referred the blush in such a case to the countenance of the man when the woman was present? In *Titus Andronicus*, IV. ii., Aaron, the Moor, when Chiron says, "I blush to think upon this ignomy" (of his mother's having a mulatto child), replies:—

> "Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
> Fie, *treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing*
> The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
> Here's a young lad framed of *another leer*."

88. *I cry you mercy*:—That is, "I ask your pardon."

91. The office *opposed* to Saint Peter; alluding, evidently, to "the power of the keys," which was given to the Apostles generally, and especially to Saint Peter as representing them. So that the opposition is between Emilia as keeper of the gate of Hell and Saint Peter as keeper of the gate of Heaven. The sense, therefore, requires that the special emphasis, if there be any, should be laid on *opposite*.

104. *go by water*:—Be expressed by tears. A similar conceit is found in *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 186, 187:—

> "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
> And therefore I forbid my tears."

144. *Speak within door*:—Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house.

167. *he does chide with you*:—This was the phraseology of the time. So Baret: "To complaine, to *make a quarrel*, to *chide with* one for a thing. Expostulare et queri." So too in the Poet's CXIth *Sonnet*: "O, for my sake do you *with* fortune *chide*."

212, 213. *I grant . . . judgement*:—"Shakespeare," says Malone, "knew well that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *snipe* on his sagacity and shrewdness."

226. *goes into Mauritania*:—This passage proves, so far as anything said by Iago may be believed, that Othello was not meant to be a negro, as has been represented, both on the stage and off, but a veritable Moor. His kindred, the Mauritanians—from whose "men of royal siege he fetched his life and being," and among whom he was about to retire—though apt enough to be confounded with the negroes, were as different from them, externally, as brown is from black; internally, in mind and character, the difference was far greater.

236. *He sups to-night with a harlotry*:—See "a peevish self-will'd harlotry," 1 *King Henry IV.*, III. i., and the very same phrase in *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. ii.

Scene III.

11. Hazlitt calls this "one of those side intimations of the fluctuations of passion, which we seldom meet with but in Shakespeare. He has here put into half a line what some authors would have spun out into ten set speeches."

55-57. [*Singing.*] These lines sung by Desdemona are from an old ballad, entitled *A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love.* The ballad may be found entire in Percy's *Reliques.* It is there the lament of a man: Shakespeare adapted it to the sex of "poor Barbara." Subjoined are the stanzas from which he borrowed:—

A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his mones;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which soften'd the stones:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

Let nobody blame me, her scorns I do prove;
O willow, willow, willow!
She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love:
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

73. A *joint-ring* was anciently a token of troth-plight between lovers, like the piece of broken gold in the *Bride of Lammermoor.* Dryden has a minute description of it in his *Don Sebastian*:—

"A curious artist wrought them
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart:
Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
(You know these names are theirs,) and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now, if the rivets of those rings enclos'd
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie;
But, if they join, you must for ever part."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

11. A *quat,* in provincial usage, was a *pimple,* which by rubbing could be made to smart. Roderigo is called a *quat* in the same manner that a low fellow was vulgarly termed a *scab. To rub to the sense* is *to rub to the quick.*

Scene II.

1. Othello's act is caused by her supposed crime. Herein alone he finds his self-justification.

2. Steevens declares that there is "no classical authority" for *chaste stars*. But Othello has authority as good, perhaps, as classical, in the supposed *unchastity* of his wife, which is *the cause* of his present purpose, and which the *purity* of the stars withholds him from naming in their presence. No classical authority! The phrase itself is classical now.

21. *this sorrow's heavenly*:—Is of heavenward tendency.

65. *A murder,* etc.:—Some editors have managed to stumble at this passage. The language is indeed compressed, but the meaning seems clear enough. Othello goes about the killing of his wife as an act of religion, and he fears lest her perjury may excite his anger, and so corrupt the deed into an act of revenge. This is Johnson's explanation: "Thou *hardenest* my heart, and makest me *kill thee with the rage of a murderer,* when I thought to have *sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim."

82. *Being done,* etc.:—Othello regards the act as *done,* when the conflict between his love and honour is fully over, his resolution finally taken, and his hand raised to strike. To admit any pause in such a case, were but to prolong the suffering of the victim.

88. *So, so*:—At these words, the Othello of the stage is made to stab Desdemona. There is no such direction in any of the old copies; but still the stage-custom may be right; as, in the agony of the moment, and in his desire "not to have her linger in her pain," Othello's resolution not to shed her blood might be overcome. It seems more natural, too, that Desdemona should speak after being stabbed than after being smothered to death.

183. *charm your tongue*:—To *charm* is to *still* or hush as with a *charm*. Pliny informs us that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase *to charm a tongue,* may have originated.

192. *I thought so then*:—That is, when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago; for even *then* Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose.

212. *A thousand times*:—An indefinite number. See *a hundred times,* III. iii. 292.

239. Strictly speaking, Iago cannot be called a *notorious* vil-

lain, as his villainy was not *known*. The meaning is *egregious*, as in IV. ii. 140.

253. The way of tempering steel is by plunging it red-hot into cold water; and the colder the water, the higher the temper attained. Steevens has shown from Martial and Justin that in Spain the waters of the Salo and the Chalybes, being remarkable for coldness. were used in tempering swords. As Toledo blades were famous all over Europe in the Poet's time, he might easily learn that they were of *the ice-brook's temper* without going to classical authorities.

286. *I look down towards his feet*:—Alluding to the devil's *fabled* cloven foot. Othello looks down towards Iago's feet to see if he has that sign of being a devil, but then concludes that he may be just as much a devil without it.

347. Coleridge remarks upon this passage: "Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word *base*, which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's." Whether Shakespeare meant an allusion to any particular story of an Indian, or to the Indians as generally described, is not quite clear; probably, the latter. Thus in Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*: "The *wretched Indian spurnes the golden ore*." So again in *The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard: "Behold my queen, who with no more concern Ile *cast away then Indians do a pearl*, that ne'er did know its value."

352. *Aleppo*:—It is said to have been immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo.

361. *Spartan dog*:—The dogs of Spartan breed were among the most fierce and savage.

Questions on Othello.

1. What is known of the early editions of *Othello*; of the date of its composition?
2. What can you say of the original stage *Othello*; of the sources of the plot?
3. What is the duration of action in this play?

ACT FIRST.

4. How was Venice ruled at the time of the play; what was the office of Duke of Venice; that of Senator?
5. What was the Council of State; why had it been convened?
6. What of the *Cyprus wars* to which Iago refers; what was the *Sagittary*? (About 1470 Cyprus, the scene of the entire action of *Othello*, was annexed to Venice, and it continued under Venetian rule until about 1571.)
7. Where does Iago first make known his hatred of Othello; what cause was there for that hatred, as shown by Iago?
8. What impression is made by Iago's estimate of himself?
9. How account for Othello's influence over Desdemona; for Brabantio's reference of Desdemona's submission to Othello to witchcraft?
10. Describe Shakespeare's general treatment of witchcraft; how far does it reflect the superstitious mind of his age?
11. Does the character of Roderigo include the sense of honour; what led him to hate Othello?
12. Why should Othello speak in the same passage of the *Cannibals* and the *Anthropophagi*?
13. With a timorous disposition, as appears later, how does Desdemona in this Act speak for herself so boldly?
14. Was Othello a negro? What answer to this is suggested by his calling himself (III. iii. 263, 387) black? What do we know of the Moors of that day?
15. Give a brief summary of the characters and action of Act I.

ACT SECOND.

16. What are the conditions under which this Act opens?
17. What purpose is served by introducing the Turkish fleet and its destruction?
18. At first impression, what sort of a man is Cassio?
19. When Iago, in the soliloquy which ends Sc. iii., declares Othello to be *of a constant, loving, noble nature,* does Iago show that he is capable of compunction?
20. Interpret this soliloquy as a whole.
21. What does Cassio think of drunkenness? Relate his experience of it. How are we affected by his repentance?
22. How do you regard Iago's account to Othello of the incidents following Cassio's indiscretion?
23. What part does Iago wish Cassio to play; what part Roderigo?
24. How in this Act does Iago treat Roderigo; why?
25. Analyze the closing lines of Sc. iii.
26. What performance follows the purpose here outlined by Iago?
27. How does Desdemona impress Cassio?
28. Give a brief summary of Act II.

ACT THIRD.

29. Interpret the opening of the Act—Clown, musicians, etc.
30. What does the Clown mean by his question about the instruments having been in Naples?
31. What tragic sequence does this light action prelude?
32. Outline the character of Emilia.
33. Did she understand her husband?
34. Do you gain any definite idea from Iago's speech to Othello (Sc. iii. 144-154); what does Othello understand from it?
35. What is the meaning of this (Sc. iii. 165-167)?—

> "O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
> It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
> The meat it feeds on."

36. Was Othello justified in attaching such weight to the words of Iago beginning, *She did deceive her father, marrying you?* Was Desdemona's conduct in the matter cited reprehensible?

37. Upon what does Othello base his opinion of Iago's honesty?

38. How does Iago so completely befool Othello?

39. What wrong directions does Othello's revenge take?

40. How does Desdemona apprehend the feeling of jealousy; how does she regard the jealousy of Othello?

41. What of Desdemona's behaviour under Othello's suspicion?

42. Does Emilia's obedience to her husband after he has snatched the handkerchief from her seem out of keeping with her character?

43. Up to the end of this Act, how does the character of Desdemona impress you; that of Emilia?

44. What new influence appears with the introduction of Bianca; how does she show the effect of jealousy? What new light does her appearance throw upon Cassio?

45. How much does Act III. advance the action of the play?

ACT FOURTH.

46. Describe the increased efforts of Iago to work upon the jealousy and anger of Othello.

47. Does Iago here exhibit any trace of human pity or feeling?

48. Does any other great character of Shakespeare approach Iago in heartlessness and diabolic spirit?

49. How are the sorrow and compassion of Othello portrayed in Sc. i.?

50. How is shown the lowest depth of Iago's devilish perfidy?

51. Explain (Sc. i. 248) *Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.*

52. Does Emilia betray any suspicion of her husband when she says (Sc. ii. 130-133), *I will be hanged*, etc.?

53. Is Desdemona's song essential to the action of the drama; what is its artistic or dramatic purpose; what similar incident in Shakespeare does it recall?

54. How does Othello at first intend to kill Desdemona; what other means does Iago suggest, and why?

55. How does Desdemona receive Othello's accusation against her; how does Emilia treat it?

56. Does Iago deceive others as completely as he does Othello?

57. What relation does Act IV. bear to the main action of the play?

ACT FIFTH.

58. How would the death of Cassio or Roderigo further the ends of Iago?

59. What does Roderigo's confession in view of death show as to his character?

60. By what means does Iago still forward his schemes?

61. What is Othello's mental condition during most of this Act? How does he justify himself in killing Desdemona?

62. Does Desdemona at last see that she and Othello have both been betrayed?

63. How does Desdemona face Othello's final determination to kill her; why does she beg for half an hour of grace?

64. How account for the fact that Desdemona died with a falsehood on her lips; was it an intentional falsehood, a mistake, or the result of a confused mind?

65. When Othello learns that Desdemona was innocent, how does he act?

66. Explain (Sc. ii. 7) *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*

67. What is the allusion in line 347: *Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away*?

68. Explain Iago's last speech in the play.

69. What is shown by comparing Desdemona and Emilia?

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70. Is this play marked by Shakespeare's usual breadth of treatment?

71. What is the purpose of soliloquy in the modern drama; has it any relation to the chorus of ancient drama?

72. Describe the purpose and effect of Iago's soliloquy at the end of Act I.

73. Does any other character of Shakespeare's soliloquize as much as Iago?

74. Could the subtle and wicked spirit and purposes of Iago so well be made known in any other manner?

75. How were love and marriage regarded by Othello; by Desdemona; by Iago; by Emilia?

76. Compare these characters in any respect to others in Shakespeare.

77. Interpret Shakespeare's contrasting of humour and tragedy, as in Act III., at its beginning, and at the opening of Sc. iv.;

Questions

with what scene of *Hamlet* may it be compared in respect of dramatic purpose?

78. In view of his character, what value has Iago's estimate of *good name*?

79. In the mouth of villainy has the praise of virtue any ethical significance?

80. What is the secret power by which a man like Iago makes even innocent persons, as well as circumstances, conspire to serve his evil purposes?

81. Is the source of Iago's influence over Othello more to be seen in Iago's own complex and diabolical genius or in Othello's simplicity of nature?

82. What is the ethical import of this play as dealing with love, jealousy, hate, revenge, etc.?

83. Does good here seem to be vanquished and evil prospered; is the influence of the play on the side of pessimism or of optimism?

84. Indicate the usual contrasts between the jealousies of noble souls and those of base.

85. Is there anywhere a better portrayal of such contrasts as appear between Othello and Iago than in this play?

86. What is to be said of the art whereby Shakespeare makes the Moor so admirable, notwithstanding his limitations, and even renders Iago fascinating in spite of all his "inscrutable depravity"?

The Merry Wives of Windsor

THE
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Preface.

The Editions. The earliest known edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a Quarto printed in 1602 with the following title-page:—

"A most pleasuant and excellent conceited Comedie, of Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humours of Sir *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines Seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Churchyard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne" (reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*; a facsimile is included in Dr. Furnival's Shakespeare Quartos, Quaritch). A second Quarto, a mere reprint of the first, appeared in 1619.

In the first Folio the play occupies pp. 39-60; its length there is more than double that of the Quartos, from which it differs to such an extent as to give the impression of being a revised and expanded version of a mere garbled and pirated sketch.

Date of Composition. The first Quarto was entered in the Stationers' Registers under date 18th Jan. 1602;

the play was probably written after *Henry V.*, *i.e.* after the middle of the year 1599. In the epilogue to *2 Henry IV.* a promise had been given to continue the story with Sir John in it; this promise was not kept in *Henry V.*; and "The Merry Wives," according to a well authenticated tradition, was composed by command of the Queen, "who obliged Shakespeare to write a Play of Sir John Falstaff in Love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a fortnight: a prodigious thing when all is well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion" (Gildon, 1710; Dennis first mentions the tradition in 1702; *cp.* title-page of 1602 edition).

The date of the first composition of the play may with certainty be placed at about 1600 (probably Christmas, 1599).*

An old tradition identifies Justice Shallow with Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy (of the deer-poaching story); Lucy died in July, 1600, and it is held by some that the Poet would not have waited "till his butt was in the grave before he aimed his shafts at him." At the same time it is noteworthy that the "dozen white luces" is only found in the Folio, not in the Quarto editions. The question at issue, on which scholars are divided, is whether the Quarto represents a pirated edition of an early sketch of the play, revised and enlarged in the first Folio version, or whether both versions are to be referred back to the same original. In support of the former theory it is alleged that the substitution of "King" in the Folio (I. i. 112) for "council" of the Quarto, the possible reference to the cheapening of knighthood ("These knights will hack," II. i. 52), and similar internal evidence, point to the reign of James I.; these scholars there-

* Shakespeare acted in *Every Man in His Humour* in 1598, and the two plays have much in common (*cp. e.g.* Ford and Kitely; Nym's reiteration of 'humour,' etc.).

In the *Return from Parnassus*, acted at Cambridge, probably Christmas, 1601, the French Doctor is obviously an imitation of Dr. Caius.

fore date the Folio version about 1605. On the other hand, Mr. Daniel (Introduction to his editions) maintains that "the character of the publishers of the Quarto, its proved omissions, its recomposed passages (*i.e.* passages actually the work, not of Shakespeare, but of the note-taker), its retention of (essential) passages omitted in the Folio, the complication in both of the time-plot . . . lead almost inevitably to the conclusion that there was but one original for both Quarto and Folio." He points out further that the alleged internal evidence of later revision is of little real value, but it is somewhat difficult to get rid of these minutiæ, and some slight revision after 1603 is not inconsistent with this latter theory.

The Sources. This comedy of contemporary manners probably owed very little to older plays or novels, but it contains incidents not uncommon in Italian and other stories. In the following tales a suspicious husband is baffled much in the same way as Master Ford:—(1) The tale from *Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino*; (2) The old English version of this story in *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers,* 1632, reprinted in 1685; (3) The Tale in *Straparola* similar to that in *Il Pecorone*; (4) The Tales of the Two Lovers of Pisa, from Tarlton's *Newes out of Pergatorie,* 1590; (5) The second tale from *Straparola,* in which the youth makes love to three ladies at once (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part I. vol. iii.).

Herne. It would seem that there existed in Shakespeare's day a tradition at Windsor that Herne was one of the keepers of the Park, who, having committed an offence for which he feared to be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever afterwards haunted by his ghost.

The difference between the Quarto and Folio reference to the story is noteworthy; the former reads:—

"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed . . ."

The Folio makes the tale a more ancient one (*cp.* IV. iv. 36-38).

The earliest notice of "Herne's oak" is in a "Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor and Little Park" (Eton, 1742); in a map a tree marked "Sir John Falstaff's oak" is represented as being on the edge of a pit just on the outside of an avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk. Halliwell first printed, in his edition of the Quarto, a set of verses "Upon Herne's Oak being cut down in the spring of 1796." Antiquarian research has demonstrated the exactness of Shakespeare's knowledge of Old Windsor (*cp.* Tighe and Davis' *Annals of Windsor,* Vol. i. pp. 673-686).

Duration of Action. As the play stands in the Quartos and Folios it is impossible to arrange the time consistently, owing to the confusion as regards Falstaff's interviews with the Merry Wives in Act III. Scene v.; the errors are probably due to compression of the play for stage purposes. The first part of the scene, according to Mr. Daniel (*Transactions of New Shakespeare Society,* 1878-9), is inseparably connected with the day of Falstaff's first interview with Mrs Ford; the second part is as inseparably connected with the day of the second interview. The first part clearly shows us Falstaff in the afternoon, just escaped from his ducking in the Thames; the second part as clearly shows him in the early morning about to keep his second appointment with Mrs Ford. He proposes to make Ford's portion of the scene commence the 4th Act, changing *good morrow* into *good even* (Act III. v. 28) and *this morning* into *to-morrow morning* (Act III. v. 46). According to this arrangement the following time analysis would result:—Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. to iv.; Day 2, Act II. Sc. i. to iii., Act III. Sc. i. to iv., and the Quickly portion of Sc. v.; Day 3, the Ford portion of Act III. Sc. v. to the end of the play.

If this suggestion is carried out, a further change is

necessary in Act V. i. 14, where *this morning* should be read in place of *yesterday*.

Time of Action. Though the play was in all probability composed after *Henry V.*, the action may be supposed to take place after the events recorded at the end of *2 Henry IV.*; the further degradation of the character of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives* belongs to the early years of "the madcap prince's" reign, when he had already renounced "the tutor and the feeder of his riot." The characters intimately associated with Falstaff were transferred with him from *2 Henry IV.*, with the exception of 'Nym,' who appears for the first time in *Henry V.*; Shallow's 'cousin,' Slender, of *The Merry Wives*, takes the place of 'Silence' of *2 Henry IV.*; Mrs Quickly is identical only in name with the Hostess Quickly of 1, *2 Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*

Windsor in 1607, showing Garter Inn.
From Norden's bird's eye view of Windsor (1607)

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Sir John Falstaff has forsaken the warlike pursuits familiar to his friend Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V. of England, and is now devoted to the peaceful occupations of poaching and love-making, though not neglecting the drinking-cups of the tavern. Two women of Windsor, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, engage his attention at the same time; and he resolves to lay siege to their affections, notwithstanding both are married.

Mistress Page's daughter Anne is sought in marriage by Slender—largely through his friends; by Hugh Evans, a Welsh curate and schoolmaster; by Dr. Caius, a French physician; and by Fenton, a courtier.

II. Mistress Page and Mistress Ford each receive a love-letter from Falstaff, and upon comparing their missives they find them almost identical. Being women of wit as well as of virtue, they agree to work together towards humiliating the knight for his presumption. Mistress Ford makes an appointment with him. His servants inform the husbands of the two women. Ford, under an assumed name, meets Falstaff and, pretending to be a suitor also for Mistress Ford, worms from the boastful Falstaff the secret of his appointment with her.

III. Falstaff is punctual to his meeting with Mistress Ford. But before he arrives, she and Mistress Page prepare a large basket of soiled linen in which Falstaff is to be conveyed to the river, under the pretense that this is the only way he can escape from the house. The pre-

tense turns to reality when Ford actually arrives. And the ruse of the clothes-basket deceives both gallant and husband. Falstaff is dumped into the Thames, whence he emerges much bedraggled, but with ardor so slightly quenched as to become enkindled again upon receipt of a message from Mistress Ford granting him a second interview. Nor has he gained discretion from his first mishap, for he unwittingly informs Ford of this rendezvous also, and of the means whereby he escaped his former predicament. The thoroughly aroused husband redoubles his vigilance.

IV. Falstaff keeps his second appointment with Mistress Ford. Her husband again surprises them. The clothes-basket is sent down as before; and while Ford is ransacking it under the firm belief that it again conceals Falstaff, the latter is dressed in woman's clothes and escapes thus disguised, though not avoiding sundry blows from the irate husband. Mistress Ford and Mistress Page then tell their husbands the truth about the Falstaff episodes. The men are delighted to find their wives faithful, and the four conjointly arrange a third and final hoax which contemplates a night meeting in Windsor Park.

Meanwhile Anne Page's love-affairs are becoming tangled. She loves Fenton. Her father has chosen Slender. Her mother privately favors Dr. Caius. When the third prank on Falstaff is prepared, Anne and her parents make conflicting plans to utilize the meeting for bringing their separate matrimonial schemes to a head.

V. Falstaff is persuaded to go to Windsor Park, wearing a buck's head. Anne Page and her friends impersonate fairies and burn him with tapers. Ford, Page, and their wives reveal themselves to him, reproach him for his attempted villainy, and finally pardon him. The wretched Falstaff finds his only satisfaction in hearing that Anne Page has married Fenton, despite the counter-schemes of her father and mother.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Request of Queen Elizabeth.

Old Queen Bess can scarcely have been a great judge of art, or she would not have conceived the extravagant notion of wanting to see Falstaff in love; she would have understood that if there was anything impossible to him it was this. She would also have realized that his figure was already a rounded whole and could not be reproduced. It is true that in the Epilogue to *Henry IV.* (which, however, is probably not by Shakespeare) a continuation of the history is promised, in which, "for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions;" but no such continuation is to be found in *Henry V.*, evidently because Shakespeare felt that Falstaff had played out his part. Neither is *The Merry Wives* the promised continuation, for Falstaff does not die, and the action is conceived as an earlier episode in his life, though it is entirely removed from its historical setting and brought forward into the Poet's own time, so unequivocally that there is even in the fifth Act a direct mention of "our radiant queen" in Windsor Castle.

The Poet must have set himself unwillingly to the fulfilment of the "radiant queen's" barbarous wish, and tried to make the best of a bad business. He was compelled entirely to ruin his inimitable Falstaff, and degrade the fat knight into an ordinary avaricious, wine-bibbing, amatory old fool. Along with him, he resuscitated the whole merry company from *Henry V.*, who had all come to an unpleasant end—Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, and Dame Quickly—making the men repeat themselves with a difference, endowing Pistol with the splendid phrase "The world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open," and giving to Dame Quickly softened and more commonplace lineaments. From the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, too, he introduces Justice Shallow, placing him in a less

friendly relation to Falstaff, and giving him a highly comic nephew, Slender, who, in his vanity and pitifulness, is like a first sketch for Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night.*

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Delineation of the Play.

The principal action of this comedy—the adventures of Falstaff with the Merry Wives—sweeps on with a rapidity of movement which hurries us forward to the dénouement as irresistibly as if the actors were under the influence of that destiny which belongs to the empire of tragedy. No reverses, no disgraces, can save Falstaff from his final humiliation. The net is around him, but he does not see the meshes; he fancies himself the deceiver, but he is the deceived. He will stare Ford "out of his wits," he will "awe him with his cudgel," yet he lives "to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames." But his confidence is undaunted: "I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into the Thames, ere I will leave her"; yet "since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately." Lastly, he will rush upon a third adventure: "This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd numbers"; yet his good luck ends in "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass." The real jealousy of Ford most skilfully helps on the merry devices of his wife; and with equal skill does the Poet make him throw away his jealousy, and assist in the last plot against the "unclean knight." The misadventures of Falstaff are most agreeably varied. The disguise of the old woman of Brentford puts him altogether in a different situation from his suffocation in the buck basket; and the fairy machinery of Herne's Oak car-

ries the catastrophe out of the region of comedy into that of romance.

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound"; and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pribbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow, with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbours "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper; he is not solicitous whether Falstaff sit "at ten pounds a week" or at two; he readily takes "the withered serving man for a fresh tapster"; his confidence in his own cleverness is delicious—"am I politic, am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?"—the Germans "shall have my horses, but I 'll make them pay, I 'll sauce them." When he loses his horses, and his "mind is heavy," we rejoice that Fenton will give him "a hundred pound in gold" more than his loss. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor and the honest Welsh parson are productive of the happiest situations.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

IV.

Falstaff Out of His Sphere.

The truth is, Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere; and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place: nor does it seem probable that the Poet would have exhibited him thus, but that he were moved thereto by somewhat else than the native promptings of his genius. For of love in any right or respectable sense Sir John is essentially incapable; and to represent him otherwise, had been to contradict, not carry out, his character. Shakespeare doubtless understood this; and, being thus reduced to the alternative of committing a gross breach of decorum or of making the hero unsuccessful, the moral sanity of his genius left him no choice. Accordingly Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practises as for what is practised upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by that he suffers than by that he does. So that the internal evidence of the play strongly favours the tradition of the Queen's requesting to see Falstaff in love; as such request affords the only clear solution of the Poet's representing one who was plainly a favourite with him in so unsuitable a quality. For, if we may believe Hazlitt, "wits and philosophers seldom shine in that character"; and, whether this be true or not, it is certain that "Sir John by no means comes off with flying colours."

But Falstaff, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is still so far himself that "naught but himself can be his conqueror." If he be overmatched, it is not so much by the strength or skill of his antagonists, as from his being persuaded, seemingly against his will and for the pleasure of others, into a line of adventure where he is not qualified to thrive. His incomparable art of turning adversities into commodities; the good-humoured strategy

whereby he manages to divert off all unpleasant feeling of his vices and frailties; the marvellous agility and aptness of which, with a vesture of odd and whimsical constructions, at once hides the offensive and discovers the comical features of his conduct; the same towering impudence and sublime effrontery, which so lift him aloft in his subsequent exploits; and the overpowering eloquence of exaggeration, with which he delights to set off and heighten whatsoever is most ludicrous in his own person or situation;—all these qualities, though not in their full bloom and vigour, are here to be seen in triumphant exercise.

Upon the whole, however, this bringing forth of Sir John more for exposure than for exhibition is not altogether grateful to those whom he has so often convulsed into health: though he still gives us wholesome shakings, we feel that it costs him too much: the rare exhilaration he affords us elsewhere, and even here, invests him with a sort of humorous reverence; insomuch that we can hardly help pitying while we approve his merited, yet scarcely merited, shames and failures; and we would fain make out some excuse for him on the score of these slips' occurring earlier in his life, when experience had not yet disciplined away the natural vanity which may sometimes lead a man of genius to fancy himself the object of the tender passion. And in like manner we are apt to apologize for the Poet's exposure of his and our favourite, on the ground that, being to represent him in an enterprise where he could not deserve success, nor even work for it but by knavery, he was under a strong moral necessity of causing him not only to be thwarted, but to become the laughing-stock of those who thwart him, and, which is especially galling to one so wit-proud as Sir John, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." And we are the more disposed to leniency towards Falstaff amid his unparalleled swampings, forasmuch as his merry persecutors are but a sort of decorous, respectable, commonplace people, who borrow their chief

importance from the victim of their mischievous sport; and if they are not so bad as to make us wish him success, neither are they so good that we like to see them grow at his expense.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Analysis of Falstaff's Character.

Two features strike us at a glance as being clear and prominent in Falstaff's character; on the one hand, his great wealth of wit, his inexhaustible store of happy devices, plots and pranks, and the indestructibility of his good humour; on the other hand, his equally great amount of sensuality, love of pleasure, and excessive carnal lusts. The *point de vue* of his life, and the centre upon which all his aims and actions turn, is, that his wit, his inventive talents, and his shrewdness shall in all cases furnish him with the means of gratifying his sensual desires, and protect him in case of need. Enjoyments of every description he must have; and it is only a good joke, a successful piece of mischief—to him the greatest of all enjoyments—that he thinks even more attractive than a glass of sack and the charms of Dolly Tear-sheet. Falstaff is the most consummate epicurean, in the form of a knight of Shakspeare's day but—owing to a halo of ingenious and irresistible wit, and an ideal mental freedom, which humorously disregard all difficulties, and even the whole seriousness of life—an epicurean who appears to a certain extent spiritualised, sublimated into a sort of poetical ideal, which raises him far above the usual run of common rakes, and prevents moral indignation from casting its judgement upon him. Falstaff does not possess any great passions, because to gratify them would cost him too much trouble, and afford an indeed great,

but after all only a passing enjoyment. He has also nothing in common with actual wickedness and gross crimes and vices, because the former undermine their own enjoyment, and also because they are inseparably connected with hate; moreover, great crimes are accomplished only with trouble and exertion, and are always followed by a dread of punishment; gross vices, lastly, necessarily blunt and deaden the sense of enjoyment. Neither is he at all jealous or envious—for envy is its own tormentor—he is more inclined to be glad to see others enjoying themselves, and even helps his boon companions in attaining their desires, as long as these do not cause himself any inconvenience or annoyance. But as regards the lesser sins, such as bragging, lying and deceiving, he is not over-particular, and has even no great objections to a little thieving, when it can be done easily, and especially when connected with some good joke. He trusts to his wit to save him from any unpleasant consequences of such *bagatelles*; such things he considers natural and unavoidable because he cannot find any enjoyment or procure the means of any enjoyment without them. If this were possible he would rather not be guilty of a single transgression, except as a joke, and even though not altogether good and virtuous, still he would like—without a struggle, however—to be upright and honest. It is true he likes virtue even less than vice, because it demands a greater amount of energy, and, worst of all, self-denial and self-control. He does not believe in virtue; he thinks it a delusive piece of sophistry, a mere illusion to suppose that any one should give up enjoyment and pleasure against the instincts of nature, in order to obtain so-called true happiness. To him, therefore, virtue, like honour, is a mere 'word,' a thing that no one possesses, that has 'no skill in surgery,' but at most is an honour to the dead who are insensible to it; hence a mere 'scutcheon,' so 'he 'll none of it.' And yet, at the same time, he knows very well that he must appear to possess certain virtues such as bravery, honesty, and

above all things honour and authority; for without the appearance of these he would find it impossible to live.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VI.

Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

A certain tendency to tameness in the husbands is corrected by the briskness of the merry wives, who engross a large proportion of what cleverness falls in distribution. Still it is remarkable in a play where the distinctions of character are so sharply marked, that there is little hint of any subjective difference between the pair; and this drawback on their originality, keeps them in harmony with their sober environments. We can scarcely think of them otherwise than as dressed exactly alike, and Falstaff had some excuse for thinking that a love-letter that would suit one scarcely required variation for the other.

The Windsor wives are merry, and at times free spoken enough, but this is only when they "laugh alone," for the audience counts for nothing, and that some liberality in phrase is no impeachment of their honesty is the very point that protects them from the dulness of demure propriety, which would so easily lose them the sympathy of a theatrical audience, which has little tolerance for the most respectable virtue when it ignores the humanity of liveliness and animal spirits. And this is the very moral that the sober-sided Ford, who could so little understand his wife's love of her lively neighbour's company, or the feminine necessity for change of scene and lively diversion, has to learn for his own advantage, and the advantage and amusement of lookers on.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Ford and Page.

That jealous-pate, Ford, ought to have been sure of his wife's integrity and goodness, from her being so transparent-charactered and cheerful; for your insincere and double-dealing people are sure to betray, some time or other, the drag that dishonesty claps upon the wheel of their conduct. The career of a deceitful person is never uniform. In the sequel, however, Ford does make a handsome atonement—that of a frank apology to the party whom he had abused by his suspicions; and he winds up the play with the rest, not the least happy of the group from having an enfranchised heart. He says well:

> "Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.
> I rather will suspect the sun with cold
> Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
> In him that was of late a heretic,
> As firm as faith." . . . .

Then, there is Page, the very personification of hearty English hospitality. You feel the tight grasp of his hand, and see the honest sparkle of his eye, as he leads in the wranglers with, "Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness." If I were required to point to the portrait of a genuine, indigenous Englishman, throughout the whole of the works of Shakespeare, Page would be the man. Every thought of his heart, every motion of his body, appears to be the result of pure instinct; he has nothing exotic or artificial about him. He possesses strong yeoman sense, an unmistakable speech, a trusting nature, and a fearless deportment; and these are the characteristics of a true Englishman. He is to be gulled —no man more so; and he is gulled every day in the year—no proof, you will say, of his "strong yeoman sense"; but an Englishman is quite as frequently gulled

with his eyes open as when they are hoodwinked. He has a conceit in being indifferent to chicanery. He confides in his own strength when it behooves him to exert it; and then he abates the nuisance.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

VIII.

Slender.

After Falstaff there is not a greater piece of work in the play than Master Abraham Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow Esquire,—a dainty sprout, or rather sapling, of provincial gentry, who, once seen, is never to be forgotten. In his consequential verdancy, his aristocratic official boobyism, and his lean-witted, lack-brain originality, this pithless hereditary squireling is altogether inimitable, whose manners and character must needs be all from within, because he lacks force of nature enough to shape or dress himself by any model. Mr. Hallam, whose judgement in such things is not often at fault, thinks Slender was intended as "a satire on the brilliant youth of the provinces," such as they were "before the introduction of newspapers and turnpike roads; awkward and boobyish among civil people, but at home in rude sports, and proud of exploits at which the town would laugh, yet perhaps with more courage and good-nature than the laughers."

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Mistress Quickly.

Although a "subordinate character," how very important a person in this play is Mistress Quickly, the housekeeper to Doctor Caius; or, as Sir Hugh designates her.

"his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, or his wringer!" What a perfect specimen she is of a fussy, busy-bodying old woman! "That foolish carrion, Mrs. Quickly," as Mrs. Page calls her; making herself necessary to all, by reason of her fussiness; and conspicuous, by reason of her folly. A large family —the race of the Quicklies! Our Mrs. Quickly, the type of the whole breed, meddles and "trepots" in every one's affairs: with the seriousness and sincere dealing of a diplomatist, she acts the go-between for Falstaff with the two merry wives; she courts Anne Page for her master, undertaking the same office for Slender. She favours the suit of Fenton; and if the Welsh parson had turned an eye of favour upon the yeoman's pretty daughter, she would have played the hymeneal Hebe to him too. Her whole character for mere busy-bodying, and not from any active kindness of heart—for they who are sweet to all alike have no principle worth a button—her whole character is comprised in that one little speech in the 4th scene of the 3d act, when Fenton gives her the ring for his "sweet Nan." After he has gone out, she says:

"Now heaven send thee good fortune! [She would have uttered the same benediction for Slender.] A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three: for so I have promised, and I will be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton."

He was the last applicant to, and had paid her.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

X.

"Sweet Anne Page."

Anne Page is but an average specimen of discreet, placid, innocent mediocrity, yet with a mind of her own,

in whom we can feel no such interest as a rich father causes to be felt by those about her. In her and Fenton a slight dash of romance is given to the play; their love forming a barely audible undertone of poetry in the grand chorus of comicalities, as if on purpose that while the sides are shaken the heart may not be left altogether untouched.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

We do not wish Anne Page to have been married to Slender, but in their poetical alliance they are inseparable. . . . With regard to the under-plot of Fenton and Anne Page—the scheme of Page to marry her to Slender—the counter-plot of her mother, "firm for Doctor Caius"—and the management of the lovers to obtain a triumph out of the devices against them—it may be sufficient to point out how skilfully it is interwoven with the Herne's Oak adventure of Falstaff. Though Slender "went to her in white, and cried mum, and she cried budget, . . . yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy"; though Caius did "take her in green," he "ha' married *un garçon*, a boy, *un paisan*"; but Anne and Fenton—

"long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve *them*."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton, *a gentleman.*
Shallow, *a country justice.*
Slender, *cousin to Shallow.*
Ford, Page, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
William Page, *a boy, son to Page.*
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welsh parson.*
Doctor Caius, *a French physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, } *sharpers attending on Falstaff.*
Robin, *page to Falstaff.*
Simple, *servant to Slender.*
Rugby, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

Mistress Ford.
Mistress Page.
Anne Page, *her daughter.*
Mistress Quickly, *servant to Doctor Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

Scene: *Windsor and the neighbourhood.*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'

Slen. Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.'

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old

coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py 'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds

of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who 's there?

Enter Page.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.
Word of denial in thy labras here!
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to

Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there 's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely': his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence: three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have

taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter;

for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I 'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pist. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Doctor Caius's house.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I 'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender 's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[*Singing*] And down, down, adown-a, etc.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert,—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir!

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai-j'oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he 'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. [*Aside to Quickly*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure

our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who 's within there? ho!

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs Page. What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he

admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight.—JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs Ford. Mrs Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised woman's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked

fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs Ford. ' Boarding,' call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him: let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he 's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, with Pistol, and Page, with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. 'The humour of it,' quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it:—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow;—well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs Page and Mrs Ford come forward.*

Mrs Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mrs Page?

Mrs Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? [*Aside to Mrs Ford*] Look who

comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs Ford. [*Aside to Mrs Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, and Mrs Quickly.*

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be

loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They converse apart.*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

Ford. None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry night. Will you go, min-heers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what; 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng!—To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will

ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn;
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature.—Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man.

Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me!

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights:
Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!
[*Exit.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I 'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below

would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter Bardolph with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless

experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!— Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,

well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A field near Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion, King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor; he is a

curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Mounseur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way: old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork.—
Pless my soul!— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon—

And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, &c.

Re-enter Simple.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Evans. He's welcome.— [*Sings.*
To shallow rivers, to whose falls—
Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.
Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.
Slen. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!
Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!
Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!
Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?
Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!
Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.
Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.
Evans. Fery well: what is it?
Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person,

is at most ódds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John Ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I 'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you 'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than

mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poines; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her

simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs Page. Quickly, quickly!—is the buckbasket—

Mrs Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and

Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs Page. You will do it?

Mrs Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

Mrs Page. Thou 'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I 'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

Mrs Ford. Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. 'Have I caught' thee, 'my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I 'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthornbuds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here 's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs Ford. Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What 's the matter? how now!

Mrs Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You 're sham'd, you 're overthrown, you 're undone for ever!

Mrs Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs Ford. Why, alas, what 's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather': your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be

of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or,—it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [*Coming forward*] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't!—I 'll in, I 'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I 'll in.

Mrs Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee.—Help me away.—Let me creep in here.—I 'll never—

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit Robin.*

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly.—Where 's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they

bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Ay buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs Ford. I think my husband hath some special

suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page. We will do it: let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs Page. [*Aside to Mrs Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.
Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.
Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.
Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife; come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily pardon me.
Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?
Ford. Any thing.
Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.
Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.
Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.
Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.
Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!
Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy feather's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither!

[*They converse apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne, —

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.—Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton.
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.
[*Exeunt Mrs Page and Anne.*

Quick. This is my doing now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton': this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph with sack.

Bard. Here 's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter Mrs Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?
Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!
Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.
Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.
Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.
Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.
Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.
Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.
Quick. I will tell her.
Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?
Quick. Eight and nine, sir.
Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.
Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit*
Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. —O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, —a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my

sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me,—I 'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs Page. I 'll be with her by and by; I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is 'lapis,' William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis': I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William.

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum': —fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quæs,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*
Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs Page. [*Within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs Page. Indeed!

Mrs Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs Ford. Why?

Mrs Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness,

civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a dead man. What a woman are you! —Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I 'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs Ford. He will see there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I 'll go out, then.

Mrs Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs Page. On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is: and there 's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs Page. Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs Ford. I 'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I 'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.
We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eats all the draff.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set

down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket!—O you pandarly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress Ford.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah! [*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this

basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman 's that?

Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is beyond our element: we know

nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband!—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.

Mrs Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat her. [*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let 's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs Ford. I 'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I 'll call them to you.
Host. They shall have my horses; but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.
Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?
Mrs Page. Within a quarter of an hour.
Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.
Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in

the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we 'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside*] And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook:
He 'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he 'll come.

Mrs Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.
Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Go, Mistress Ford.
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs Ford.*

I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.
Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.
Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.
Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up

into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.
Host. Ay, come; quick.
Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.
Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.
Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.
Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.
Sim. What, sir?
Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.
Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?
Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.
Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*
Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?
Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!
Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.
Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.
Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain:

do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight. —I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! —I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and Bard.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fisher-

men's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time,
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I 'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I 'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain; and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs Quickly.*

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath

with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I 'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook. Follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget'? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius.

Mrs Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter, better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool

rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs Ford.
Mrs Page. } Away, away! [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that 's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as before; Pistol, as Hobgoblin; Mistress Quickly, Anne Page, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyës.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toyës.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I 'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where 's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the Hunter serve your turn?

Mrs Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter'? Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles!

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs Page. [*Aside*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page.

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched! I 'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Mrs Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A-birding, bird-catching; III. iii. 232.

Abstract, inventory; IV. ii. 60.

Address, make ready; III. v. 133.

Admittance; "of Venetian ad." = "admitted from Venice"; III. iii. 58; "of great a." = admitted into the best company; II. ii. 230.

Adversary, used jestingly for "advocate" by the host; II. iii. 94.

Affecting, full of affectation; II. i. 145.

Aggravate his style, i.e. increase his title; II. ii. 291.

Aim, "to cry aim"; an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out "aim," hence to encourage, applaud; III. ii. 42.

All-hallowmas, November 1; *i.e.* about five weeks after Michaelmas; Simple blunders in putting it "a fortnight afore Michaelmas"; I. i. 203.

Allicholy, Mistress Quickley's corruption of melancholy; I. iv. 158.

Alligant, Mistress Quickly's error for "elegant"; II. ii. 69.

Allowed, approved; II. ii. 232.

Amaimon, name of a devil whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; II. ii. 305.

Amaze, confuse; V. v. 224.

Angel, a gold coin valued at ten shillings (used quibblingly); I. iii. 57, 61.

Anthropophaginian, cannibal; IV. v. 10.

Armigero; Slender's error for "armiger"; his knowledge of Latin is derived from attestations, *e.g.* "Coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero, etc."; I. i. 9.

Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. ii. 231.

Avised, advised, informed; "are you a. of that" = "have you found it out?" I. iv. 103.

Baille, deliver, bring (the Folios read "ballow"); I. iv. 90.

Banbury cheese, in allusion to Slender's thinness, B. cheese being proverbially thin; I. i. 127.

Barbason, name of a demon; II. ii. 305.

Bede, the name of a fairy; V. v. 52.

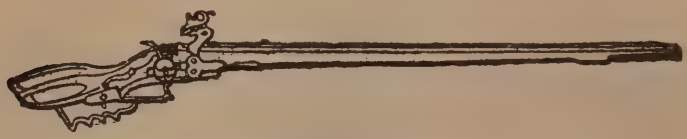
Bestow, stow away, lodge; IV. ii. 46.

Bilbo, v. *Latten bilbo.*

Birding-piece, a gun to shoot birds with; IV. ii. 56.

Breed-bate, one who stirs up "bate," or contention; I. iv. 12.

Brewage, drink brewed; III. v. 32.



Birding-piece.
From a specimen (*temp.* James I.) preserved at Goodrich Court.

Bloody fire, fire in the blood; V. v. 99.

Boitier, "a surgeon's case of oyntment" (the Quarto reads "my oyntment"); I. iv. 47.

Bold-beating, apparently = brow-beating; II. ii. 29.

Bolt, v. *Shaft.*

Book of Riddles, a popular book of the day, referred to as early as 1575; the earliest extant edition bears date 1629:—"*The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and Witty Proverbs to make pleasant pastime; no less useful than behovefull for any yong man or child to know if he be quick-witted or no*"; I. i. 201.

Book of Songs and Sonnets; Slender is perhaps alluding to "*Songs and Sonnets written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey and others*" (pub. 1557); I. i. 197.

Buck, used quibblingly with reference to the buck and its horns; III. iii. 160.

Buck-basket, a basket for clothes which were to be bucked or washed; III. iii. 2.

Bucking, washing; III. iii. 133.

Bucklersbury, Cheapside, where the druggists and grocers lived; III. iii. 74.

Buck-washing, laundry; III. iii. 158.

Bully-rook, dashing fellow; I. iii. 2.

Bully-stale; v. *Stale.*

Buttons; "'tis in his buttons" = 'tis within his compass; he will succeed; perhaps an allusion to the flower called "bachelor's buttons," by means of which the success of love was divined; III. ii. 68.

Cain-coloured beard; Cain was represented in old tapestries with a yellowish beard; I. iv. 23.

Canaries, probably Mistress Quickly's version of "quandary" (pronounced candary); II. ii. 61.

Canary, wine from the Canary Islands, sweet sack; III. ii. 86 [with a quibble on "canary" in the sense of a quick, lively dance; III. ii. 88].

Careires, the curvetting of a horse; "to passe a careire is but to runne with strength and courage such a convenient course as is meete for his ability"; I. i. 177.

Carrion, used as a term of contempt; III. iii. 195.

Carves, makes a sign of favour; I. iii. 46.

Cashiered, in Bardolph's slang it seems to mean "eased of his cash"; I. i. 176.

Castalion, King-Urinal; a nonsensical title which the host gives to Caius; "Castalion" = Castilian, with perhaps a quibbling reference to the medical practice of "casting the water" of the patient; II. iii. 34 (*v.* Notes).

Cataian, an inhabitant of Cataia or "Cathay" (China); a thief, used as term of reproach; II. i. 148.

Cat-a-mountain, wild-cat, leopard (used adjectivally); II. ii. 28.

Charactery, characters, writing; V. v. 76.

Charge, to put to expense; II. ii. 168.

Chariness, scrupulousness; II. i. 102.

Charms, love-charms, enchantments; II. ii. 106.

Cheater, escheater, an officer of the Exchequer, employed to exact forfeitures (used quibblingly); I. iii. 74.

Clapper-claw, thrash; II. iii. 66 (*cp.* 67, 69).

Coat, coat-of-arms; I. i. 17.

Cock and pie, a vulgar corruption of "God" and "Pie" (the service-book of the Romish Church); I. i. 304.

Cog, to wheedle; III. iii. 47.

Cogging, deceiving; III. i. 119.

Colours, ensigns; III. iv. 86.

Come off, to pay handsomely; IV. iii. 11.

Companion, fellow (in a bad sense); III. i. 119.

Cony-catch, to poach, pilfer; I. iii. 34.

Cony-catching, poaching, pilfering; I. i. 125.

Coram; probably due to the formula "jurat coram me," or a corruption of "quorum" ("quorumesse volumus" in a Justice's commission); both forms "corum" and "coram" are found as part of the title of "a justice of the peace"; I. i. 6.

Cornuto, cuckold; III. v. 68.

Cotsall, an allusion to the annual sports on the Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire; I. i. 91 (*v.* Notes).

Couch, crouch; V. ii. 1.

Counter-gate, the entrance to one of the Counter Prisons in London; III. iii. 80.

Country, district; I. i. 219.

Cowl-staff, a pole on which a tub or basket is borne between two persons; III. iii. 149.

Cozeners, sharpers (? play on "Cozen-Germans," *cp.* IV. v. 78); IV. v. 66.

Cuckoo-birds, with allusion to cuckolds; II. i. 128.

Curtal, having a docked tail; "a curtal dog" = a dog unfit for the chase, or one that has missed the game; II. i. 114.

Custalorum; Shallow's corruption of "Custos Rotulorum"; I. i. 7.

Cut and long tail, any kind of dogs, curtal dogs or long-tailed (hence, come who will to contend with me); III. iv. 49.

Dagger; "playing at sword and d."; a blunt blade used in place of the buckler; I. i. 284.

From a black-letter ballad ("A Looking-Glasse for Maids, or the Downfall of two desperate Lovers . . .").

Datchet-mead, in Windsor; III. iii. 14, etc.

Daubery, imposture; IV. ii. 177.

Defy, reject; II. ii. 74.

Detest; Mistress Quickly's error for "protest"; I. iv. 154.

Dickens (exclamatory), the devil; probably = devilkins; III. ii. 16.

Diffused, discordant; IV. iv. 55.

Dissolved, and dissolutely; Slender's error for "resolved, and resolutely"; I. i. 251.

Dole, portion; "happy man be his d." = "happiness be his portion"; III. iv. 68.

Drumble, dawdle; III. iii. 149.

Eld, old age, used in the sense of "old persons"; IV. iv. 37.

Elder; "heart of elder" = weak, faint-hearted; the elder has no heart; used in contrast to "heart of oak"; II. iii. 30.

Ensconce, to shelter under protection of a sconce or fort; II. ii. 28.

Ephesian, boon-companion (an allusion perhaps to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. ii. 10); IV. v. 18.

Eringoes, sea-holly (supposed to possess aphrodisiac qualities); V. v. 22.

Esquire, a gentleman next in degree below a knight; I. i. 4.

Eyas-musket, young male sparrow-hawk; III. iii. 21.

Fap, evidently a cant term for "fuddled"; I. i. 176.

Fartuous; Mistress Quickly's pronunciation of "virtuous"; II. ii. 99.

Fault, misfortune; I. i. 94; III. iii. 220.

Faustuses; "three Doctor F." (*cp.* "*Mephostophilus*"); IV. v. 70.

Fights (a sea-term), the canvas that hangs round the ship in a fight, to screen the combatants; II. ii. 140.

Fine and recovery, a term of law denoting absolute ownership; IV. ii. 212.

Flannel, originally manufactured in Wales, hence ludicrously used for a Welshman; V. v. 167.

Flemish, given to drink like a Fleming; the Dutch were notorious drunkards; II. i. 23.

Foin, to thrust in fencing; II. iii. 24.

Fortune thy foe, an allusion to the old ballad "Fortune my foe"; III. iii. 65.

Frampold, quarrelsome; II. ii. 92.

French thrift; Falstaff alludes to the practice of making a richly-dressed page take the place of a band of retainers; I. iii. 90.

Frize, a kind of coarse woollen stuff manufactured by Flemings in Wales; V. v. 142.

Froth, to make a tankard foam; I. iii. 14.

Fullam, a loaded die (so called from Fulham, where false dice were apparently manufactured); I. iii. 91.

Gallimaufry, "hotch-potch," used by Pistol for "the whole sex"; II. i. 119.

Gar, Dr. Caius' pronunciation of "God"; I. iv. 111; etc.

Geminy, a pair; II. ii. 8.

Ging, gang; IV. ii. 118.

Good-jer, supposed to be a corruption of the French word *goujère,* the name of a disease; used as a slight curse; I. iv. 126.

Good life, good name; III. iii. 121.

Gourd, some instrument of false gaming; I. iii. 91.

Grated upon, irritated, vexed; II. ii. 6.

Groat, piece of money valued at fourpence; I. i. 151.

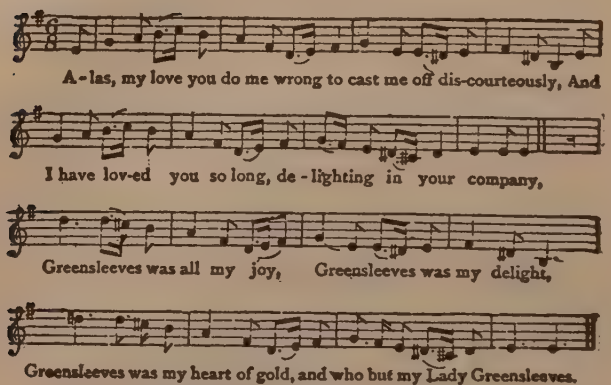
Green Sleeves, an old popular ballad tune, prob. of Henry VIIIth's time, still extant (see next page); II. i. 64.

Hack, (?) "to become cheap and common," perhaps with a play on "hack," to kick; II. i. 52; IV. i. 65.

Hair; "against the hair," *i.e.* "against the grain," refers to the stroking of an animal's hair the wrong way; II. iii. 41.

Hang together, to hold together (without altogether collapsing); III. ii. 11.

The Ballad of Green Sleeves


A-las, my love you do me wrong to cast me off dis-courteously, And
I have lov-ed you so long, de-lighting in your company,
Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my Lady Greensleeves.

From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Hawthorn-buds, dandies; III. iii. 72.

Hector, cant term for a sharper; I. iii. 11.

Herod, represented as a swaggering tyrant in the old miracle plays; II. i. 20.

Hick, (?) to fight; Mistress Quickly's interpretation of "hic"; probably something coarse is intended; IV. i. 65.

High and low, i.e. high and low throws (the former were the numbers 4, 5, 6, the latter 1, 2, 3); I. iii. 93.

Hinds, servants; III. v. 96.

Hodge-pudding, probably something similar to a hodge-podge; V. v. 155.

Horn-mad, mad as a wicked bull; I. iv. 51.

Humour (ridiculed as a much misused word of fashion; particularly used by Nym); I. i. 132, 163, 165, etc.

Hungarian; (used quibblingly) the Hungarian wars attracted many English volunteers, who subsequently returned to England impoverished; I. iii. 21. (The first and second Quartos read "Gongarian.")

Image, idea, conception; IV. vi. 17.

Infection, Mistress Quickly's error for "affection"; II. ii. 118.

Intention, intentness; I. iii. 70.

Jack-a-Lent, a small stuffed puppet thrown at during Lent; III. iii. 25; V. v. 131.

Jay, used metaphorically for a loose woman; III. iii. 41.

Kibe, chilblain; I. iii. 33.
Kissing-comfits, sugar-plums; V. v. 22.

Labras, lips; I. i. 160.
Larded, garnished; IV. vi. 14.
Latten bilbo, a sword made of latten, a mixed soft metal resembling brass; swords were called "bilbos" from the great reputation of those made at Bilboa in Spain; I. i. 159.
Laundry, Sir Hugh Evans' error for "launder"; I. ii. 4.
Leman, lover; IV. ii. 164.
Lewdsters, libertines; V. iii. 22.
Lime, to put lime in sack to make it sparkle; I. iii. 14.
Lingered, waited in expectation; III. ii. 55.
Long-tail, v. "*Cut,*" etc.
Louses, Sir Hugh Evans' corruption of "luces"; the joke was perhaps derived by Shakespeare from a story told of Sir William Wise and Henry VIII. in Holinshed's continuation of the Chronicles of Ireland, where the play is on "fleur de lice"; I. i. 19. (See Note.)
Loves; "of all loves" = by all means, for love's sake; II. ii. 117.
Luces, pikes; "the dozen white luces," probably an allusion to the armorial bearings of Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy; a quartering of the Lucy arms, exhibiting

the dozen white luces, is to be found in Dugdale's *Warwickshire;* I. i. 16. The accompanying drawing from Lucy's seal gives 'three luces.'
Lunes, fits of lunacy; IV. ii. 20.
Luxury, wantonness; V. v. 98.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty schemer; III. i. 99.
Make, to make mischief; I. iv. 113.
Marry trap, a phrase of doubtful meaning; "exclamation of insult when a man was caught in his own stratagem"; in all probability its real force was "catch me if you can"; I. i. 164.
Master of fence, one who had taken a master's degree in the art of fencing; I. i. 285.
Mechanical, vulgar, vile; II. ii. 285.

Mill-sixpences; "these sixpences, coined in 1561 and 1562, were the first milled money in England, used as counters to cast up money"; I. i. 151.

Mephostophilus, used by Pistol; the name had been made popular in England by Marlowe's Faustus; I. i. 129.

Metheglins, mead, a fermented dish of honey and water; V. v. 162.

Mistress, the ordinary title of an unmarried gentlewoman; I. i. 48.

Mince, to walk with affected grace; V. i. 9.

Montant, a upright blow or thrust in fencing; II. iii. 27.

Motions, proposals; I. i. 214.

Mountain-foreigner, used by Pistol of Sir Hugh Evans, in the sense of "ultramontane," barbarous; I. i. 157.

Muscle-shell, applied by Falstaff to Simple because he stands with his mouth open; IV. v. 28.

Nay-word, a watch-word, or rather a twin-word agreed upon by two confederates; II. ii. 129.

Nuthook, contemptuous term for a catchpole; I. i. 165.

'Od's heartlings, an oath; God's heartling (a diminutive of "heart"); III. iv. 59.

'Od's nouns, Mistress Quickly's corruption of "God's wounds"; IV. i. 24.

Œillades, amorous glances; I. iii. 65.

O'erlooked, bewitched; V. v. 86.

'Ork, Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "work"; III. i. 15.

Ouphes, elves; IV. iv. 50.

Oyes, hear ye! the usual introduction to a proclamation; V. v. 44.

Paid, used quibblingly in sense of "paid out"; IV. v. 62.

Parcel, a constituent part; I. i. 230.

Paring knife; "glover's p. k."; I. iv. 21.

From a tradesman's token (XVII. Cent.).

Passant; as a term of heraldry = walking, used by Sir Hugh Evans; I. i. 20.

Passed, surpassed expression; I. i. 299.

Passes, goes beyond bounds; IV. ii. 122.

Pauca, few (*i.e.* words); I. i. 131; "pauca verba"; I. i. 121.

Peaking, sneaking; III. v. 68.

Peer out, probably an allusion to the children's old rhyme calling on a snail to push forth its horns; IV. ii. 24.

Peevish, foolish; I. iv. 14.

Penny, money in general; I. i. 62; (in ordinary sense) II. ii. 1.

Elizabethan Silver Penny.

Pensioners, the bodyguard of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth were so called; II. ii. 79.

Period, conclusion; IV. ii. 222.

Pheezar; evidently formed from the verb "to pheeze," *i.e.* "to hurry on, to worry"; I. iii. 10.

Phlegmatic, misapplied by Mistress Quickly; I. iv. 78.

Phrygian, possibly in the sense of "Trojan," used as a cant term for a person of doubtful character; I. iii. 95.

Pickt-hatch, a quarter of London notorious as the resort of bad characters; II. ii. 20.

Pinnace, used metaphorically for a go-between; I. iii. 86.

Pipe-wine, wine not from the bottle but from the pipe or cask, with a play on "pipe" in the sense of instrument to which people danced; III. ii. 87.

Pittie-ward, (?) "towards the Petty, or little Park"; III. i. 5.

Plummet; "ignorance is a p. o'er me"; Falstaff evidently represents himself as the carpenter's work, and Evans as the lead of the plummet held over him; V. v. 167.

Polecat, used as a term of reproach, (the polecat emits a disgusting smell); IV. ii. 185.

Possibilities, prospects of inheritance; used also in the sense of "possession," which may be the meaning here; I. i. 65.

Pottle, a large tankard, originally a measure of two quarts; III. v. 28.

Prat, a verb formed evidently by Ford from Mother Prat's name; IV. ii. 184.

Preeches, breached for flogging; IV. i. 78.

Presently, immediately; III. iii. 90.

Pribbles and Prabbles, petty wranglings, tittle-tattles (used by Sir Hugh Evans); I. i. 56.

Primero, a game of cards: IV. v. 104.

Properties, used technically for the necessaries of the stage, exclusive of the scenery and dresses; IV. iv. 79.

Property, a thing wanted for a particular purpose, a tool (to get out of debt); III. iv. 11.

Puddings, the intestines of animals were so called (*cp.* "Pudding Lane"); II. i. 32.

Pumpion, a kind of pumpkin; III. iii. 40.

Punk, strumpet; II. ii. 139.

Punto, a thrust or stroke in fencing; II. iii. 26.

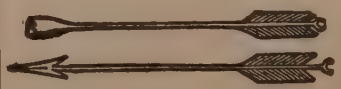
Quarter (used quibblingly); I. i. 24, 26, 28.
Quean, a slut; IV. ii. 171.

Rank, mature; IV. vi. 22.
Rato-lorum; Slender's corruption of (Custos) "Rotulorum"; I. i. 8.
Red-lattice phrases = ale-house language; a lattice window often painted red was the customary distinction of an ale-house; II. ii. 29.

From a token (*Green* Lattice in Cock Lane) of the XVII. Cent.

Relent, repent; II. ii. 32.
Ringwood, a common name for a dog; II. i. 122.
Ronyon, a mangy creature; IV. ii. 186.

Sackerson, a famous bear, which was baited at the Paris Garden, in Southwark; said to have belonged to Henslow & Alleyn; I. i. 296.
Sadness, seriousness; IV. ii. 90.
Sauce, "to pepper"; IV. iii. 11.
Scall, scurvy; III. i. 119.
Scut, tail of a hare or rabbit; V. v. 20.
Sea-coal fire, a fire made of coals brought by sea, a novelty at a time when wood was generally burnt; I. iv. 9.
Season, fit time (used probably technically for the time when the stags were at their best); III. iii. 162.
Secure, careless; II. i. 237.
Seeming, specious; III. ii. 39.
Semi-circled farthingale, a petticoat, the hoop of which did not come round in front; III. iii. 64.
Shaft; "to make a shaft or bolt on't" = to do a thing either one way or another; a shaft = a sharp arrow; a bolt, a thick, short one with a knob at the end; III. iv. 26.



Shent, reviled, punished; I. iv. 38.
Ship-tire, a peculiar head-dress, resembling a ship's tackle; III. iii. 57.

From Fabri's "Habite Varie" (1593).

Shovel-boards, broad shillings of Edward VI. used for the game of shove or shovel-board; I. i. 152.

Shovel-board, long preserved at the Falcon Inn.

Sprag = sprack, *i.e.* quick; IV. i. 82.

Speciously, a Quicklyism for specially (?); III. iv. 116; IV. v. 114.

Staggering, wavering; III. iii. 11.

Stale, the urine of horses, applied by the host to Dr. Caius; II. iii. 31.

Edward Shovel-boards.

Simple, medicinal herb; III. iii. 74.

Sir; the inferior clergy, as well as knights or baronets, formerly received this title, being the old equivalent of the academic *Dominus* (when applied to Bachelors of Arts at the Universities it was usually attached to the surname and not to the Christian name); hence *"Sir" Hugh Evans*; I. i. 1.

Slack, neglect; III. iv. 118.

Slice, applied by Nym to Slender; I. i. 131.

Slighted, tossed; III. v. 9.

Something, somewhat: IV. vi. 22.

Stamps, impressed coins; III. iv. 17.

Star-chamber; this Court among its other functions took cognisance of "routs and riots"; I. i. 1.

Stoccadoes, thrusts in fencing; II. i. 230.

Stock, thrust in fencing; II. iii. 26.

Strain, disposition; II. i. 91.

Sufferance, sufferings; IV. ii. 2.

Swinged, belaboured; V. v. 190.

Sword and dagger (see *Dagger*).

Takes, strikes with disease; IV. iv. 33.

Taking, fright; III. iii. 182.

Tall, sturdy, powerful; "tall of his hands"; I. iv. 26.
Tester, sixpence; I. iii. 94.
Thrummed, made of coarse, woollen yarn; thrum, the loose end of a weaver's warp; IV. ii. 77.

Thrummed hat and muffler.
From Speed's Map of England.

Tightly, promptly; I. iii. 85.
Tire, head-dress; III. iii. 58.
Tire-valiant, a fanciful head-dress; III. iii. 57.

From an engraving of a noble Venetian lady (1605).

Tricking, costumes; IV. iv. 80.
Trot, Caius' pronunciation of "troth"; IV. v. 89.
Trow, used by Mistress Quickly in the sense of "I wonder"; I. iv. 136.
Truckle-bed, a small bed, running on castors, which was thrust under the standing-bed during the daytime; IV. v. 7.

Standing and truckle-bed.
From an illuminated MS. of XV. Cent.
(The figures represent a nobleman and his valet.)

Uncape, to unearth a fox; III. iii. 169.
Unraked; "fires unr." = fires not raked together, not covered with fuel so that they might be found alight in the morning; V. v. 47.
Unweighed, inconsiderate; II. i. 23.
Urchins, imps, goblins; IV. iv. 50.

Veney, a bout at fencing; I. i. 285.
Vizements = advisements or considerations; I. i. 39.
Vlouting-stog, i.e. laughing-stock; III. i. 116.

Wag, pack off; II. i. 234.
Ward, posture of defence; II. ii. 253.

Watched, tamed as a hawk is broken in by being kept awake; V. v. 107.

Whiting-time, bleaching time; III. iii. 133.

Whitsters, bleachers of linen; III. iii. 13.

Wide of, far from, indifferent to; III. i. 57.

With, by; III. v. 108.

Wittolly, cuckoldly; II. ii. 278.

Woodman, a hunter of forbidden game, and also a pursuer of women; V. v. 29.

Worts, roots (used quibblingly with reference to Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "words"); I. i. 121.

Wrong; "you do yourself mighty wrong" = you are much mistaken; III. iii. 209.

Wrongs; "this wrongs you," this is unworthy of you; IV. ii. 154.

Yead, an old abbreviation of "Edward"; I. i. 153.

Yellowness, the colour of jealousy; I. ii. 109.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 22. *'The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.'* No satisfactory explanation of this passage has as yet been offered; various suggestions have been made, *e.g.* 'salt-fish' = the hake borne by the stockfishmongers; 'same' for 'salt'; ''tis ott fish in' (assigned to Evans), etc. May not, however, the whole point of the matter lie in Shallow's use of 'salt' in the sense of 'saltant,' the heraldic term, used especially for vermin? If so 'salt-fish' = 'the leaping-louse,' with a quibble on 'salt' as opposed to 'fresh fish.' There is further allusion to the proverbial predilection of vermin for 'old coats,' used quibblingly in the sense of 'coat-of-arms.' The following passage from Holinshed's continuation of the chronicles of Ireland (quoted by Rushton), seems to bear out this explanation:—"Having lent the king his signet to

From the Annalia Dubrensia (1636), a collection of poems laudatory of the Cotswold Games and their patron, Robert Dover.

seal a letter, who having powdered erinuts ingrailed in the seal; why how now Wise (quoth the King), what hast thou lice here? And if it like your Majesty, quoth Sir William, a louse is a rich coat, for by giving the louse I part arms with the French King in that he giveth the flower de lice, whereat the king heartily laughed," etc.

I. i. 46. *'George Page.'* Ff. Q_3. 'Thomas Page,' retained by Camb. Ed. though Master Page is elsewhere called 'George'; "the mistake may have been Shakespeare's own," or 'Geo.' may have been misread as 'Tho.'

I. i. 91. *'outrun on Cotsall,' i.e.* on the Cotswold hills (in Gloucestershire); probably an allusion to the famous Cotswold Games, which were revived by Captain Robert Dover at the beginning of the seventeenth century, though evidently instituted earlier; the allusion does not occur in the first and second Quartos.

I. i. 171. *'Scarlet and John'*; Robin Hood's boon-companions; an allusion to Bardolph's red face.

I. iii. 28. *'a minute's rest'*; a minim's rest" is the ingenious suggestion of Bennet Langton; *cp. Romeo and Juliet,* II. iv. 22. "rests me his minim rest."

I. iii. 46. *'carves'*; probably used here in the sense of 'to show favour by expressive gestures'; *cp.* "A carver: chironomus . . . one that useth apish motions with his hands."—Littleton's *Latin-English Dictionary* (1675).

I. iii. 51. *'Studied her will'*; so Qq_{1-2}: Ff, 'will' retained by Camb. Ed.

I. iii. 73. *'region of Guiana.'* Sir Walter Raleigh returned from his expedition to So. America in 1596, and published his book 'The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana' in the same year.

I. iii. 99. *'By welkin and her star.'* This is no doubt the correct reading of the line, and there is no need to read *stars,* as has been suggested; 'star' is obviously used here for 'the sun'; the Quartos read 'fairies.'

I. ii. 109. *'the revolt of mine,' i.e.* my revolt: Camb. Ed. suggest in Note 'mine anger,' but no change seems necessary.

II. i. 5. *'though Love use Reason for his physician.'* The Folios read 'precisian'; the emendation adopted in the text was first suggested by Theobald, and has been generally accepted; *cp.* Sonnet CXLVII: "My reason the physician to my love."

II. i. 220, 223. In the folios the name 'Broome' is given instead

of 'Brooke'; but Falstaff's pun, "Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with liquor," removes all doubt as to the correct reading, which is actually found in the Quartos.

II. i. 224. *'Will you go, min-heers?'* The Folios and Quartos, *'An-heires,'* retained by Camb. Ed.; Theobald, 'mynheers.' Other suggestions are "on, here"; "on, hearts"; "on, heroes"; "cavaleires," etc. In support of change, *cp.* 'mine host' in reply.

II. ii. 155. *'O'erflows,'* so F_1F_2; Camb. Ed., 'o'erflow.'

II. iii. 34. *'Castalion, King-Urinal'*: Ff. 'castalion-king-Vrinall,' retained by Camb. Ed. but the first hyphen is prob. an error for comma—a fairly common mistake in this particular play, *cp.* nightly-meadow-fairies, V. v. 68, etc.

II. iii. 88. *'Cried I aim?'* The Folios and Quartos read "cried game"; the ingenious emendation, due to Douce, was first adopted by Dyce.

III. i. 17, etc. Sir Hugh oddly confuses Marlowe's famous ditty, 'Come live with me and be my love,' and the old version of the 137th Psalm, 'When we did sit in Babylon.'

III. i. 95. *'Gallia and Gaul'*; so the Folios; the first and second Quartos read "Gawle and Gawlia;" Farmer's conjecture "Gualia and Gaul" was adopted by Malone and other editors. Gallia = Wales.

III. ii. 73. *'he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes'* (which are now as it were unravelled).

III. iii. 42. *'Have I caught thee'*; probably the reading of the Quarto which omits 'thee' is the more correct; Falstaff quotes from the second song in Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*:—

> "Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
> Teaching sleep most faire to be?
> Now will I teach her that she
> When she wakes is too-too cruell."

III. iii. 65, 66. *'Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend,'* so F_2 F_3 F_4; "foe, were not Nature," F_1 Q_3: perhaps better, 'foe were not. Nature is thy friend'; so Capell.

III. v. 4. The reading of the Quartos is seemingly preferable:—"Have I lived to be carried in a basket, and thrown into the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal."

III. v. 9. *'The rogues slighted me into the river,' i.e.* "Threw me in contemptuously"; the Quartos read "slided me in."

IV. i. 49. *'Hang-hog is Latin for bacon'*; probably suggested by the famous story told of Sir Nicholas Bacon. A prisoner

named Hog, who had been condemned to death, prayed for mercy on the score of kindred. "Ay but," replied the judge, "you and I cannot be of kindred unless you are hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hanged" (Bacon's *Apophthegms*).

IV. ii. 20. *'old lunes'*; the Folios and third Quarto read 'lines'; the first and second Quartos 'vaine'; the correction is Theobald's; the same error occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. 139.

IV. ii. 97. *'the witch of Brentford'*; an actual personage of the sixteenth century. A tract is extant entitled "Jyl of Breyntford's Testament," whence it appears that the witch kept a tavern at Brentford; in Dekker & Webster's *Westward Ho* the following allusion is found:—"I doubt that old hag Gillian of Brainford has bewitched me."

IV. ii. 185. *'rag,'* so F_1 F_2; F_3 F_4 'hag,' adopted by Camb. Ed.

IV. iv. 43. *'That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.'* After this line the following words from the Quartos have been added in many editions:—

> "We 'll send him word to meet us in the field,
> Disguised like Horne with huge horns on his head."

IV. iv. 58. *'to pinch'* probably the correct reading should be 'to-pinch,' where 'to' is the intensitive prefix so common in old English, though it is possible to explain it as the ordinary infinitive prefix, omitted in the case of the former verb in the sentence.

IV. iv. 84. *'Send quickly to Sir John.'* Theobald ingeniously suggested "Quickly" for "quickly."

IV. v. 78. *'cozen-germans'* the first Quarto reads:—

> "For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
> Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead and Readings,"

where 'garmombles' is very possibly a perversion of Mömpelgard; Count Frederick of Mömpelgard visited Windsor in 1592; free post-horses were granted him by a passport of Lord Howard. The Count became a "Duke of Jamany" (Wirtemberg) in 1593; considerable interest must have been taken in the Duke about 1598. A letter to the Queen, dated August 14, 1598, is extant, in which the following passage occurs:—"I have heard with extreme regret that some of my enemies endeavour to calumniate me and prejudice your majesty against me. I have given them no occasion for this. I hope that when your majesty has discovered this report to be false, you will have greater reason to continue your affection towards me, and give neither faith nor

credit to such vipers." In the year 1602 appeared "An Account of the Duke's Bathing Excursion to the far-famed Kingdom of England" (*vide* Rye's *England as seen by Foreigners*).

V. v. 26. *'bribed buck,'* so the Folios; Theobald, "bribe bauk," adopted by Camb. Ed.: 'a bribed buck' was a buck cut up into portions (Old French *bribes* = 'portions of meat to be given away').

V. v. 42. *'orphan heirs.'* Theobald suggested "ouphen" (elvish) for "orphan," and he has been followed by many editors, but the change is unnecessary. *Cp.* "unfather'd heirs," II. *Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 122.

V. v. 45, 47. *'toyes'*: Ff. Camb. Ed., *toys,* evidently to be read "toyës," rhyming with "oyës" in the previous line; similarly "unswept" should probably be "unswep," suggesting rhyme with "leap."

V. v. 94-96. *Cp.* Song of the Fairies in Lyly's *Endymion.*

V. v. 111. *'these fair yokes'*; the first Folio reads "yoakes," the second "okes." "Yokes" must refer to the resemblance of the buck's horns to a yoke; a sort of sense can be got out of 'oaks,' the antlers resembling the branches of oaks, but the first Folio reading seems preferable.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

13. *three hundred years*:—Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him"; an aristocratic way of speaking once common in England. Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though Shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror. We are indebted to Verplanck for this anecdote.

28, 29. *quarter of your coat*:—To *quarter* meant, in heraldic language, to have armorial bearings as an appendage to hereditary arms; as a man, by marrying, may add his wife's titles, if she have any, to his own. Sir Hugh, who must still be talking, mistakes the quartering of heraldry for the cutting of a thing into four parts.

49. To *speak small* means much the same as what old Lear so touchingly says over his dying Cordelia: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

114. *But not kissed your keeper's daughter?*—Scott in *Kenilworth* suggests that this was part of the charge made against the Poet by Sir Thomas Lucy.

118 *et seq. Council* and *counsel*, just below, are probably a quibble, the one meaning the Star-Chamber, the other being used in the sense of *secresy*.

204. *Michaelmas*:—This is probably a blunder on Simple's part for *Martlemas*, according to Hudson. Theobald substituted Martlemas, "not believing that any blunder was intended."

304. *cock and pie*:—This phrase occurs in several old plays, and once again in Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV.*, V. i. 1; but its origin and import have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account seems to be, that it was a humorous oath, the *Cock* and *Magpie*, having been, it seems, an ancient and favourite alehouse sign. Some think, however, that *cock* was a corruption of the sacred name, and that *pie* referred to the table in the Roman service-book showing the service for the day.

Scene III.

9. *Keisar* is an old form of *Cæsar*, the general term for an emperor; *Kings* and *Keisars* being a common phrase.

Scene IV.

5. *Old* is here intensive, much the same as *huge*; a common use of the word in the Poet's time. Thus we have *old* coil in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

8. *we'll have a posset*:—A *posset*, according to Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armourie*, 1688, is "hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd."

8, 9. *soon at night*:—Hudson states that *soon at* is a phrase occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare; as "*soon at* five o'clock," and "*soon at* supper-time," where it means *about*, or something akin to that word.

28. *warrener*:—The keeper of a warren.

165, 166. *the next time we have confidence*:—Hudson is of opinion that *confidence* is a "Quicklyism for *conference*."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

52. *These knights will hack*:—This is probably a covert reflection upon the prodigal distribution of the honour of knighthood by King James. "These knights will soon become so *hackneyed* that your honour will not be increased by becoming one."

54. *We burn daylight*:—A proverbial phrase, derived from burning lamps by daylight: "We waste time."

121. *With liver burning hot*:—Love, as the ancients understood that passion, was supposed to establish itself in the liver.

122. *Like Sir Actæon he*:—Actæon, in classical mythology, was a renowned hunter. He offended Artemis (Diana) by concealing himself near a stream in which she was bathing—thus obtaining stolen glimpses of her. The offended goddess transformed Actæon into a stag and his dogs tore him to pieces.

129. *Believe it, Page; he speaks sense*:—"Pistol," says Hudson, "knew beforehand what Nym was to tell Page; and now, as he infers from their talking so long that Page is incredulous, he speaks this to confirm Nym's tale, and thereby cut short the interview."

199, 200. *Good even and twenty*:—According to Staunton, "an old popular salutation, meaning twenty good evenings."

232. *with my long sword*:—Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of enormous length and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier.

Scene II.

7. *your coach-fellow Nym*:—That is, he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you.

11, 12. *Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan*:—Fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakespeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. Thus in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:—

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."

19. *short knife and a throng!*—That is, go and *cut purses in a crowd*. Purses were then worn hanging at the girdle.

78, 79. *nay, which is more, pensioners*:—That is, gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract Mrs. Quickly. Hence Shakespeare, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, has selected the golden-coated cowslips to be *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen.

150, 151. *sent your worship a morning's draught of sack*:—It seems to have been a common custom in taverns, in Shakespeare's

time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance. In the *Parliamentary History,* we have the following passage from *The Life of General Monk,* by Dr. Price: "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

157. *Via,* an Italian word, which Florio explains: "An adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, dispatch."

192. *Sith*:—Since.

291, 292. *I will aggravate his style*:—That is, *I will add more titles to those he already has.* The term *style* was used in heraldry. Thus in Heywood's *Golden Age*: "I will create lords of a greater *style*"; and in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

> "As to abandon that which doth contain
> Your honour's *style,* that is, your warlike shield."

304, 305. *Amaimon sounds well,* etc.:—Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft,* may be consulted concerning these demons, as may also Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armourie.*

312. *aqua-vitæ*:—Reed states that Dericke, in *The Image of Ireland,* 1581, refers to *uskebeaghe* (or *usquebaugh,* the same word as the modern *whiskey*), and in a note explains it to mean *aqua-vitæ.*

Scene III.

59. *Mock-water*:—Probably some allusion to the doctor's medical practice. The meaning remains obscure.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

17 *et seq. To shallow rivers, to whose falls,* etc.:—The charming pastoral upon which this burlesque is formed, is thus referred to by Izaak Walton: "'Twas a handsome Milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be; but she cast away

all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smoothe song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago." Walton next mentions "an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." The humour of these musical snatches, broken and disordered as they are by the anger and fear of the pugnacious parson, is most rare and exquisite. The poem by Marlowe, entitled *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love,* is as follows:—

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love."

This poem is seldom seen without its companion piece, already referred to, and entitled *The Nymph's Reply*:—

"If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
But time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love."

24. *Whenas I sat in Pabylon*:—The old version of the 137th Psalm, which was drawn upon here, runs:—

"Whenas wee sate in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
And in remembrance of Sion
The teares for griefe burst out."

114, 115. *you make-a de sot of us*:—"Sot," says Hudson, "was much used in its French sense of *fool*."

Scene II.

30, 31. *twenty mile . . . twelve score*:—The use of the singular for the plural, especially in statements of time and distance, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time. Thus in *The Tempest* Prospero says, "Twelve *year* since, Miranda, twelve year since, thy father was the duke of Milan."

66. *speaks holiday*:—To *speak holiday* means to speak in well-chosen language, or in a style above the common. So in 1 *Henry*

IV., I. iii. 46, 47: "With many *holiday* and lady terms he question'd me"—although here there is an implied sense of dandyism and affectedness of speech.

70. *no having*:—That is, no *property* or *possessions*. So in *Twelfth Night*, III. iv.:—

> "My *having* is not much;
> I 'll make division of my present with you:
> Hold, there 's half my coffer."

Scene III.

21. *eyas-musket!*—A young sparrow-hawk, *eyas* being a nestling hawk, and *musket* a male sparrow-hawk. So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*,

> "Like *eyas hawke* up mounts unto the skies,
> His newly-budded pineons to assay;"

and again in his *Hymne of Heavenly Love*: "Ere flitting Time could wag his *eyas wings*."

25. *Jack-a-Lent*:—A small stuffed puppet that used to be thrown at for sport in Lent. So in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 3: "On an Ash-Wednesday, where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent, for boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee."

57, 58. *the ship-tire, the tire-valiant*, etc.:—Any fanciful headdress worn or approved by the fashion-lovers of Venice. In how much request the Venetian *tire* or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624: "Let her have the Spanish gait, the *Venetian tire*."

65, 66. *if Fortune . . . friend*:—That is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature *being* thy friend." "Fortune my foe" was the beginning of a popular old ballad, wherein were sung the evils that fall upon men through the caprices of Fortune.

74. *Bucklersbury in simple time*:—*Simples* or *herbs* were sold at the many apothecary-shops in Bucklersbury; thus in *simple time* filling the air with the fragrance of rosemary and lavender.

80. *Counter-gate*:—*Counter* was the name of one of the London prisons, and was a frequent subject of jest. Thus Baret in his *Alvearie*, 1573: "We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter* or such-like places of prison, He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare; meaning imprisonment."

92. *the arras*:—"In Shakespeare's time," says Hudson, "the walls of rooms, even in the best houses, were unplastered, and were lined with tapestries instead, which were called *arras*, from the town of Arras in France, where they were first made. These, to keep them from the rotting-damp, were hung on frames at some distance from the walls." And Steevens says: "The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in *Much Ado* and Polonius in *Hamlet* also avail themselves of this convenient recess."

164. *I have dreamed to-night*:—Meaning *last night.*

Scene IV.

14. *thy father's wealth*:—"Some light," says Singer, "may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latimer, in the time of Edward VI., mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity 'that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion.' At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda."

92, 93. *be set quick*, etc.:—So in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."

105. *once to-night*:—That is, *sometime to-night.* Often so.

Scene V.

26. *I cry you mercy*:—That is, "I ask your pardon."

28. *Chalices*:—Cups.

84. *distraction*:—Hanmer changed this to direction, and has been followed by some others, including Hudson (Harvard ed.).

108. *with*:—As pointed out by Singer, *with, by,* and *of* were used indiscriminately with much license by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have: "I rather will suspect the sun *with* cold." *Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected, impeached.* Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions,* has this very phrase—*detected with,* for *impeached with,*

or *held in suspicion by*: "What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory to heare our names *with vile fame so detected.*" *Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered*, but *suspected by* the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with*.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

4. *courageous*:—As Hudson conjectures, *outrageous*.

Scene II.

198. *cry out thus upon no trail*:—Terms of the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the game. To *cry out* is to *open*, or *bark*, as the dogs do when they find the trail.

211, 212. *in fee-simple, with fine and recovery*:—Ritson remarks upon this passage: "Fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the *strongest* assurance known to English law." So that the passage means, "If Falstaff be not, to all intents and purposes, the devil's," etc. Commentators have wondered how Mrs. Page came to know so much of legal terms. But is it not equally strange that Shakespeare's average characters, in their ordinary talk, should speak greater poetry than any other poet has written?

212, 213. *he will never, I think*, etc.:—Hudson says that this "is another legal phrase, meaning, 'he will never again attempt to ruin us, or to *lay waste* our good name.'"

Scene IV.

33. *takes the cattle*:—*Take*, meaning to *strike with disease*, is frequent in Shakespeare. So in *King Lear*, II. iv.: "Strike her young bones, you *taking* airs, with lameness." "A horse that is bereft of his feeling, moving, or stirring," says Markham (1595), "is said to be *taken*, and in sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease: yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken* to be stricken by some planet, or evil spirit, which is false."

Scene V.

7, 8. *painted about . . . the Prodigal*:—"Bed-curtains and tapestries," says Hudson, "were often embroidered with figures from Scripture subjects, such as the Prodigal Son, Lazarus, and others. Shakespeare has divers allusions to them."

10. *Anthropophaginian*:—Man-eater or cannibal. Mine Host uses these fustian words to astonish Simple.

70. *Doctor Faustuses*:—Dr. Faustus, the German magician, had acquired a new celebrity through Marlowe's play.

Scene VI.

41. *quaint in green*:—*Quaint* here means *neat, tasteful, graceful,* with the idea of being, not fantastic, but elegantly fancied or conceived.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

25. *life is a shuttle*:—An allusion to Job, vii. 6: "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle*."

Scene V.

15-17. *Send me a cool . . . tallow*:—This is technical. It is explained by aid of Turberville's *Book of Hunting,* 1575: "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace, they are then so vehement in heat."

20-24. *Let the sky rain potatoes,* etc.:—The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato in 1586. It was supposed, as also was the eringo, to be an aphrodisiac.

28. *the fellow of this walk*:—The *keeper* of this park or portion of the forest. The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

43. *quality*:—Profession, or function.

47, 49. *Where fires thou find'st unraked,* etc.:—This office of

the ancient fairies appears to have been quite a favourite theme with poets. Thus in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:—

"These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping."

So also in an old ballad entitled *The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow,* sometimes attributed to Ben Jonson:—

"When house and harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view."

And again in the ancient song of the *Fairy Queen*:—

"And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.
But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe."

54. *Raise up the organs of her fantasy*:—*Fantasy,* according to Hudson, "here stands for *sensual desire,* the 'sinful fantasy' reproved afterwards in the Fairies' Song." Clarke gives a different explanation, making the passage mean, "exalt her imagination by pleasant dreams."

56. *But those as sleep*:—*As* and *that* were, in the time of Shakespeare, used interchangeably.

65. *With juice of balm,* etc.:—It was a practice with people of luxury to rub furniture with aromatic herbs, in order to give it a sweet smell. Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits. "Perhaps," adds Hudson, "they found that penny-royal would keep off mosquitoes."

83. *middle-earth*:—Johnson says that "spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell underground;

men therefore are in a middle station." Often used in this sense by old writers.

173. *affliction*:—After this speech the following, in accordance with Theobald's decision, usually has been added from the Quarto:—

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here 's my hand; all 's forgiven at last.

204. *postmaster's boy*:—Here too, following Steevens, many have inserted the following from the Quarto:—

Evans. Jeshu! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?
Page. O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?

232. *evitate*:—Avoid.

243. *When night-dogs run,* etc.:—Here again we commonly have a line added from the Quarto: "*Evans.* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding." Malone says that Falstaff alludes to Fenton's having just *run down* Anne Page. "Falstaff," says Clarke, "here takes a final chuckle over those who have defeated his pursuit of the *dear* merry wives, by showing them that their *dear* daughter has been caught by the man who was not their choice, but hers."

Questions on

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

1. At whose request is this play said to have come into existence?
2. What relation in time do the events here depicted bear to those of *Henry IV.*?

ACT FIRST.

3. With what note does the play open?
4. With what trait uppermost is Slender first presented?
5. What is first said of Anne Page? Of Master Page?
6. Mention some of Sir Hugh Evans's verbal peculiarities. Compare him with Fluellen in *Henry V.*
7. What contemporary of Shakespeare is supposed to be satirized in this Act?
8. How do Falstaff and his companions meet the charges of Shallow and Slender?
9. What dramatic purpose is effected by the short scene with the three women?
10. Who proposes the match between Slender and Anne Page? Why does he wish to foster it?
11. What subtle observation of nature does Shakespeare show in the scene between Anne Page and Slender? Is it a great art to make a dull person interesting?
12. What new stage in the subordinate intrigue does Sc. ii. introduce? What new character is presented and how described?
13. Why was Falstaff glad to be rid of Bardolph? To what extent was Falstaff not averse to stealing?
14. What is the intrigue which Falstaff proposes, and what is the counter-action? What motive is established for this counter-action? Why, at the close of Sc. iii., do Nym and Pistol speak in verse?

15. Why are Rugby's qualities set forth? What trait of Mrs. Quickly is here illustrated?

16. State the complication of the intrigue involving Anne Page, Sir Hugh, Mrs. Quickly, Dr. Caius, and Fenton as active participants. Whose side does Mrs. Quickly take?

ACT SECOND.

17. This Act presents what picture of middle-class morality?

18. What internal facts determine the social status of the audience for which the play was intended?

19. Who informs Ford of Falstaff's purposes?

20. What tag of speech does Nym always carry about with him? What is its satirical import?

21. Does Nym seem more of a caricature—like many of Dickens's people—than a character?

22. What saved Page from suspicion of his wife?

23. Mention a certain modern type of character satirized in the Host.

24. What touches of real Falstaffian humour in the dialogue in Sc. ii. between the knight and Pistol?

25. What is the office of Mrs. Quickly in the main intrigue?

26. How does Ford, disguised as Brook, persuade Falstaff to accede to his designs?

27. Does Falstaff here, as in all cases in *Henry IV.*, cover his retreat with humour?

28. Contrast the jealousy of Ford with that of Othello. Why is not Ford a tragic figure?

29. Is Dr. Caius a character of comedy or of burlesque? Compare him with Evans in his power of provoking mirth.

ACT THIRD.

30. Describe the state of mind of Evans at the opening of the first Scene. What situation in modern comedy resembles this?

31. How does the Host act as pacificator? What is his reward?

32. Define the state of mind of Slender during the progress of the first Scene.

33. How does Mrs. Page add to the jealousy of Ford?

34. What was Page's objection to Fenton as a suitor for Anne?

35. Had Falstaff any trusty followers? How did Robin deceive him?

36. What impression does Sir John make as a lover? Is it possible that a man of his intellect could have been so played upon?

37. Where is the climax of the drama?

38. What does Page say as Falstaff passes him, as the latter is carried out concealed in the buck-basket? How does Falstaff later describe the scene?

39. How do Sir Hugh Evans, Dr. Caius, and Mrs. Ford comment on the jealousy of Ford?

40. Why are the practical jokes at Falstaff's expense continued?

41. Does Fenton recommend himself to you as a fit suitor for "Sweet Anne Page"? How does he justify his position?

42. What effect of contrast is secured in the fourth Scene? How is it shown that the choice of lovers really lies between two?

43. Is Anne a romantic figure? If so, why is not her love-affair treated romantically? How would you describe the animating spirit of this Scene?

44. What determining influence has the principal intrigue upon the manner of treatment of the subordinate one?

45. What redeems Falstaff from the ignominy of the ducking, as evidenced in Sc. v.?

46. How is the interview between Falstaff and Ford, with which the Act closes, justified from a dramatic point of view?

ACT FOURTH.

47. Is there episodic value in Sc. i.?

48. Is it good art in Shakespeare to make the second scene of Falstaff at Mrs. Ford's follow so closely on the lines of the first?

49. How is it saved from bathos? Wherein resides the real comedy of the Scene?

50. In what way does Sc. iii. connect itself with the plot of the play?

51. Describe the plot that is laid for the third punishment of Sir John.

52. Is anything indicated as to the belief in witches and fairies in the England of this period?

53. How are the two intrigues brought together into the same channel?

54. Is there any reason in nature why Page should not have been as jealous of his wife as Ford was of his?

55. Did the difference of the Pages, man and wife, over the marriage of their daughter ever amount to enmity?

56. In what way is Mistress Prat of Brentford made to assume an integral part in the plot? What effect of retrospect is gained thereby?

57. Why is Nym the one singled out for reference?

58. What subsequent parts in the action do Pistol and Bardolph play?

59. Recount the episode of the German impostors? For what does this episode prepare?

60. What effect of reality is gained by the introduction of elements but remotely allied to the main action?

61. How does this imposture of the Germans furnish a background for Falstaff's reflection in the fifth Scene?

62. Compare the account of his second discomfiture that Falstaff gives to Dame Quickly with the account of the first, delivered to Ford. Is the citadel of his conceit feeling assaults made upon it?

ACT FIFTH.

63. State the reason that led Falstaff to venture his fortunes for the third time.

64. What classical comparisons does he plume himself with?

65. What effect is there in the transition from this to the fear of the fairies?

66. Indicate the sort of penitence that disgrace stirred in Falstaff. In what quarter did he chiefly fear disclosures?

67. How did Anne Page and Fenton outwit the whole company?

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68. Why is so much of this comedy written in prose? What parts are in verse; and what is the content of such passages?

69. Is the real Falstaff of *Henry IV.* to be seen in this play?

70. What are some of the characteristics that are distinctively his, and when are these prominent in this play?

71. Does the play furnish enough of the real Falstaffian humour to offset the feeling of injustice done to the fat knight of *Henry IV.*?

72. Compare respectively the Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph of this and the earlier play.

73. Compare Slender with Sir Andrew Aguecheek (*Twelfth Night*). Which is the more delightful?

74. Was Slender an unsuitable husband for Anne Page? Your opinion of Page and of the reasons why he encouraged the suit of Slender.

75. Will Fenton probably spend her money and then desert Anne? What may be expected from his antecedents?

76. What traits of character do you find in the two "merry wives"? What in Mrs. Quickly?

Love's Labour's Lost

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The earliest edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* appeared in 1598, with the following title-page:—"A Pleasant conceited Comedie called Loues Labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented *by W. Shakespere.* Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *Cuthbert Burby.*" (Reproduced in photo-lithography by W. Griggs with forewords by Dr. Furnivall, Shakespeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 5.)

The Folio Edition of 1623—probably reprinted from the Quarto—gives on the whole a somewhat better text of the play, though in two or three instances the earlier Quarto is helpful in restoring correct readings; both editions are marked by carelessness; some of the errors are of singular interest as throwing light on Shakespeare's workmanship. The title-page of the Quarto indicates that the play as published in 1598 represents a revised version of an earlier production. Various attempts have been made to separate the earlier and later portions; the text of the Quarto and Folio gives us a valuable clue; Act IV. iii. 299-304, and Act V. ii. 827-832 are obviously parts of the first sketch of the play printed by mistake; had the proofs of Quarto 1 been carefully read these lines would most certainly have been deleted; the former passage represents the rough draft of the great speech in which they occur; the latter gave place to Rosaline's speech *"Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron"* (V. ii. 844-857). Probably a great part of the last Act has been re-written, especially the close of the play from the entrance of Mercade. Mr.

Spedding as far back as 1839 pointed out that the inequality in the length of the Acts gives us a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations; in Act I. Biron's remonstrance, and in Act IV. nearly the whole of the close and a few lines at the opening of the Act, may probably be classed with the passages already noted as belonging to Shakespeare's maturer work.

Date of Composition. All the recognized tests place *Love's Labour's Lost* among the earliest of Shakespeare's regular plays: it may certainly be regarded as among the first of his comedies. External evidence bearing on the date is somewhat scanty; in addition to a mention of the play in *Palladis Tamia* in 1598, we have some lines by Robert Tofte in a poem entitled *Alba; or, the Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover,* published the same year, wherein our play is referred to in words suggesting that it was not then a recent production:—"Love's Labour Lost I *once* did see." Similarly in a letter by Sir Walter Cope to Lord Cranborne (1604) similar mention is made of this as "an old play":—"Burbage is come and says there is no new play that the queen hath not seen, but they have revised an old one, called *Love's Labour Lost,* which for wit and mirth, he says, will please her exceedingly."*

All this, however, adds little to the information given on the title-page of the first Quarto.

Dr. Grossart, in his edition of Robert Southwell, contends that certain lines, written about 1594, apply to the eyes of Christ the idea contained in Biron's speech in the fifth Act:—

> "O sacred eyes! the springs of living light,
> The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell. . . ."

There is a valuable piece of confirmatory evidence for

* Tofte and others call the play *Love's Labour Lost*; it is doubtful whether the correct title is *Love's Labours Lost,* or *Love's Labour's Lost*; the apostrophe is found in the headline of Quarto 1.

the early date of this play and its companion play *"Love's Labour Won"* (whatever this may have been) in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act I. Sc. i. 29-33.

> "To be in *love,* what scorn is bought with groans . . .
> If happy *won,* perhaps a hapless gain,
> If *lost* why then a grievous *labour's won.*"

General Characteristics. The metrical tests place *Love's Labour's Lost* first of the plays of the first (or rhyming) period; its lyrical character is perhaps its most noteworthy feature: it contains in its present state twice as many rhymed lines as blank verse, and there can be little doubt that in its original form the proportion was even greater. In addition to three Sonnets and a Song* there is doggerel in abundance, as well as alternate rhymes and six-line stanzas; but throughout the play the *thought,* quite as much as the metrical form, reminds us that Shakespeare has not yet divorced his poetical from his dramatic genius. "The opening speech of the king on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron," Mr. Pater justly observes, "have something of the monumental style of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression."

Among other marks of its early date are the following:—Its symmetrical arrangement of the characters; its introduction of the standing characters of the older plays ("the pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy"); its quibbling, repartee, and word-play; its sketchy characterisation (Biron and Rosaline are rough drafts of Benedick and Beatrice; Armado and Jaquenetta anticipate Touchstone and Audrey); the obvious influence of the Courtly dramas of John Lily. Finally, no other play gives us such glimpses into Shakespeare's youth; none has such delightful reminiscences of his child-life at

* Jaggard put two of the Sonnets and the Song into *The Passionate Pilgrim,* 1599; the Song was also printed with Shakespeare's name attached in *England's Helicon,* 1600.

Stratford: in more senses than one *Love's Labour's Lost* is "a portrait taken of him in his boyhood!"

The Plot. *Love's Labour's Lost* has the slightest of all Shakespeare's plots; it may be described as a drama of dialogue and satire; intrigue plays practically no part in it. It would seem, indeed, that Shakespeare's first comedy owed its main interest to topical allusions, no doubt readily understood by his audience. This topical character of the play explains its popularity in Elizabethan days, and its neglect in modern times. Mr. S. Lee (*Gentleman's Magazine,* 1880) has called attention to its quasi-historical frame-work, and its many references to contemporary events and personages:—(1) The leading element of the play refers to English volunteers, who, under Essex, had just joined Henry of *Navarre* in France. Note the name of the hero of the play; his associates are named after Navarre's generals; of these Biron was the best known and the most popular in England, and Shakespeare seems to have given us a life-like portraiture (in later years Chapman made him the hero of two of his plays); (2) the meeting of the King of Navarre and the Princess of France suggests the meeting of the King and Catherine de Medici in 1586 to settle disputes between Navarre and the reigning king, her son, "decrepit in mind and body"; (3) the references to Russian diplomacy; (4) the question of academies;* (5) "the ludicrous side of contemporary country life, with its inefficient constable, its pompous schoolmaster, and its ignorant curate"; (6) contemporary affectations of speech and dress.

It is customary to class all the extravagances of speech characteristic of the Elizabethan age as Euphuism; Shakespeare, however, carefully differentiates the pedantry of the New Learning, as exemplified by Holofernes; the fantastic extravagance of the Newer Learning, as exemplified by Armado; and the refined charm, the fascination, as well as the dangers, of the poetic diction of the age, as

* From this point of view and in other respects the play should be compared with its Victorian counterpart, Tennyson's *Princess.*

exemplified by Biron,—Shakespeare's own mouthpiece when he forswears his

> "Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> Figures pedantical."

Shakespeare may well be identified with his favourite character, and Biron's plea may well be taken as the poet's own:—

> "Yet have I a trick
> Of the old rage;—bear with me, I am sick;
> I'll leave it by degrees."

It is noteworthy that even "the fanatical phantasm" Armado was drawn from the life; he was a well-known character of the time, and Thomas Churchyard commemorated his death in a poem entitled "The Phantasticall Monarchoes Epitaph."

Certain critics have discovered in Holofernes a caricature of Florio, but there is no reason for supposing that Shakespeare wished to hold up to ridicule a distinguished scholar, to whose work he was indebted. The name Holofernes was possibly derived from Rabelais; Tubal Holophernes taught Gargantua his A B C: in his general characteristics he resembles Rombus, the schoolmaster, in Sidney's *The Lady of the May.*

The close of the play suggests that Shakespeare had been reading Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules.* Perhaps even the song at the end may justly remind one of the fact that in Chaucer's poem also the birds sing their song as they disperse, though Shakespeare's song, as far as its form is concerned, is a mediæval "debate." "The debate and strife between summer and winter" was imprinted by Laurence Andrews. "The pageant of the Nine Worthies" was a frequent subject of exhibition by the "base mechanicals" of country towns. "Divers play Alexander in the villages," observes Williams in his *Discourse of Warre,* 1590, "but few or none in the field."

Duration of Action. The action of the play lasts probably two days. Acts I. and II. cover the first day, Acts III. and IV. the second.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Ferdinand, King of Navarre, and three of his lords, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, forswear the society of women, and agree to lead austere lives, devoted to study, for three years. The court is barred against women by proclamation; and so stringent is the edict that Costard, a clown, who has been seen in company with Jaquenetta, a country wench, is ordered imprisoned for a week.

II. The Princess of France, with her ladies, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine, and other attendants approach the court of Navarre on an affair of state. Their contemplated visit had been discussed by the four gentlemen when the latter made their oath of retirement, and it had been agreed that the ladies must be received as befitted their station. The gentlemen, therefore, meet them courteously outside the gates, where the King causes pavilions to be erected for his royal guests, at the same time apologizing that an oath prevents their maintenance in Navarre.

III. Biron, who was the last to sign the oath, is the first to weaken. He falls in love with Rosaline, whom he had met before. He writes her a note and entrusts it for delivery to Costard, now at liberty. The clown has been freed by Armado, a Spaniard, in order that he may act as messenger for him to Jaquenetta.

IV. Costard gets the notes of the Spaniard and the nobleman confused, delivering Armado's missive to

Rosaline and Biron's to Jaquenetta. The Princess and her attendants derive much amusement from the Spaniard's fantastical message; while Jaquenetta, unable to decipher her letter, takes it to a schoolmaster, who, recognizing Biron's name, and being aware of the edict, sends her with it to the King.

Afterwards the King and his two other gentlemen respectively fall in love with the Princess and the two other ladies. Each lover being discovered by one or others of his friends in the act of writing love-verses, is obliged to make confession of his passion—to the great scorn of Biron. But his triumph is short-lived, for Jaquenetta arrives with his missent letter, and Biron is forced to admit his own shortcomings. Since all are forsworn, they plan to make war upon the hearts of their feminine visitors.

V. The ladies content themselves with the proffered hospitality outside the court. They pass their time in hunting and kindred outdoor pleasures. Presently all begin to receive letters and love-tokens from their several admirers, who visit them on one occasion in disguise. But the ladies, having got wind of their coming, also disguise themselves, and thus confuse the courtiers, so that each woos the wrong one and becomes the sport of her wit. The gentlemen retire and return in their proper habits, to find that the ladies have changed their favours, and to become dismayed at the blunders they commit. A masque is presented, and in the midst of it the Princess receives word of her father's death. She prepares for speedy departure. The King sues openly for her hand, and also seeks the hands of her three ladies on behalf of his friends. The Princess is not yet ready to yield, but bids them wait a twelvemonth and a day, and promises to give favourable answer at the expiration of that time, which is to be spent by the King in a hermitage, while she mourns her father. Her three ladies likewise impose a similar penance upon their lovers,

who see, for the moment at least, that their love's labour 's lost.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Two Sets of Characters.

We have already remarked upon the higher characters of this play as appearing to have been drawn rather from books than from life. They have little of the close compacting of living power, which so marks the Poet's delineations generally, and which naturally results in distinctive features and characteristic traits. We can scarce distinguish and remember them as individuals: they run together, as it were, in our thoughts, as being rather personified whimsicalities and affectations than affected and whimsical persons; are not fully cut out and rounded into severalty; but appear somehow too much like the same thing under several variations: in short, they affect us more as ingeniously-wrought figures and images of men and women, than as real men and women themselves; though we must confess that something of a determinate and specific individuality is given to Biron and Rosaline, so that we take up a more distinct impression and carry away a much clearer remembrance of them. Thus they differ from Shakespeare's other representations very much as a portrait taken from the life differs from a mere copy; which a practised eye will readily distinguish, without being told the facts. So that the play thus far almost reverses the Poet's general rule; the characters existing rather for the sake of the plot, than the plot for the sake of the characters; these being indeed mainly used as a sort of ground for the projecting and carrying on of a dramatic device. Thus the thing, at least in this part, is not so much a play as a show. Hence, perhaps, the comparatively little inter-

est that readers generally take in it: for a mere story or show is interesting only while it is new; whereas a work of art, a real expression of character and life, grows in interest as we grow more acquainted with it.

The other set of characters, however, especially Costard, Armado, and Moth, are of a very different stamp. Here the Poet was evidently feeding of the fruit that grows from observation, not "of the dainties that are bred in a book": here he is plainly at work in a vein where his eye and hand are at home; moulding his forms out of the materials amidst which his life has been passed and his thinking shaped. For whatsoever prototypes of Armado may be found in Italian comedies, there is no denying that Shakespeare constructed that "mighty potentate of nonsense" in the strength of a knowledge far more living and operative than could have been gained by mere reading. In this case only a Spanish name was given to an old English substance: Coleridge informs us that even in his time the character was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales. As for Holofernes the schoolmaster, and Sir Nathaniel the curate, those prodigious epicures of learned vocables, who "have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps," Shakespeare's age was just the time for such characters to be generated, and trained on into ludicrous perfection. The traits uppermost in them were but the natural working down of what was then a leading aim with the highest and wittiest in society—a continual effort to appear clever and spirited, to shine and entertain by talking out of the common way; so that "the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation, that would be deemed intolerable at present." This straining after mental ornament, which so filled the palace and the cottage with every variety of small wit, was indeed a disease, and perhaps this play yields proof enough that Shakespeare viewed it as such: yet there is no telling how much it may have

had to do with the discipline, which taught Hooker to write the richest, noblest, most varied and musical prose style that has yet been written in the English tongue. Nor in our time, as perhaps in all times when learning is duly prized, is there wanting a class of men whose ordinary talk shows them to "have lived long on the alms-basket of words"; thus reversing the fine old maxim of Roger Ascham, "to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do."

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

III.

Thwarted by the Ladies.

The young King of Navarre with three of his knightly companions form the strange resolution of devoting three years to study and philosophy in strict seclusion from the world and especially from all female society. They have bound themselves by an oath to keep this engagement. Their resolution, however, is soon thwarted by the arrival of the beautiful Princess of France, accompanied by her ladies, who seeks an interview on urgent affairs of state, and therefore cannot be refused. All the champions of philosophy and seclusion fall in love with these ladies, who are as lovable as they are mischievous. Hereupon ensues a lively combat of wit and caprice, in which the knights either taunt and ridicule one another on account of their broken vow—trying at the same time to justify themselves, or seek to win their ladies' hearts; the latter, however, cleverly manage to defend themselves, outdo wit by wit, and satisfactorily punish the gentlemen for breaking a vow, as quickly renounced as it was foolishly made, and for their affectation of superior wisdom. . . . The fine and ever correct judgement of noble women, is here as triumphant as their great talent for social wit and

refined intrigue. The moral of the piece may be said to be contained in the speech of the Princess where she condemns the King to a twelvemonth's fast and strict seclusion, in the sense intimated above, and again in the words of Rosaline, in which she makes it a condition to the vain Biron—a man who boasts of the power of his mind and wit in social intercourse—that, to win her love he shall for a twelvemonth from day to day visit "the speechless sick" and "converse with groaning wretches," and, in order to exercise all the powers of his wit, demands of him "to force the pained impotent to smile." The end of the comedy thus, to a certain extent, returns to where it began.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IV.

The Humorous and the Artificial in Conflict.

There was a double unnaturalness in the scheme of the celibates, and the comic nemesis upon it is double. In the first place, it was an unnatural state of things as regarded their relations to one another, and they needed a mutual oath to support their resolution; accordingly, they attempt to conceal their lapses from one another, but are betrayed. In a superbly comic scene the four come one after another to a sequestered spot in the park, seeking a secret place where they may indulge in a recitation of the love-sonnet which each has composed to his mistress, believing himself to be the only offender; and each in turn hides as he sees his comrade coming on the same errand, hoping to surprise his fellow in an act of perjury, while he conceals his own. The last to arrive is so surprised by the third, when suddenly the second leaps out of ambush to confront the third, and then the first in his turn comes down upon the second. Nor has he enjoyed his triumph over the three long, when the arrival

of an intercepted letter reduces him to the level of his companions. Again, the celibate scheme of life was a violation of nature in reference to the ladies; and consequently there is a further nemesis of ridicule when the men break through their vow, after having urged it to their visitors by such overt means as keeping them outside the palace.

Princess. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool . . .
Rosaline. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

The celibates can recover their position only by entering into the humour of the circumstances which have turned against them. In the scene of their betrayal to one another, after a spirited attempt to brazen it out, they yield to the force of the situation, calling on Biron to give them reasons for the course they have resolved on, to cheat the devil after the sin has been committed; this he does in a mock pompous oration, after which they lay these glozings by, and set about wooing these girls of France. But they are not yet completely purged of their sin against humour, and resolve to cover their approach with an elaborate masque—another of the conventionalities of the age to be pilloried. This purpose unfortunately is overheard, and communicated to the ladies, who determine to disconcert it, solemnly turning their backs at the supreme moment of the compliment, and afterwards, in the more miscellaneous conversation, arranging to exchange masks, so that each courtier pours his adoration into the ear of the wrong mistress. The celibates fully recover their equality with their visitors only when they enter into the humour of their persecutors, and—hardest test of all—join in abuse of their spoiled pageants. Then the action reaches its climax in a prolonged cascade of humorous fireworks.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

V.

Armado as a Caricature.

Armado's bombast may probably be accepted as a not too extravagant caricature of the bombast of the period. Certain it is that the schoolmaster Rombus, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Lady of the May*, addresses the Queen in a strain no whit less ridiculous than that of Holofernes. But what avails the justice of a parody if, in spite of the art and care lavished upon it, it remains as tedious as the mannerism it ridicules! And this is unfortunately the case in the present instance. Shakespeare had not yet attained the maturity and detachment of mind which could enable him to rise high above the follies he attacks, and to sweep them aside with full authority. He buries himself in them, circumstantially demonstrates their absurdities, and is still too inexperienced to realise how he thereby inflicts upon the spectator and the reader the full burden of their tediousness. It is very characteristic of Elizabeth's taste that, even in 1598, she could still take pleasure in the play. All this fencing with words appealed to her quick intelligence; while, with the unabashed sensuousness characteristic of the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, she found entertainment in the playwright's freedom of speech, even, no doubt, in the equivocal badinage between Boyet and Maria (IV. 1.).

As was to be expected, Shakespeare is here more dependent on models than in his later works. From Lyly, the most popular comedy-writer of the day, he probably borrowed the idea of his Armado, who answers pretty closely to Sir Tophas in Lyly's *Endymion*, copied, in his turn, from Pyrgopolinices, the boastful soldier of the old Latin comedy. It is to be noted, also, that the braggart and pedant, the two comic figures of this play, are

permanent types on the Italian stage, which in so many ways influenced the development of English comedy.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

Holofernes and Shakespeare's School-days.

While the curate, Sir Nathaniel, is reading Biron's epistle, which "accidentally or by way of progression had miscarried," Holofernes, full of pedagogic self-importance, cannot resist airing at large his professional accomplishments. He accordingly breaks forth with a sounding line from the school author so dear to the pedantic mind:—

"*Fauste precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat* —and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:—

'—Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non te vede ei non te pregia.'

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not."

Both poet and critic were, however, as usual, comparatively powerless against the pedants; or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say the *vis inertiæ* of use and wont still kept the old Mantuan in his place as a favourite school author. . . . It would seem, however, that Shakespeare must have had some experience of the special exercises belonging to the higher forms, amongst others those of making Latin, of writing Latin epistles, themes, and verses. At least he represents Holofernes as criticising Biron's love sonnet according to the established stages and elements of progress in this department of school work. Two of the more important of these stages were technically known as imitation and invention, the lower exercise, or imitation, being preparatory to the higher and more independent effort re-

quired for invention. Imitation consisted in taking a passage from some author read in the class, and, while retaining the substance, altering the form. . . .

Keeping these different elements of the upper-school exercises in view, we can better understand the exact force and bearing of the criticism Holofernes volunteers on Biron's love verses. The pedant, it will be remembered, after airing his knowledge of the *Eclogues*, and giving forth the Italian proverb about Venice, had been impatiently humming to himself while the curate read the letter just delivered by Jaquenetta. At length, his patience being exhausted, he addresses himself directly to the reader: "Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his ——" Then, catching sight of the manuscript, he exclaims:—

"—What, my soul, verses?
"*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.
"*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse, *Lege, domine.*"

The curate having read the verses, the pedagogic habit is so inveterate with Holofernes that he cannot help coming the schoolmaster over even his mild-mannered and deferential companion. He complains that he has missed the necessary elisions, and not given the proper accent. "You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet." Then taking the paper into his hands he proceeds, with a frown of critical concentration and the outstretching of a didactic forefinger towards the offending document, to deliver his authoritative judgement:—

"Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention! *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider."

We can fancy Master Thomas Hunt in the ancient Stratford school-house reading amongst the exercises of

the higher forms one signed W. Shakespeare, but, unless he were exceptionally mole-eyed, hardly with the same result. The numbers might not indeed be perfectly ratified, as the boy's mastery over longs and shorts might be still defective. But the exercise, if marked by blemishes in the details of scholarship, could hardly be wholly wanting in facility, in flowers of fancy, and jerks of invention. However this may be, it seems clear from the extract that Shakespeare was familiar with the kind of exercise, as well as with the cut and dried scholastic principles according to which it was usually criticised.

BAYNES: *Shakespeare Studies.*

VII.

Biron.

The leading and predominance of Biron in the first scene continues all through the more elevated portion of the play, and is the key to the structure of the harmony. This character, in itself, is drawn with a vigour and spirit equal to anything we possess of Shakespeare's; his figure is fully relieved and attracts the eye and detains it, and gives centre and interest to the entire composition.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

Berowne [Biron], the exponent of Shakspere's own thought, who entered into the youthful, idealistic project of his friends, with a satisfactory assurance that the time would come when the entire dream-structure would tumble ridiculously about the ears of them all—Berowne [Biron] is yet a larger nature than the Princess or Rosaline. *His* good-sense is the good-sense of a thinker and of a man of action. When he is most flouted and bemocked, we yet acknowledge him victorious and the master; and Rosaline will confess the fact by-and-by.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Of the celibates Biron has most sense of humour, especially seen in his ready appreciation of the arch-persecutor Boyet, and accordingly he always has the advantage over his fellows: he alone objects to the scheme at the outset, he is the last to be exposed in the discovery scene, and the first to enter into the spirit of the finale.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VIII.

Characterizations.

If we were to part with any of the author's comedies, it should be this. Yet we should be loth to part with Don Adriano de Armado, that mighty potentate of nonsense; or his page, that handful of wit; with Nathaniel the curate, or Holofernes the schoolmaster, and their dispute after dinner, on "the golden cadences of poesy"; with Costard the clown, or Dull the constable. Biron is too accomplished a character to be lost to the world, and yet he could not appear without his fellow-courtiers and the king: and if we were to leave out the ladies, the gentlemen would have no mistresses. So that we believe we must let the whole play stand as it is, and we shall hardly venture to "set a mark of reprobation on it." Still we have some objections to the style, which we think savours more of the pedantic spirit of Shakespear's time than of his own genius; more of controversial divinity, and the logic of Peter Lombard, than of the inspiration of the Muse. It transports us quite as much to the manners of the court, and the quirks of courts of law, as to the scenes of nature, or the fairy-land of his own imagination.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Both the characters and the dialogue are such as youthful talent might well invent, without much knowl-

edge of real life, and would indeed be likely to invent, before the experience and observation of varied society. The comedy presents a picture, not of the true every-day life of the great or the beautiful, but exhibits groups of such brilliant personages as they might be supposed to appear in the artificial conversation, the elaborate and continual effort to surprise or dazzle by wit or elegance, which was the prevailing taste of the age, in its literature, its poetry, and even its pulpit; and in which the nobles and beauties of the day were accustomed to array themselves for exhibition, as in their state attire, for occasions of display. All this, when the leading idea was once caught, was quite within the reach of the young poet to imitate or surpass, with little or no personal knowledge of aristocratic—or what would now be termed fashionable—society.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

Love's Labour's Lost is one of the earliest of Shakespere's dramas, and has many of the peculiarities of his poems, which are also the work of his earlier life. The opening speech of the king on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron, display something of the monumental style of Shakespere's *Sonnets*, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression. This connexion of *Love's Labour's Lost* with Shakespere's poems is further enforced by the actual insertion in it of three sonnets and a faultless song; which, in accordance with his practice in other plays, are inwoven into the argument of the piece and, like the golden ornaments of a fair woman, give it a peculiar air of distinction. There is merriment in it also, with choice illustrations of both wit and humour; a laughter, often exquisite, ringing, if faintly, yet as genuine laughter still, though sometimes sinking into mere burlesque, which has not lasted quite so well. And Shakespere brings a serious effect out of the trifling of his characters. A dainty love-making is interchanged

with the more cumbrous play: below the many artifices of Biron's amorous speeches we may trace sometimes the "unutterable longing"; and the lines in which Katharine describes the blighting through love of her younger sister are one of the most touching things in older literature. Again, how many echoes seem awakened by those strange words, actually said in jest!—"The sweet war-man (Hector of Troy) is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man!"—words which may remind us of Shakespere's own epitaph. In the last scene, an ingenious turn is given to the action, so that the piece does not conclude after the manner of other comedies:—

> "Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
> Jack hath not Jill:"

and Shakespere strikes a passionate note across it at last, in the entrance of the messenger, who announces to the princess that the king her father is suddenly dead.

PATER: *Appreciations.*

The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and schoolboy's observation might supply—the curate, the schoolmaster, the Armado (who even in my time was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales), and so on. The satire is chiefly on follies of words. Biron and Rosaline are evidently the pre-existent state of Benedict and Beatrice, and so, perhaps, is Boyet of Lafeu, and Costard of the Tapster in *Measure for Measure*; and the frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the metre, and the number of acute and fancifully illustrated aphorisms, are all as they ought to be in a poet's youth. True genius begins by generalizing and condensing; it ends in realizing and expanding. It first collects the seeds.

Yet if this juvenile drama had been the only one extant of our Shakespeare, and we possessed the tradition only of his riper works, or accounts of them in writers who had not even mentioned this play, how many of Shakespeare's characteristic features might we not still have discovered in *Love's Labour 's Lost*, though as in a portrait taken of him in his boyhood!

I can never sufficiently admire the wonderful activity of thought throughout the whole of the first scene of the play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters, and the whimsical determination on which the drama is founded. A whimsical determination certainly; yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the Middle Ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of the domain or principality. This sort of story, too, was admirably suited to Shakespeare's times, when the English court was still the foster-mother of the state and the muses; and when, in consequence, the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation that would be deemed intolerable at present, but in which a hundred years of controversy, involving every great political, and every dear domestic, interest, had trained all but the lowest classes to participate.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

Love's Labour's Lost.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE,
DUMAIN, } *lords attending on the King.*

BOYET,
MERCADE, } *lords attending on the Princess of France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*
DULL, *a constable.*
COSTARD, *a clown.*
MOTH, *page to Armado.*
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA,
KATHARINE, } *ladies attending on the Princess.*

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Navarre.*

Love's Labour 's Lost.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

The King of Navarre's park.

Enter Ferdinand, king of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves;
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's game be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from other's books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron, adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*Reads*] 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,'—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!
[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,
A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The matter of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Biron. In what manner?
Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those

three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention!

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads*] 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [*Reads*] 'So it is,'—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [*Reads*] 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourish-

ment which is called supper; so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'—

Cost. Me?

King. [*Reads*] 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

Cost. Me?

King. [*Reads*] 'that shallow vassal,'—

Cost. Still me?

King. [*Reads*] 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,'—

Cost. O, me!

King. [*Reads*] 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,'—

Cost. With a wench.

King. [*Reads*] 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. [*Reads*] 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

Biron. I 'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent

epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye 'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O, well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth.
If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood,

if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker; good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit Boyet.*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeeled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did I not dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it, then, to ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exit.*
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.
Biron. I would you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says 'ay.'
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.
Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself, to desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard.
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Long.*
Biron. What 's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.*
Mar. That last is Biron the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships? 219
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I a pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair, 240
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes

I 'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.
Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. Concolinel. [*Singing.*
Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.
Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and with-

out, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha! ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy: no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me: how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance;

and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Cŏstard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that 's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration. —'What 's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I 'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir; fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon; go.
[*Giving him a shilling.*
Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*
Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The same.

[*Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.
Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?
Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he 's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.
Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
Boyet. [*Reads*] By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous: truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth

itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenclophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar: for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.
Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.
Boyet. And who is your deer?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola!

[*Shout within.* [*Exit Costard, running.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest

unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions,

revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.

Nath. [*Reads*]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed,

Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine: where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on

my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melan-

choly. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*Stands aside.*

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King. [*Reads*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make we weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I 'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. [*Reads.*
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[*Steps aside.*

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter Dumain with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. [*Reads*]

On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*Advancing*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. [*Advancing*] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To Dum.*
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
[*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You 'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see; 160
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain? 170
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme? 180
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb?—
King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What present hast thou there?
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither, 190
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the letter.*
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it. 200
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Gathering up the pieces.*
Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I 'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I 'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. 'Tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is,
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call ab-

bominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her

pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure you.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import, indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertain-

ment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.
Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.
Dull. I 'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.
Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.
Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him; a' killed your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I 'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not?—O, that 's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,

A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times.
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where 's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.'
With that, all laugh'd, and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do 't come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal

Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpet sounds within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; Moth; the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames.
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—
Out—

Boyet. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
——with your sun-beamed eyes—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it ' daughter-beamed eyes.'
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!
[*Exit Moth.*
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds,
Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change,
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:
Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There 's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou grievest my gall.
Prin. Gall! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so! Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases.

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advised,
Let 's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,

Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where 's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalë's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me: and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure
As the unsullied lily I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried; they 'll mock us now down-
right.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he 'll swound! Why look
you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God
knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, ' Lord have mercy on us ' on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you [*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou part'st a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded make most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we

will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir:—
Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown

Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.* There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved bone-face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-faced them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!—
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. [*Aside to Dumain*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!
Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for 't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.
Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so; my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little

hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. — [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I 'll stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,

And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that 's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I 'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Re-enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Prin. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.
Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.
King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.
Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song.

Spring. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way,—we this way. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A', he; V. ii. 13.

Abate, deduct, leave out, except, *vide Novum*; V. ii. 545.

Academe, Academy; I. i. 13.

Address'd, prepared; II. i. 83.

Affection, affectation; V. i. 4.

Affect, adore; I. ii. 166.

Affect the letter, use alliteration; IV. ii. 56.

Affects, affections, inclinations; I. i. 152.

Ajax; probably used with a play upon *a jakes*, a well-known coarse joke of the time; V. ii. 579.

All hid, the children's cry in the game of "hide and seek"; IV. iii. 77.

Allow'd, privileged (as a fool); V. ii. 478.

An if, if (emphatic); I. i. 50.

Annothanize (so Folio 1 and Quartos; the other Folios, "anatomize"), probably Armado's rendering of "anatomize"; IV. i. 68.

Antique, antic; V. i. 113.

Apple of her eye; "upon the a." = "in obedience to her glance"; V. ii. 475.

Art, science; "living art," *i.e.* "immortal science"; I. i. 14.

Ates, mischiefs, instigations (Até, the goddess of mischief that incited to bloodshed); V. ii. 687.

Bandied; vide Set.

Bargain; "to sell a bargain" seems to have consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself a fool; III. i. 101.

Base, mean, mere; I. i. 87.

Bate, blunt; I. i. 6.

Beg; "you cannot beg us," *i.e.* you cannot prove us to be idiots and apply to be our guardians; you cannot beg the wardship of our persons and property; V. ii. 490.

Ben venuto, welcome (Italian); IV. ii. 160.

Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; V. ii. 46.

Betime, betide, chance; IV. iii. 381.

Bias, preponderant tendency (originally a term in bowling); IV. ii. 112.

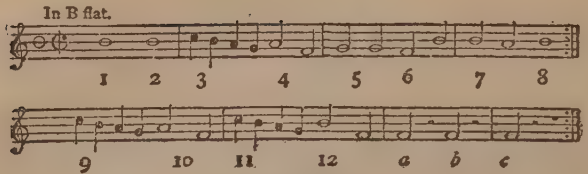
Bird-bolt, a short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; IV. iii. 22.

Blood; "in blood," used technically in the sense of "in full vigour"; IV. ii. 3.

Bold of, confident in; II. i. 28.

Bombast, padding (cotton used to stuff out garments); V. ii. 783.

Brawl, a kind of dance, "wherein many (men and



A Brawl. (From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Musie.*)

women) holding by the hands, sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move all together"; III. i. 9. (See the accompanying example.)

Breathed, endowed with breath, vigorous; V. ii. 653.

Button-hole; "let me take you a b. lower," *i.e.* "let me speak without ceremony"; V. ii. 699.

Butt-shaft, a kind of arrow used for shooting at *butts,* or targets; I. ii. 175.

Can, did; an old corruption of "gan" (*cp.* the version printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim*), with which word it was frequently confused; IV. iii. 105.

Canary, to dance the canary, a fantastic savage dance, said to have been brought from the Canary Islands; III. i. 12. (See Specimen.)

Capon, used like *poulet* in French for a love-letter; "break up this capon," *i.e.* "open this letter; IV. i. 56.

Career, encounter of knights at full gallop; V. ii. 482.

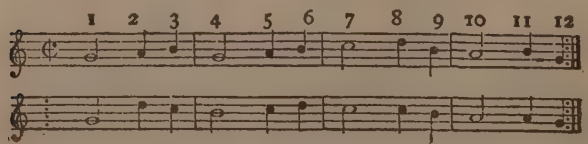
Carve, to show amorous courtesy; V. ii. 323.

Caudle, a warm drink of gruel with wine and spice added, often given to the sick; IV. iii. 173.

Cause, used in the technical sense of "cause of quarrel"; I ii. 178.

Chapmen, sellers; II. i. 16.

Charge-house, a school-house, not found elsewhere; printed "charg-house" in Fol. 1 and Q. 1; perhaps = "church-house" as pronounced by



A Canary. (From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*)

Armado: "charter-house," "large-house," etc., have been suggested; V. i. 82.

Chose, choice, well-chosen; V. i. 92.

Chuck, a term of endearment; V. i. 111.

Circum circa (Quartos and Folios "unum cita," emended by Theobald), round and round; V. i. 68.

Cittern-head; "the cittern had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board"; V. ii. 612. (See Illustration at end of Glossary.)

Claws, scratches in a pleasing manner, humours, flatters; IV. ii. 65.

Clean timbered, well-made, faultlessly shaped; V. ii. 638.

Clout, the white mark at which archers took their aim; IV. i. 136.

Cockled, enclosed in a shell; IV. iii. 337.

Codpiece, part of the male dress of the period; III. i. 185.

Cog, deceive; V. ii. 235.

Colourable colours, specious pretexts; IV. ii. 152.

Common sense, ordinary sight, or perception; I. i. 57, 64.

Competitors, associates; II. i. 82.

Complements, accomplishments, probably with the idea of "formal accomplishments," "external shows"; I. i. 169.

Complexion, temperament, disposition (used quibblingly); I. ii. 81.

Compliment, formality; IV. ii. 146.

Conceit's, thought's; II. i. 72.

Concolinel, probably the beginning or burden of a song; III. i. 3.

Consent, compact; V. ii. 460.

Contempts = contents; I. i. 191.

Converse of breath, conversation; V. ii. 737.

Convince, overcome; V. ii. 748.

Cormorant, ravenous; I. i. 4.

Corner-cap, the biretta, or three-cornered cap of a Roman Catholic priest; IV. iii. 52.

Corporal of the field, an officer similar to our aide-de-camp; III. i. 188.

Couplement, couple (used by Armado); V. ii. 532.

Coursing, chasing; IV. iii. 1.

Courtesy, curtsy; I. ii. 62.

Crabs, crab-apples; V. ii. 928.

Crack, boast; IV. iii. 267.

Crest, badge; "beauty's crest becomes the heavens well" (*i.e.* the brightness which is the badge of beauty); IV. iii. 255.

Critic, carper; III. i. 177.

Critic, cynical; "critic Timon," the misanthrope *par excellence*; IV. iii. 169.

Crosses, used quibblingly in the sense of money; many old coins were marked with a cross on one side; I. ii. 33.

Cuckoo-buds, probably the buttercup, or the bud of the cowslip; the name is now given to the meadow cress; V. ii. 899.

Curious-knotted, elaborately laid out in knots, intricately-devised beds in which flowers were planted; I. i. 249.

Curst, shrewish; IV. i. 36.

Dancing-horse; an allusion to a famous performing horse often alluded to by contemporary writers as "Bankes' horse," and here illustrated; he is said to have gone up to the top of St. Paul's in 1600 (*cp.* Chambers's *Book of Days*); I. ii. 52.

From "Maroccus Extaticus or Bankes' Bay Horse in a Trance" (1595).

Day-woman, dairy-woman; I. ii. 132.

Dazzling, being dazzled; "who dazzling so," *i.e.* "that when he has his eye made weak" (by fixing it upon a fairer eye); I. i. 82.

Dear, used intensitively ("dear groans"); V. ii. 867.

Dearest, best; II. i. 1.

Debate, contest; I. i. 174.

Depart, to part; II. i. 147.

Dictynna (Dictisima, Dictissima, Dictima, in Folios and Quartos), one of the names of Diana; IV. ii. 37, 38.

Digression, transgression; I. ii. 115.

Disgrace, disfigurement; I. i. 3.

Disposed, inclined to be somewhat wantonly merry; II. i. 250.

Dominical, the red letter which in old almanacs denotes the Lord's day; "red d. my golden letter" referring to the fashionable colour of Katherine's hair; V. ii. 44.

Doubt; "made a d." = "expressed a fear"; V. ii. 101.

Dry-beaten, cudgelled; V. ii. 263.

Epitheton, epithet (used by Armado); I. ii. 14.

Extemporal, unpremeditated; I. ii. 183.

Fadge, turn out well; V. i. 148.

Fair, beauty; IV. i. 17.

Fairings, presents (originally the nick-nacks bought at fairs); V. ii. 2.

Familiar, familiar spirit, demon; I. ii. 171.

Fasting, hungry; IV. iii. 121.

Favour, leave, pardon; III. i. 68.

Favour, a present, token of love; V. ii. 30; with a quibble on "favour" = "face"; V. ii. 33.
Festinately, quickly; III. i. 6.
Fierce, ardent; V. ii. 857.
Filed, polished; V. i. 12.
Fire-new, brand-new; I. i. 179.
Fitted, equipped; II. i. 45.
Flap-dragon, a small substance set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor, to be swallowed flaming; V. i. 43.
Flask, a powder-flask; V. ii. 617.
Fleer'd, laughed; V. ii. 109.
Force, to care; V. ii. 440.
Form, bench, used quibblingly; I. i. 209.
Fortuna de la guerra (Spanish), fortune of war (used by Armado); V. ii. 531.
Frame, order; III. i. 192.

Gallows, used playfully for a mischievous knave (*cp.* wag = wag-halter); V. ii. 12.
Gelded, maimed; II. i. 149.
Gentility, good manners (Theobald conjectured "garrulity") I. i. 129.
Get the Sun; in the days of archery it was an advantage to get the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy; IV. iii. 368.
Gig, a kind of top; IV. iii. 166. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Glozes, sophistries; IV. iii. 369.
God dig-you-den, i.e. "God give you good evening"; IV. i. 42.
Greasily, grossly; IV. i. 139.

From the MS. of the Roman d'Alexandre in the Bodleian Library.

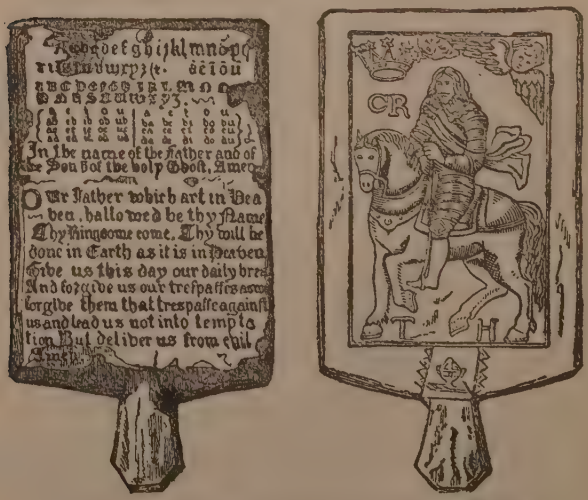
Guards, trimmings, ornaments; IV. iii. 57.

Half-cheek, profile; V. ii. 618.
Hands; "of all hands" = "in any case"; IV. iii. 218.
Hat penthouse-like; III. i. 17. (*Cp. Penthouselike.*)
Hay, an old country-dance; V. i. 156.
Head; "a buck of the first head" = "a buck of the fifth year"; IV. ii. 10.
Heed, protection, lodestar; I. i. 82.
Hereby, used by Jaquenetta in the sense of "as it may happen"; Armado takes it to mean "close by"; I. ii. 135.
Hid, vide "All hid."
Hight, is called; I. i. 171.
Hind, boor, peasant (with a quibble on "hind," the beast; hence "rational hind"); I. ii. 117.

From an illustration in the "Musarum Deliciæ."

Hobby-horse, one of the principal characters in the old Morris-dance, but growing out of use after the Reformation; "The hobby-horse is forgot" was a well-known quotation from some popular ballad ("But O," or "For O," preceded; *cp. Hamlet,* III. ii. 142); III. i. 30.

From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Muesum, Cambridge. (Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)


In the name of the father and of
Our father which art in Hea
ven, hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdome come. Thy will be
done in Earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bre
And forgive us our trespasses as
forgive them that trespasse against
us and lead us not into tempta
tion But deliver us from evil.
CR
T H

From a specimen (*temp.* Charles I.) in the Bateman Museum.

Home, a home thrust; V. i. 59.
Honorificabilitudinitatibus, a word often cited as a typical long word; V. i. 42.
Horn-book, leaf of paper containing alphabet, etc., protected by a thin layer of horn or other transparent substance; applied also to an *a b c* tablet without horn; V. i. 46. (See illustration opposite.)
Humorous, capricious; III. i. 176.

Imp, youngster; V. ii. 590.
Incision, blood-letting; IV. iii. 96.
Incony, nice, smart; III. i. 135.
Inkle, tape; III. i. 139.
Insanie (Folios and Quartos, infamie), insanity, madness; V. i. 126.
Intellect, signature; IV. ii. 136.
Inward, confidential; V. i. 96.
It, used with general reference to a plural substantive preceding; I. i. 23.

Jaques (dissyllabic, here and elsewhere in Shakespeare); II. i. 42.
Joan, common designation for a peasant girl; III. i. 206.
Judas was hang'd on an elder; V. ii. 608. (See illustration.)

From an early black-letter edition of Maundevile's *Travels.*

Juvenal, juvenile, youth (used by Armado); I. ii. 8.

Keel, to cool by stirring, or perhaps to scum the pot in order to keep it from boiling over; V. ii. 923.
Kersey, a coarse woollen stuff; V. ii. 413.
Kingly-poor (not hyphened in Folios and Quartos); "K. flout" = (?) "poor mockery of a king," or "poor mockery given with the airs of royalty" ("poor-liking," "poor kingly," have been suggested); V. ii. 269.

Lady-smocks, probably the flowers of the *Cardamine*

Pratensis, so called from the resemblance of its flowers to little smocks hung out to dry; or perhaps the name is a corruption of "Our Lady's smock"; V. ii. 898.

Lances, lancers; V. ii. 644.

Last, continue, remain, "l. love," *i.e.* "continue to be love"; V. ii. 806.

L'envoy, often used at this period with the article or pronoun prefixed, hence "thy l'envoy"; III. i. 73.

Libbard's, leopard's; V. ii. 549.

Lie, lodge; I. i. 149.

Liver-vein, the style and manner of men in love; IV. iii. 73.

'Long of, owing to; II. i. 119.

Loose, losing of the shaft; V. ii. 744.

"*Lord have mercy on us,*" the inscription put upon the doors of houses infected with the plague; V. ii. 419.

Loves, affects; IV. iii. 357.

Magnificent, pompous; III. i. 179.

Mail, bag (the Quartos and Folio 1 read: "in the male"; Tyrwhitt's ingenious emendation "in them all" has been adopted by many editors); III. i. 74.

Malmsey, a kind of sweet wine; V. ii. 233.

Manage, government, training (of horses); V. ii. 482.

Manager, one who wields arms; I. ii. 182.

Manner, a law term (= mainour); "taken with the m.," *i.e.* "taken with the thing stolen upon him"; I. i. 205.

Mantuan, Giovanni Battista Spagnoli, named Mantuanus, was the author of certain eclogues written in Latin, which were read in schools; Holofernes quotes the first line of the first eclogue; IV. ii. 96.

Margent, margin (an allusion to the custom of writing notes in the margin of books); II. i. 246.

Market; "he ended the market," alluding to the proverb, "three women and a goose make a market"; III. i. 110.

Mean, tenor; V. ii. 328.

Measure, a stately dance; V. ii. 187.

Mere, absolute; I. i. 149.

Mess, a set of four; "at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours"; IV. iii. 206.

Mete at, to measure with the eye in aiming, to aim at; IV. i. 134.

Metheglin, a drink made of honey and water fermented; V. ii. 233.

Minstrelsy, the office of a minstrel; I. i. 177.

Misprision, misapprehension; IV. iii. 97.

Monarcho, the name of a fantastic Italian resident in London; often alluded to by contemporary writers; IV. i. 101.

Native, produced by nature; I. ii. 105.

New-fangled, delighting in novelty; I. i. 106.

Nice, coy; V. ii. 219.

Nit, applied to anything very small; IV. i. 150.

Novi hominem, etc. ("I know the man as well I do you"), a well-known sentence in the Latin phrase-books; V. i. 10.

Novum, a game at dice, "properly called *novum quinque,* from the two principal throws of the dice, nine and five"; "abate throw at n." = "except in a throw at novum the whole world could not furnish five such"; V. ii. 545.

O'erparted, overweighted in his part, or *rôle*; V. ii. 586.

Of, during; I. i. 43.

Opinion, self-conceit; V. i. 6.

O's, the marks left by the small-pox; V. ii. 45.

Parcel, company, party; V. ii. 160.

'Paritors, apparitors, *i.e.* inferior officers of the bishop's court, whose duty it was to serve citations; III. i. 187.

Parle, parley; V. ii. 122.

Passado, thrust in fencing; I. ii. 179.

Passion, grieve; I. i. 263.

Passion's, sorrows; V. ii. 118.

Patch, used with a quibble on "patch" in the sense of fool; IV. ii. 32.

Pathetical, seemingly used by Armado and Costard in the sense of "pleasing in a high degree," "touching"; I. ii. 97; IV. i. 150.

Pedant, pedagogue; III. i. 178.

Penance, misused by Dull; I. ii. 128.

Pencils, small brushes used by painters to lay on colour; "ware pencils" = "beware of pencils," *i.e.* "of drawing likenesses"; V. ii. 43.

Penthouse-like, hanging over like a penthouse, a porch with a sloping roof; III. i. 17. (*Cp. Hat penthouse-like.*)

Peremptory, unawed, bold; IV. iii. 225.

Perjure, perjurer (perjurers were obliged to wear papers on their breasts describing their offence); IV. iii. 47.

Perttaunt-like, vide Note.

Phantasime, a fantastic; IV. i. 101.

Pia mater, the membrane which covers the brain, used for the brain itself; IV. ii. 71.

Picked, over-refined; V. i. 14.

Pied, variegated; V. ii. 897.

Pin, the wooden pin that upheld the clout; IV. i. 138.

Pitched a toil, set a net; IV. iii. 2.

Plackets, stomachers, or petticoats, or some portion of female attire; III. i. 185.

Please-man, pickthank; V. ii. 463.

Point, suggest; II. i. 245.

Point, used with a quibble on the French negative particle; II. i. 190.
Point-devise, over exact, precise; V. i. 19.
Pole, the long quarter-staff, in the use of which the northerners were skilful; V. ii. 693.
Pomewater, a kind of apple; IV. ii. 4.
Present, document to be presented; IV. iii. 188.
Pricket, a buck of the second year; IV. ii. 12.
Print; "in p.," *i.e.* "accurately"; III. i. 172.
Priscian; "P. a little scratched," alluding to the common phrase *diminuas Prisciani caput,* applied to such as speak false Latin; V. i. 29.
Prisons up (Folios and Quartos, "poisons up"), confines; "up" used as an intensive particle; IV. iii. 304.
Proceeded, used with a play upon "proceed" as an academical sense, *i.e.* "to take a degree"; I. i. 95.
Pruning, adorning; IV. iii. 182.
Push-pin, a child's game in which pins are pushed alternately; IV. iii. 168.

Qualm, probably used with a play upon "calm"; V. ii. 279.
Quillets, casuistries; IV. iii. 287.
Quote, regard; V. ii. 788.

Raught, reached; IV. ii. 41.
Reasons, arguments; V. i. 2.
Remember; "r. thy courtesy," a common phrase of the time, bidding a person who had courteously taken off his hat to put it on again; V. i. 97.
Repasture, repast, food; IV. i. 95.
Resolve, answer; II. i. 110.
Respects, considerations; V. ii. 784.
Rhetoric, II. i. 229.
Russet, homespun (commonly of russet colour); V. ii. 413.

Saint Denis, the patron saint of France; V. ii. 87.
Salve, ointment; III. i. 73; used perhaps with a quibble on Latin *salve,* a word of greeting, and sometimes also a parting salutation; III. i. 82.
Satis quod sufficit, "enough's as good as a feast"; V. i. 1.
Saw, maxim; V. ii. 925.
Self-sovereignty; "not a sovereignty *over,* but *in,* themselves"; or perhaps one should read "that self-sovereignty," *i.e.* "that self-same s."; IV. i. 36.
Set, i.e. a set at tennis; "to bandy" (*cp.* "well-bandied both") = to send the ball to and fro; V. ii. 29.
Several (used quibblingly) = an enclosed field, the private property of an individual, as opposed to a common, which was used by the public generally; II. i. 223.

Shapeless, unshapely, ugly; V. ii. 303.
Shrewd, mischievous; V. ii. 12.
Shrows, shrews; V. ii. 46.
Significant, symbol (used by Armado); III. i. 130.
Simplicity, silliness; V. ii. 78.
Sit out, not to take part (an expression derived from the card-table); I. i. 110.
Skipping, frivolous, flighty; V. ii. 763.
Slop (the Quartos and Folios, "shop," corrected by Theobald), usually used only in the plural = large loose trousers; IV. iii. 58.
Small, the small of the leg; V. ii. 641.
Sneaping, snipping; I. i. 100.
Snuff, used equivocally for (1) the wick of a candle, and (2) a huff expressed by a snuffing of the nose, resentment; "to take in snuff" = "to take offence"; V. ii. 22.
Solémniséd; II. i. 42.
Sore, a deer of the fourth year; IV. ii. 59.
Sorel, a deer of the third year; IV. ii. 61. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Sorted, associated; I. i. 260.
Spleen, sudden impulse; fit of laughter; V. ii. 117.
Squier, square, foot-rule; "to know my lady's foot" = "to know her humours exactly"; V. ii. 474.
Stand, used technically for hunter's station; IV. i. 10.
Staple, thread, pile; V. i. 19.
State, attitude; IV. iii. 184.

From a late MS. of the "Master of the Game," in the British Museum (Bibl. Reg. 17A. iv.).

States, estates; V. ii. 425.
Statute-caps, woollen caps, which by Act of Parliament in 1571 were worn by the citizens of London on Sundays and holidays; V. ii. 281.

From Foxe's *Ecclesiastical History* (1576).

Stoop, (?) crooked, or perhaps used as a substantive; IV. iii. 88.
Sue, used equivocally for (1) to prosecute, and (2) to beg, entreat; V. ii. 427.
Suggested, tempted; V. ii. 772.
Suggestions, temptations; I. i. 159.

Suitor, spelt "shooter" in the Folios and Quartos, for the sake of the quibble; IV. i. 110.

Swound (spelt "sound" in old eds.), swoon; V. ii. 392.

Taffeta, a rich, smooth stuff of silk (perhaps used for the ladies' masks); V. ii. 159.

Talent, used quibblingly with a play upon "talon"; IV. ii. 65.

Teen, grief; IV. iii. 164.

Tharborough = thirdborough constable; I. i. 185.

Thin-belly; "t. doublet," opposed to "great-bellied doublet," the lean belly being characteristic of a man in love; III. i. 19.

Thrasonical, boastful (derived from the character of Thraso in Terence's *Eunuchus*); V. i. 13.

Three-piled, superfine; V. ii. 407.

Tired, attired, clothed in trappings; IV. ii. 130.

To, compared to; II. i. 63.

Toy, trifle; IV. iii. 200.

Trencher-knight, serving-man; V. ii. 464.

Treys, threes (as in dice and card-playing); V. ii. 232.

Triumviry, triumvirate; IV. iii. 52.

Troyan, Trojan (used often as a term of contempt); V. ii. 636.

Tumbler's hoop (*cp.* accompanying illustration); III. i. 189.

From a print by H. Cock (1565), after a design by Breughel.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iii. 211.

Tyburn, the usual place of execution in London; *"the shape of Love's Tyburn,"* alluding to the triangular form of the gallows (here illustrated); IV. iii. 53.

From an old black-letter ballad entitled "The Royall Subjects Warning-Piece to all Traytors."

Unconfirmed, ignorant; IV. ii. 19.

Unhappy, roguish; V. ii. 12.
Unpeeled (the reading of Q. 1; the Folios, "unpeopled"), stripped, desolate; II. i. 88.
Usurping, counterfeit, false; IV. iii. 258.

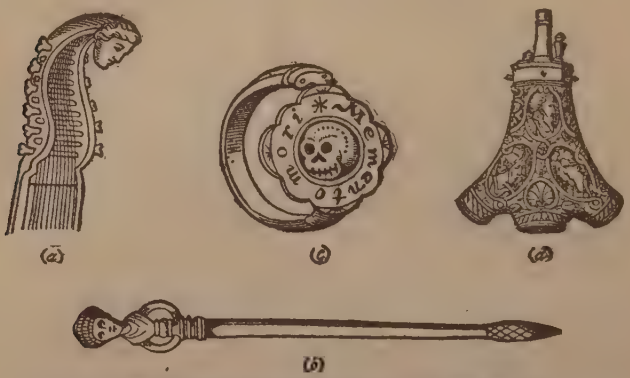
Vailing, letting fall; V. ii. 297.
Veal; used by way of punning as the pronunciation of "well" among Dutchmen (*i.e.* Germans); according to others the word alluded to is "Viel," in the phrase "zu viel" (too much), but this seems doubtful; the joke occurs elsewhere, with a play upon "well"; V. ii. 247.
Venue, a single hit; a fencing term; V. i. 58.
Via, an Italian adverb of encouragement; used here probably for *di via* (*i.e.* "say on," "speak out!"); V. i. 150.
Volable (Folios, Q. 1, *voluble*), nimble-witted; III. i. 67.

Ward, guard; III. i. 133.
Ware, beware of; V. ii. 43.
Wax, grow (with a quibble on "sealing-wax"), alluding to previous line; V. ii. 10.
Week; "he were but in by the week," a cant phrase, probably derived from the hiring of servants, = if I had him at my command; if he were deep in love; V. ii. 61.
Weigh, used equivocally for (1) to be equivalent to in weight, and (2) to care for; V. ii. 26, 27.
Well advised, sane, in right mind; V. ii. 434.
Whale's bone (*i.e.* whalës bone), the tooth of the walrus; V. ii. 332.
Where, whereas; II. i. 103.
Whitely (Quartos and early Folios, "whitly"), misspelling of "wightly," *i.e.* "wimble" (Rosaline was a brunette, and the strange epithet "whitely" seems inappropriate); III. i. 197.
Wimpled, blindfolded; III. i. 180.
Wink, to shut the eyes; I. i. 43.
Wit-old, used with a quibble on "wittol" (= a cuckold); V. i. 62.
Woodcocks, fools; the woodcock was supposed to have no brains, and hence became the emblem of stupidity; IV. iii. 81.
Woolward, with the wool next to the skin; V. ii. 710.
Wort, a sweet, unfermented beer; V. ii. 233.
Wreathed, folded; IV. iii. 134.

Ycliped, yclept (introduced for a play upon "clipt"); V. ii. 600.
Years; "in years" = "into wrinkles"; V. ii. 465.

Zany, buffoon; V. ii. 463.
Zenelophon (so the Folios or Quartos; the name in the old ballad is "Penelophon," which is the form substituted here in many editions); IV. i. 65.

'A Cittern head'; V. ii. 614. *'The head of a bodkin; 'A Death's face in a ring'; 'The carved-bone face on a flask.'*



(*a*) Cittern head, from Mersenne's Harmonie Universille (1636).
(*b*) Bodkin, from a specimen found in a Roman cemetery at Mayence.
(*c*) Ring, from a specimen belonging to the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.
(*d*) Flask, from a specimen belonging to M. Sauvageot (Paris).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

There is no list of 'Dramatis Personæ' in the Quartos and Folios: it should be remembered that 'Biron' is spelt 'Berowne,' rhyming with 'moon' in Act IV. iii. 232; 'Moth' was probably pronounced 'Mote' (*cp.* the quibble on 'nothing' in *Much Ado,* II. iii. 59, and on 'Goths' in *As You Like It,* III. iii. 9); 'Mercade' is generally 'Marcade'; 'Armado' is sometimes given as 'Armatho'; 'Boyet' rhymes with 'debt' in V. ii. 334; 'Longaville' with 'ill' in IV. iii. 123, and with 'mile' in V. ii. 53.

I. i. 62. *'feast'*; Quartos and Folios, *'fast,'* corrected byTheobald.

I. i. 82. *'Who dazzling so'*; "that when he *dazzles,* that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a *fairer* eye, that *fairer* eye shall be his *heed,* his direction or *lodestar,* and give him light that was blinded by it" (Johnson).

I. i. 104. *'Any abortive'*; the reading of the Quartos and Folios; probably an error for 'an,' as corrected by Pope.

I. i. 106. *'shows'*; Theobald substituted 'earth' for the sake of the rhyme; Walker proposed *'mirth.'* Malone supposes a line to be lost after line 104.

I. i. 108-109. *'So you to study . . . little gate'*; this is one of the instances where the reading of the first Quarto is better than that of the Folio:—

> *'So you to studie now it is too late,*
> *That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.'*

Various emendations have been proposed; the only real difficulty is in the loose use of the word *'so.'* Biron says that he likes of each thing that in season grows; 'so' presupposes, however, some statement to this effect; 'to wish for, or to do, a thing out of season is huge folly'; *so* you, now that it is too late to study, climb o'er the house, etc.

I. i. 185. *'Tharborough'*; the reading of the Quarto, *'farborough,'* probably gives us Dull's actual pronunciation of his office.

I. i. 196. '*heaven,*' so Quartos and Folios. Theobald proposed '*having*'; whatever may be the exact force of the phrase, it seems most probable that '*heaven*' is the right word, and no emendation is necessary.

I. ii. 89. '*A green wit*'; a probable allusion, according to the Cambridge editors, to the 'green withes' with which Samson was bound (*cp.* note *supra* on pronunciation of 'Moth').

I. ii. 109. The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid* may be found in Percy's *Reliques.*

II. i. 45. '*Well fitted in arts*'; the second Folio inserts 'the,' omitted in the earlier editions.

II. i. 114-128. The speakers in Quarto 1 are 'Berowne' and 'Katharine.'

II. i. 129. Shakespeare may have got a hint for this passage from Monstrelet's *Chronicles,* according to which Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and other lordships for the Duchy of Nemours and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns (*vide Shakespeare's Library,* ed. Hazlitt, Part I. Vol. i).

II. i. 238. '*Impatient to speak and not see,*' *i.e.* 'not able to endure merely the faculty of speech without that of sight.'

III. i. 21. 'It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety' (Steevens).

IV. i. 1-4. These lines, as Spedding pointed out, were most probably introduced in the corrected copy. "It was thus that Shakespeare learnt to shade off his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage."

IV. i. 146. '*Armado o' th' one side*'; the reading is due to Rowe; the first Quarto has '*Armatho ath toothen side,*' and the Folio '*Armathor ath to the side.*' Possibly the whole passage from '*O my troth . . . nit*' should have been printed in the previous scene, after line 136, and some editors make the transposition.

IV. ii. 42. '*The allusion holds in the exchange,*' *i.e.* 'the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as when I use the name of Cain.'

IV. ii. 62. '*one sorel*'; the first Quarto has '*o sorell,*' and the

Folios '*O sorell*'; Capell proposed '*O sore L*,' which is generally adopted.

IV. ii. 98, 99. The first Quarto and Folio give the following reading:—

'*Vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*';

the reading adopted by the Cambridge editors is from Florio's *Second Frutes* (1591), whence Shakespeare probably took it.

IV. ii. 122. '*apostrophas*'; this is taken by some editors to refer to the apostrophes in *vow'd* and *bow'd* (ll. 109, 111), and the words are accordingly printed '*vowed*' and '*bowed*'; this interpretation seems unsatisfactory, but so far nothing better has been advanced. Does not Holofernes' criticism bear directly on the last line of the canzonet? Nathaniel should have read:—

'*That singës heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.*'

It was usual to mark *es* with two dots when sounded: Holofernes may mean by '*apostrophas*,' '*diæreses*.' The poem is printed with a few variant readings (*e.g.* '*to sing*') in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, where also are found ll. 59-72 and ll. 100-119 of the next scene, also with some interesting points of difference.

IV. iii. 15, 16. '*melancholy*'; it is noteworthy that Quartos and Folios real *mallichollie*; this form may have been due to the author; it explains Mistress Quickly's *allicholly*. *Mallicholly* seems to be an authentic Middle English form of the word; it should perhaps be retained in the text.

IV. iii. 107. '*Wish*,' so the Quartos and first Folio; in the *Passionate Pilgrim* '*wish'd*'; similarly in line 112 '*thorn*' is due to the version printed in *England's Helicon*: the other editions read '*throne*.' Rowe first proposed the change.

IV. iii. 141. The second Folio omits *one*. Walker's suggestion '*One's*' makes the line rhythmic.

IV. iii. 145. '*Faith infringed*,' the reading of the Quartos and the Folio; '*faith so infringed*' seems the most satisfactory emendation proposed.

IV. iii. 165. '*a gnat*,' perhaps alluding to the fact that it sings, as it flies. Biron refers probably to the King's sonnets.

IV. iii. 175. '*men like you, men of inconstancy*'; S. Walker's conjecture; Folio 1, Quarto 2: '*men, like men of inconstancy*.'

IV. iii. 247. '*wood*'; Quartos and Folios read '*word*.'

IV. iii. 254. '*Suit of night*'; the early editions, '*school*'; '*scowl*,' '*stole*,' '*soul*,' '*scroll*,' '*seal*,' '*shade*,' have been proposed

by various scholars; most probably, as the Cambridge editors suggest, '*school*' is an error for '*shoote,*' *i.e. suit,* though they retain the former reading.

IV. iii. 300. '*prisons*'; Theobald's emendation of '*poysons.*' Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 29. In Quarto and Folio the line reads:—

'*Bome boon for boon priscian,* a little scratcht 'twil serve.'

V. i. 127. Capell proposed '*or*' for '*and*'; the passage is evidently corrupt.

V. ii. 67. '*perttaunt-like*'; this word is the *crux* of the play; the early editions read '*perttaunt-like*' and '*pertaunt-like.*' Theobald reads '*pedant-like,*' and other editors suggest '*portent-like,*' '*pageant-like,*' '*potently,*' '*persaunt-like.*' It is perhaps worth while suggesting that the phrase (*tant*) *pour tant* (*quasi* 'tit for tat') perhaps underlies the word; it may well have been used in some game: Mr. Marshall quotes *pur Tant* from a poetical description of an old game, but no explanation has as yet been advanced.

V. ii. 332. '*To show his teeth as white as whalës bone*'; Cambridge Edition, '*whale's bone*'; this should certainly be printed *whalës bone,* the regular name for walrus tusk in old English.

From the *Roman des neuf preux* (Abbeyville, 1487).

V. ii. 338. '*Madman,*' possibly an error for '*man,*' '*mad*' being due to '*madam*' in the next line.

V. ii. 565, 566. According to Plutarch, Alexander's head had a twist towards the left; he states also that Alexander's skin had 'a marvellous good savour.'

V. ii. 578. '*Your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close stool;*' the arms of Alexander. (See illustration and *cp.* Frontispiece to this play.)

V. ii. 591. '*Canis*'; '*canus*' in the old editions, required for the sake of the rhyme.

V. ii. 739. '*a nimble*'; Theobald's correction of '*humble.*' (Quartos and Folios.)

V. ii. 742, 743. The meaning of these somewhat obscure lines seems to be that 'the latest minute of the hour (*cp.* line 797)

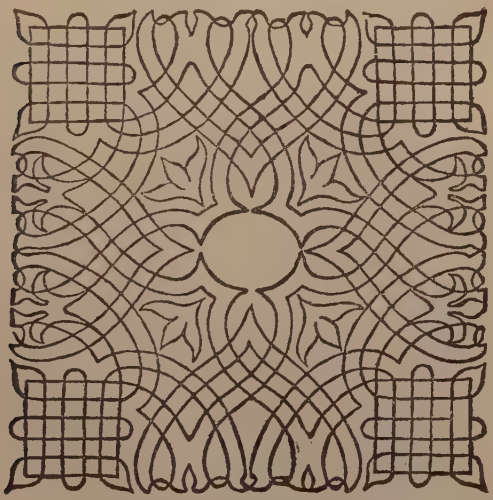
often fashions or moulds all causes or questions to the purposes of his speed, that is, to his own intents'; "the extreme parts are the end parts, '*extremities*'—as, of our body, fingers; of chains, the final links; of given portions of time, the last of those units into which we choose to divide them." Observe '*forms*' for '*form*' by attraction of '*time*.' In the next lines the metaphor is derived from archery.

V. ii. 754. '*Double*'; so Quartos and Folios; many modern editors adopt '*dull*' from the Collier MS.

V. ii. 765. '*Strange*'; the Quartos and Folios read '*straying*,' possibly merely a variant spelling of '*strange*.'

V. ii. 878. '*Jack hath not Jill*,' cp. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 461:—

"Jack shall have Jill:
Nought shall go ill:
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."



Plan of an Elizabethan '*Curious Knotted Garden*' (I. i. 249)

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

32. *all these*:—Referring probably to his companions in the intended life of study and fasting. He may be supposed to point to them.

92. *Too much to know,* etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere reputation; that is, too much knowledge gives only *fame,* a name which every godfather can give likewise."

161. *I am the last that will last keep his oath*:—Rolfe says that Mr. P. A. Daniel conjectures "one" for the first *last,* on the ground that Biron is made to say the contrary of what he means; but Rolfe adds that Shakespeare sometimes twists the sense of a word a little for the sake of a repetition like this.

177. *I will use him for my minstrelsy*:—That is, as Douce explains, "I will make a *minstrel* of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories."

273, 274. *the weaker vessel*:—See 1 Peter, iii. 7; also *As You Like It,* II. iv. 6; *Romeo and Juliet,* I. i. 16; and *2 Henry IV.,* II. iv. 63.

290. *damsel*:—The Folio has *damosell* here and in the next two lines, the first Quarto *damsel.* See IV. ii. 130, of this play, where Holofernes makes it *damosella.*

307. *I'll lay my head,* etc.:—I will wager or stake. So in *Henry V.,* IV. i. 234, 235: "Lay twenty French crowns to one," etc.

Scene II.

5. *dear imp*:—*Imp* literally means a graff, scion, or shoot of a tree; hence formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or child. So in the prologue to the *Faerie Queene*:—

> "And thou [*Cupid*], most dreaded *impe* of highest Jove,
> Faire Venus sonne.

Of course everybody knows the word is now used only for a wicked or mischievous being—a child of the devil.

33, 34. *crosses love not him*:—So in *As You Like It*, II. iv. 12, 13, the clown says to Celia, "I should bear no cross, if I did bear you." Many coins were anciently marked with a *cross* on one side.

52. *the dancing horse*:—Of this animal Sir Kenelm Digby says: "He would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master." Bankes showed his horse upon the continent, and in France had a narrow escape from the Capuchins, who suspected him of being in league with the devil. There was a report that he fell a victim to a similar suspicion at Rome. Ben Jonson, in his *Epigrams*, speaks of

> "Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
> Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which
> Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch
> Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

105. *native she doth owe*:—Of which she is naturally possessed.

115. *digression*:—Shakespeare elsewhere uses this word in the sense of diverging or straying from the right. So in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 202, 203:—

> "Then my *digression* is so vile, so base,
> That it will live engraven in my face."

And in *Richard II.*, V. iii., when York reveals the treacherous conspiracy of his son, Bolingbroke says:—

> "And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
> This deadly blot in thy *digressing* son."

177, 178. *The first and second cause*, etc.:—This is explained in

Touchstone's learned discourse on the causes of quarrel, in *As You Like It*, V. iv.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

149. *gelded*:—This was a common metaphorical expression, then much used. In *The Returne from Parnassus*, III. i., we find: "He hath a proper *gelded* parsonage." And Bishop Hall, in the second *Satire* of Book iv.: "Plod it at a patron's tail, to get some *gelded* chapel's cheaper sale."

223. *though scveral they be*:—So in Bacon's *Apothegms*: "There was a lord that was leane of visage, but immediately after his marriage he grew fat. One said to him, 'Your lordship doth contrary to other married men; for they first wax lean, and you wax fat.' Sir Walter Raleigh stood by, and said, 'Why there is no beast, that if you take him from the *common*, and put him into the *several*, but he will wax fat.'"

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

3. *Concolinel*:—The songs formerly used on the stage were often popular ditties, and therefore were omitted in the writing of a play. Such is apparently the case here; *Concolinel* being the first word of Moth's "sweet air." The song is probably lost; at least, it has not been identified.

9. *brawl*:—This dance is thus described by Marston: "The *brawl*! why, 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour." Ben Jonson gives it a most poetical dash in *The Vision of Delight*:—

> "In curious knots and mazes, so
> The Spring at first was taught to go;
> And Zephyr, when he came to woo
> His Flora, had their motions too:

And thence did Venus learn to lead
Th' Idalian *brawls,* and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

And Gray thus alludes to Elizabeth's "dancing Chancellor," while describing the ancient seat of the Hattons:—

"Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-keeper led the *brawls*;
The seals and maces danc'd before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

189. It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours. A tumbler's hoop was usually dressed out with coloured ribands.

191. *a German clock*:—Clocks, which were usually imported from Germany at this time, were intricate and clumsy pieces of mechanism, soon deranged, and frequently "out of frame." Ben Jonson, in *The Silent Woman,* IV. i., thus describes a fashionable lady: "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great *German clock.*"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq. Was that the king,* etc.:—"This," says Clarke, "is just one of those touches that Shakespeare throws in, to mark the way in which a woman unconsciously betrays her growing preference for a man who loves her. The princess recognizes the horseman, though he is at such a distance that her attendant lord is unable to distinguish whether it be the king or not; and then she immediately covers her self-betrayal by the pretendedly indifferent words, *Whoe'er a' was,* etc. Shakespeare in no one of his wondrous and numerous instances of insight into the human heart more marvellously manifests his magic power of perception than in his discernment of the workings of female nature; its delicacies, its subtleties, its reticences, its revelations, its innocent reserves,

and its artless confessions. He, of all masculine writers, was most truly feminine in his knowledge of what passes within a woman's heart, and the multiform ways in which it expresses itself through a woman's acts, words, manner—nay even her very silence. He knew the eloquence of a look, the significance of a gesture, the interpretation of a tacit admission; and, moreover, he knew how to convey them in his might of expression by ingenious inference."

10. "Royal and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth," says Knight, "delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a crossbow. In the 'alleys green' of Windsor or of Greenwich parks, the queen would take her stand, on an elevated platform, and, as the pricket or the buck was driven past her, would aim the death-shaft, amid the acclamations of her admiring courtiers. The ladies, it appears, were skilful enough at this sylvan butchering. Sir Francis Leake writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury: 'Your lordship has sent me a very great and fat stag, the welcomer being stricken by your right honourable lady's hand.' The practice was as old as the romances of the Middle Ages. But, in those days, the ladies were sometimes not so expert as the Countess of Shrewsbury; for, in the history of Prince Arthur, a fair huntress wounds Sir Launcelot of the Lake, instead of the stag at which she aims."

Scene II.

10. *a buck of the first head*:—In *The Return from Parnassus,* 1606, is the following account of the appellations of deer at their different ages: "Now, sir, a buck is, the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrel; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a complete buck. Likewise, your hart is, the first year, a calfe; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is, the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase."

94-96. *Fauste, precor gelida,* etc.:—"In . . . his school career," says Baynes, "Shakespeare would begin the reading of Ovid, parts of the *De Tristibus* and the *Metamorphoses,* and with Ovid he would take up the selected *Epistles* of Cicero, and the *Eclogues* of Baptista Mantuanus. The evidence as to the last point is supplied by the well-known quotation from the *Eclogues*

in *Love's Labour's Lost.* But how imperfectly the subject of Shakespeare's scholarship has hitherto been worked out is, I think, shown by the fact that no critic or commentator seems to have ascertained with any certainty whether the *Eclogues* were in common use as a school-book or not. Malone, indeed, says that from a passage in Nash's *Apology,* 'the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time.' And Warburton gives at second hand a quotation from Farnaby's introduction to Martial, which certainly illustrates the absurdly high estimation in which the Mantuan was held. So popular was Mantuanus in the sixteenth century that, according to Farnaby, the pedants had no hesitation in preferring the 'Fauste, precor, gelida' to the 'Arma virumque cano'; in other words, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus to the *Æneid* of Virgil. Several editions of the *Eclogues* in the original, and more than one translation, had been published in England before Shakespeare's school days, and it would seem, from numerous and laudatory references in contemporary literature, that the author was, for a time, at least, as much in vogue here as on the continent."

101. *Ut, re,* etc.:—He hums the notes of the gamut as Edmund does in *King Lear,* I. ii. 148.

130. *the tired horse*:—That is, the horse adorned with ribands; Bankes's horse is here probably alluded to.

132. *Ay, sir,* etc.:—Shakespeare forgot that Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armado and given to her by Costard."

Scene III.

80. *More sacks to the mill!*—A well-known game among boys.

86. *Her amber hairs . . . quoted*:—*Quoted* signifies *marked* or *noted.* The construction of this passage will therefore be: "Her amber hairs have marked or shown that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves."

100-119. This poem is in *The Passionate Pilgrim,* xvii., in England's *Helicon,* 1614, and in Jaggard's Collection, 1599, omitting the couplet—

> "Do not call it sin in me,
> That I am forsworn for thee."

258. *usurping hair*:—This alludes to the fashion, prevalent

among ladies in Shakespeare's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were then called, before that covering for the head had been adopted by men.

340. The *Hesperides* is here used for the *garden* of the Hesperides. Some of the commentators have made a very needless ado about the Poet's mistake, as they call it, in thus putting the name of the owners for the name of the thing owned. But the same thing was done by several writers of that time; and indeed similar forms of elliptical expression often occur in all sorts of writing and conversation. Gabriel Harvey, a man of unquestionable learning, uses *Hesperides* in the same way. So also in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*:—

> "Shew the tree, leav'd with refinèd gold,
> Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
> That watch'd the *garden call'd Hesperides.*"

343, 344. *And when Love speaks*, etc.:—Heath thus explains this passage: "Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." The sleep-persuading powers of music have been much celebrated by poets of all times, and are probably well known to all who have been children. Shirley in his *Love Tricks* carries the thing about far enough:—

> "The tongue that 's able to rock heaven asleep,
> And make the music of the spheres stand still,
> To listen to the happier airs it makes,
> And mend their tunes by it."

379. *fair Love*:—*Fair Love* is *Venus*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. i. 44: "Now, for the love of *Love* and *her* soft hours."

382. *Sow'd cockle*, etc.:—That is, where cockle is sowed, no corn is reaped.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter Holofernes, etc.*] "It will be remembered," observes Baynes, "that these learned men were walking in the park after having dined with the father of one of the school pupils, where it had been previously arranged that, if the curate would gratify the table with a grace, the pedant would undertake to prove that

Biron's love verses, which they had read together, were 'very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention.'" After quoting lines 1-34, Baynes proceeds: "These scraps of Latin dialogue exemplify the technical Latin intercourse [in Shakespeare's time] between master and pupils in the school work, as well as the formal colloquies the latter were required to prepare as exercises in the second stage of their course. In one of the manuals of the latter, entitled *Familiarcs Colloquendi Formulæ in Usum Scholarum Concinnatæ,* I find under the first section, headed 'Scholasticæ Belonging to the School,' the following: 'Who comes to meet us? *Quis obviam venit?* He speaks improperly, *Hic incongrue loquitur*; he speaks false Latin, *Diminuit Prisciani caput*; 'Tis barbarous Latin, *Olet Barbariem.*' In the scene just quoted from it will be remembered Holofernes, in reply to Costard's '*Ad dunghill* at the fingers' ends, as they say,' says, 'O I smell false Latin, *dunghill* for *unquem.*'"

103. *excrement*:—The *beard* is called valour's *excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice,* and in all but one of the six passages in which the Poet uses the word *excrement* he applies it to the hair or beard.

129, 130. *shall pass Pompey*:—That is, shall walk in the procession for or as Pompey.

Scene II.

19. *mouse*:—This was formerly a term of endearment. So in *Hamlet,* III. iv. 183: "Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse.*"

43-45. *'Ware pencils,* etc.:—She advises Katharine to *beware of drawing likenesses,* lest she should retaliate, and then pays her back at once by likening her to a red dominical letter, and twitting her with the smallpox marks on her face, which Rosaline calls *O's.*

121. *Muscovites or Russians*:—Hall, describing a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors at Westminster, in the first year of Henry VIII., says, there "came the Lorde Henry Earle of Wiltshire and the Lorde Fitzwater, in two long gownes of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimosen sattin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." Which may serve to show that a masque of Muscovites was a

court recreation, and at the same time convey an idea of the dress used on the present occasion.

187. *measure*:—This dance was performed at public entertainments in the Inns of Court; and it was not unusual, nor thought inconsistent, for the first characters in the law to bear a part in *treading a measure*. Sir Christopher Hatton was famous for it.

297. *angels vailing clouds*:—That is, letting fall those clouds which hid them or obscured their brightness.

548. *libbard's head on knee*:—Alluding to old dresses and armour, which often had knee-caps wrought in the form of a *leopard's* head.

724-727. Armado probably means to say in his affected style that he had discovered he was wronged, and meant to right himself like a soldier. "One may see day at a little hole," is an old proverb.

748. *which fain it would convince*:—That is, which it fain would succeed in obtaining.

821-825. The justice of Coleridge's remarks upon these lines is obvious enough: "There can be no doubt indeed about the propriety of expunging this speech of Rosaline's; it soils the very page that retains it. But I do not agree with Warburton and others in striking out the preceding line also. It is quite in Biron's character, and, Rosaline not answering it immediately, Dumain takes up the question for him, and, after he and Longaville are answered, Biron, with evident propriety, says, 'Studies my lady?'" etc. Perhaps the two speeches may be taken as an apt illustration of the difference between the original and the augmented copies.

899. Gerarde in his *Herbal*, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, etc., are called "in English cuckoo flowers, in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks*." *Herbe a coqu* was one of the old French names for the *cowslip*, which it seems probable is the flower here meant.

916. *blows his nail*:—A similar expression occurs in one of South's sermons: "So that the king, for anything that he has to do in these matters, may sit and *blow his nails*; for use them otherwise he cannot."

928. *crabs*:—The *crab-apple*, which used to be roasted and put hissing-hot into a bowl of ale, previously enriched with toast and spice and sugar. How much this was relished in old times may be guessed by those who appreciate the virtues of apple-toddy.

Questions on

Love's Labour's Lost.

1. State the probable date of the play.
2. For what reasons was it popular in Shakespeare's day; and why is it no longer performed on the stage?

ACT FIRST.

3. Comment on the King's opening speech on the triumph of Fame.
4. How are the earlier speeches of the King and of Biron in the nature of prologue?
5. Is any action supposed to precede that of the play?
6. State the conditions of life to which the King and his followers agree to devote themselves. Is there any model in foreign literature for this conceit?
7. What modern poet has paralleled this, with the conditions reversed?
8. What does Biron say (Sc. i.) about study?
9. With what humorous reservation does Biron subscribe to the regulations?
10. How is Armado described in the first Scene?
11. How is the tedium of this isolated community to be relieved?
12. In what way is the letter of Armado prepared for? What follies of the age does it satirize?
13. What is the humorous purpose, as concerns the plot, of the episode of Costard and Jaquenetta? In the humorous purposes of the dramatist what positions do Moth and Jaquenetta occupy (Sc. ii.) in relation to Armado?

ACT SECOND.

14. What purpose has the Princess in coming to Navarre?
15. Indicate the comic relation of the visit to the newly taken vows of the King.

16. How is Biron characterized by Rosaline?
17. Characterize the encounter between Biron and Rosaline.
18. Mention some of the metrical forms employed by Shakespeare in the first and second Acts.

ACT THIRD.

19. How does Moth describe the affectations of the time?
20. How does Costard gain his release?
21. Comment on lines 68-70.
22. Explain the meaning and use here (line 73) of the word *l'envoy*.
23. On what errand does Biron dispatch Costard?
24. Compare Biron's soliloquy on love with Benedick's reflections on the same subject.
25. Which of the two men present the more humorous object in their self-consciousness as women-killers?
26. Show how the first three acts are defective in the way that the dramatic problem is stated and developed.
27. Account for the slightness of the first three in comparison with the fourth and fifth Acts.

ACT FOURTH.

28. In what occupation does the opening of this Act discover the Princess and her train?
29. State the mistake in the delivery of the letters. Is it provocative of much mirth?
30. What is satirized in the person of Holofernes?
31. To what does Holofernes threaten to subject the verses of Biron? Who does he invite for his audience?
32. Does he follow learning for its own sake or for the sake of the effect he can make by displaying it?
33. What is the difference between scholar and pedant?
34. Granting the satirical purpose of this Scene, does it miss point by being too much of the quality of the thing satirized?
35. Describe the scene which reveals the King's company as forsworn.
36. Who writes the best verses?
37. How does Biron enjoy a momentary triumph, and how comes about his fall?

38. What is his opinion of the women's susceptibility to love-verses? Do you think the woman addressed or the magazines the best appreciators of love-verse?

39. Give the argument of Biron's rhapsody on women.

ACT FIFTH.

40. How does Nathaniel comment on the arguments of Holofernes?

41. What are the comments of Moth and Costard on Holofernes and Nathaniel?

42. Who are to play the Nine Worthies? How was Moth to play Hercules?

43. Under what disguise does the King's party visit the Princess? How are they met, and what exchanges among the women are made before their return?

44. Describe the Masque. Is this as mirth provoking as the Masque in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*?

45. What is the emotional effect of the message announcing the French King's death?

46. What penalties are laid upon the King's party that bear out the play's title, *Love's Labour's Lost*? What is the humorous effect of Biron's sentence?

47. What new element is introduced in the songs with which the play closes?

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48. The earliest edition of the play denotes this as a "pleasant conceited comedy." Show how this designation is borne out.

49. Is there anything, either in the nature of the plot or the conduct of the characters, to mar the uniform pleasant effect?

50. Mention certain characters that are manifestly studies for characters that appear in plays of subsequent dates.

51. What play of Molière's does this resemble in purpose?

52. What do you imagine to have been Shakespeare's feeling about Euphuism and other learned affectations of his age?

53. In what other play does a character embody the affectation known as Euphuism?

54. Read this play in the light of the words on plays and acting found in *Hamlet* and consider how Shakespeare has here embodied those elements of his dramatic creed.

55. Does this play contain much that is quotable? Mention some especially witty or felicitous turns of expression.

Merchant of Venice

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Preface.

The Editions. Two Quarto editions of *The Merchant of Venice* were printed in the year 1600, with the following title-pages:—

(i.) *The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts,* 1600. This Quarto had been registered on July 22nd, 1598, with the *proviso* "that yt bee not printed by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord chamberlen." This edition is generally described as 'the first Quarto.' (ii.) *The most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon.* 1600. This, the second Quarto, had been entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 28th of October of the same year 'under the handes of the Wardens and by consent of master Robertes.' It seems therefore likely that 'I. R.' are the initials of the printer of the first Quarto, though the same type was not used for the two editions, which were evidently printed from different transcripts of the author's manuscript. Quarto 1 gives on the whole a

more accurate text; in a few instances it is inferior to Quarto 2.

The second Quarto was carelessly reprinted in 1637, the only addition being a list of 'The Actors' Names'; in one instance it improved on the previous editions ('in measure *reine* thy joy,' III. ii. 112, instead of '*rain*'). A fourth Quarto, probably the third with a new title-page, appeared in 1652. Prof. Hales has suggested that the publication of this Quarto was connected with the proposed re-admission of the Jews into England, which was bitterly resented by a large portion of the nation; 'the re-exhibition of Shylock in 1652 could scarcely have tended to soften this general disposition.'

The text of the first Folio edition (1623) represents that of the second Quarto with a few variations, the most interesting being the change of 'the Scottish lord' into 'the other lord,' evidently in deference to the reigning king.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a 'low comedy' version, '*The Jew of Venice*,' by George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, supplanted Shakespeare's play, and held the stage from the date of its appearance in 1701; Macklin's revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Drury Lane in 1741 dealt a death-blow to Lansdowne's monstrosity, and restored again to the stage

'The Jew
That Shakespeare drew.'

The Original Shylock. In the Funeral Elegy of the famous actor, Richard Burbadge, 'who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March, 1618,' there is a valuable reference to Burbadge's impersonation of Shylock:—

"Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever; with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh;
What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place."

(For the interpretation of the character by Macklin, Kean, Irving, and Booth, *cp.* Furness' *Variorum* edition, pp. 371-385.)*

Date of Composition. *The Merchant of Venice* is mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia,* 1598; in the same year Roberts entered it on the Books of the Stationers' Company. This is the earliest positive allusion to the play. A noteworthy imitation of the moonlight scene between Lorenzo and Jessica occurs in the play *Wily Beguiled,* probably written in 1596-7. In Henslowe's Diary, under the date 'August 25th, 1594,' mention is

From Carleton's 'Thankfull Remembrance, (1624).

made of *'The Venesyon Comodey'* (*i.e.* *'The Venetian Comedy'*) as a new play; one cannot, however, with any certainty identify Henslowe's comedy with *The Merchant of Venice,* though it seems likely that we have here a reference to a rough draft of the play as we know it,—a partial

* The most valuable of all the editions of the play (published by Lippencott, 1892), edited by Horace Howard Furness.

revision of some older play used by Shakespeare, hastily re-written to satisfy popular feeling against Dr. Roderigo Lopez, the queen's Jewish physician, who was executed on the 7th of June, 1594, on the charge of being bribed by the King of Spain to poison the Queen (*cp. The Original of Shylock,* by S. L. Lee, *Gentleman's Magazine,* 1880; the article on '*Lopez*' in the *Dictionary of National Biography; 'the Conspiracy of Dr. Lopez,' The Historical Review,* July 1894). It is a significant fact that Lopez's chief rival was the pretender *Don Antonio.**

Finally, Shakespeare's debt to Silvayn's *Orator* has an important bearing on the date of the play; the English translation appeared in 1596; it is just possible, but unlikely, that Shakespeare had read the work in the original French. The play may perhaps safely be dated 'about 1596'; the evidence will allow of nothing more definite.

The Sources. In 1579 Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a writer of plays, published his "*School of Abuse,*" containing "a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth: setting up the flag of defiance to their mischievous exercise, etc., etc."; the book is a vigorous attack on the acted drama; yet he confesses that some of their plays are without rebuke; 'which are easily remem-

* Lopez was for a time attached to the household of Lord Leicester. James Burbadge, the father of Richard Burbadge, one of 'the Earl of Leicester's company of servants and players,' must have had many opportunities of seeing Lopez, when the doctor was attending the Earl at Kenilworth. It has been suggested that the traditional red beard of Shylock was actually derived from Burbadge's personal knowledge of Lopez. But it is now generally accepted on ample evidence that there were many Jews scattered throughout England in the Elizabethan period, though their formal re-admission was brought about by Cromwell. Queen Elizabeth seems to have had her very strong doubts as to Lopez's alleged guilt, but his enemies were evidently determined to get rid of him. The accounts of the trial are interesting reading, from many points of view.

bered as quickly reckoned'; he proceeds to enumerate four plays; one of these *The Jew,* shown at the Bull, seems to have been the groundwork of Shakespeare's play, '*representing,*' as Gosson tells us, '*the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers.*' It is clear from these words that the blending of 'The Bond Story' and 'The Three Caskets' was already an accomplished fact in English dramatic literature as early as 1579. There is probably a reference to this old play in a letter of Spenser to Gabriel Harvey of the same year, 1579, in which he signs himself 'He that is fast bound unto thee in more obligations than any merchant of Italy to any Jew there'; and again perhaps the Jew Gerontus in *The Three Ladies of London* (printed in 1584), who tries to recover a loan of "three thousand ducats for three month" from an Italian merchant Mercatore, may have been derived from the same source. "Gernutus" was possibly the name of Shylock's prototye; he is the hero of an old ballad dealing with 'the bond story.' Its omission of all reference to Portia makes it probable that this ballad preceded Shakespeare's play, though the extant text belongs to the end of the sixteenth or to the beginning of the seventeenth century.*

There are many analogues in European and Oriental literature to the two stories which constitute the main plot of *The Merchant of Venice.* As far as the pound of flesh and the lady-judge is concerned, the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino is alone of direct importance as an ultimate source of the play (*cp.* Hazlitt's

**"A new song, shewing the cruelty of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred crowns, would have a pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed.* To the Tune of Black and Yellow" (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques,* etc.; the text will be found in most editions of the play). This ballad must be distinguished from Jordan's ballad of 1664 (*cp.* Furness' *Variorum* ed., p. 461), in which the author took strange liberties with Shakespeare's story.

Shakspere's Library, Part I. Vol. i.) There can be no doubt that Shakespeare was indebted to this novel.

"*The Gesta Romanorum*"—Richard Robinson's English version entitled '*Records of Ancyent Historyes*' (1577)—contains the nearest approximation to the story of 'The Three Caskets' as treated in this play.*

Venice in 1617.
From Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*.

A, The Great Channell. *C*, Church of St. Peter.
B, Market Place of St. Mark. *E*, Church of St. James neere the bridge Rialto.
K, Il Lido. *M*, The New Lazaretto.

Shylock's argument in the trial scene (Act IV. i. 89-102) bears a striking resemblance to 'Declamation 95' in Silvayn's *Orator* (referred to above), "*of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*"

* The various analogues of both stories are given in Furness' edition, pp. 287-331.

The elopement of Jessica has been traced by Dunlop to the Fourteenth Tale of Massucio di Salerno, who, enamoured of the daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser, carries her off much in the same way as in the play. It is not improbable that the avaricious father in this tale, the daughter so carefully shut up, the elopement of the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief at the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and his ducats, *may* have suggested the third plot in Shakespeare's drama.

Finally, account must be taken of the influence exercised on Shakespeare by Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*; the number of parallel passages in the two plays evidences this sufficiently; there is also similarity in the situation between father and daughter ('Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss'); Barabas and his slave should be compared with Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo; Marlowe's 'counter-argument ad Christianos,' as Ward puts it, anticipates Shakespeare's; yet withal "Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's as his Edward the Second does to Richard the Second. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners *by the Royal Command,* when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved by the Cabinet" (Charles Lamb).

Duration of Action. Various attempts have been made to calculate the action of the play; we know the whole is supposed to last three months, but ten weeks have already expired in Act III. i.; three months have passed between Bassanio's departure from Venice and his choice of the

caskets; his stay at Belmont before the opening of Act III. ii. cannot have been long; Portia bids him 'pause a day or two. . . . I would detain you here some month or two.' So many events have, however, happened during the first two Acts that one gets the impression that many weeks have passed, and the three months are compressed into seven or eight days. Daniel (*Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespere's plays*) computes the time thus, though one cannot follow him in making Bassanio's sojourn at Belmont last as long as three months:—*Day* 1, Act I.; interval—say a week. *Day* 2, Act II. i.-vii.; interval one day. *Day* 3, Act II. viii.-ix.; interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond. *Day* 4, Act III. i.; interval—rather more than a fortnight. *Day* 5, Act III. ii.-iv. *Day* 6, Act III. v.; Act IV. *Days* 7 and 8, Act V

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Antonio, a merchant of Venice, has many dear friends who are beholden to him for his good qualities; but most of all he loves Bassanio, for whom he would make any sacrifice. Bassanio is in love with Portia, a wise and wealthy lady, but since he lacks worldly means wherewith to press his suit, he is constrained to borrow of his friend Antonio three thousand ducats ere he can visit her. Antonio's wealth is entirely represented, just then, by various ships at sea. However, he bethinks himself of a Jewish money-lender named Shylock, who lends him the money, under agreement that Antonio shall forfeit a pound of his flesh in default of payment on the day his bond falls due.

II. Although the Jew stipulates this forfeiture in seeming jest, he is nevertheless deeply in earnest, for he has long held a grudge against Antonio; and his rancour is strengthened at this juncture by the elopement of his only daughter, Jessica, with Lorenzo, another of Antonio's friends.

Before Portia's father died he made a curious provision in his will concerning her marriage, whereby her hand was to be given to the suitor who should choose that one of three caskets—respectively of gold, silver, and lead—containing her portrait. The choice of caskets baffles more than one.

III. Bassanio arrives at Portia's house, and, much to her delight, rightly chooses the leaden casket. They plight

their troth. But Bassanio's joy is overcast by the receipt of a letter from Antonio, advising him of the loss of the merchant's cargoes by shipwreck; and that the Jew is insistent upon the letter of his bond. Bassanio hastens back to his friend's succour. Portia privately resolves to be at the trial of Antonio.

IV. Portia obtains from a kinsman the costume of a doctor of laws, investigates Antonio's case thoroughly, and appears at the trial before the Duke of Venice. In her disguise she is not recognized, even by her husband. She pleads the cause of Antonio with such eloquence and logic that Shylock not only loses his case, but also has his property confiscated for plotting against the life of a Venetian. The sentence against him is mitigated sufficiently to allow him to will his property to Jessica. Bassanio, overjoyed at his friend's victory, wishes to bestow upon the supposed lawyer the original sum of three thousand ducats as a fee. But Portia refuses it, and desires only a ring from Bassanio's finger. It was the ring she had given him when they exchanged vows, and he had sworn to keep it. He reluctantly gives it to the fair advocate.

V. Portia's maid, Nerissa—newly wedded to Gratiano, a friend of Bassanio—had accompanied Portia to the trial in the guise of a clerk. She also had won back from her husband her engagement ring. When he returns with Bassanio to Portia's home, Nerissa feigns a very pretty quarrel with him for giving away the ring. Portia, overhearing the quarrel, points out her own husband as a worthier example of faithfulness; and affects much choler when his ring also is not to be found. A general explanation untangles the amusing snarl of events, and brings joy to every heart—even to that of the honest Merchant of Venice, who hears of the safe arrival of three of his ships.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Shylock.

The central figure of [*The Merchant of Venice*], in the eyes of modern readers and spectators, is of course Shylock, though there can be no doubt that he appeared to Shakespeare's contemporaries a comic personage, and, since he makes his final exit before the last act, by no means the protagonist. In the humaner view of a later age, Shylock appears as a half-pathetic creation, a scapegoat, a victim; to the Elizabethan public, with his rapacity and his miserliness, his usury, and his eagerness to dig for another the pit into which he himself falls, he seemed, not terrible, but ludicrous. They did not even take him seriously enough to feel any real uneasiness as to Antonio's fate, since they all knew beforehand the issue of the adventure. They laughed when he went to Bassanio's feast "in hate, to feed upon the prodigal Christian"; they laughed when, in the scene with Tubal, he suffered himself to be bandied about between exultation over Antonio's misfortunes and rage over the prodigality of his runaway daughter; and they found him odious when he exclaimed, "I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear!" He was, simply as a Jew, a despised creature; he belonged to the race which had crucified God himself; and he was doubly despised as an extortionate usurer. For the rest, the English public—like the Norwegian public so lately as the first half of this century—had no acquaintance with Jews except in books and on the stage. From 1290 until the middle of the seventeenth century the Jews were entirely excluded from England. Every prejudice against them was free to flourish unchecked.

Did Shakespeare in a certain measure share these religious prejudices, as he seems to have shared the patriotic prejudices against the Maid of Orleans, if, indeed,

he is responsible for the part she plays in *Henry VI.*? We may be sure that he was very slightly affected by them, if at all. Had he made a more undisguised effort to place himself at Shylock's standpoint, the censorship, on the one hand, would have intervened, while, on the other hand, the public would have been bewildered and alienated. It is quite in the spirit of the age that Shylock should suffer the punishment which befalls him. To pay him out for his stiff-necked vengefulness, he is mulcted not only of the sum he lent Antonio, but of half his fortune, and is finally, like Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, compelled to change his religion. The latter detail gives something of a shock to the modern reader. But the respect for personal conviction, when it conflicted with orthodoxy, did not exist in Shakespeare's time. It was not very long since Jews had been forced to choose between kissing the crucifix and mounting the faggots; and in Strasburg, in 1349, nine hundred of them had in one day chosen the latter alternative. It is strange to reflect, too, that just at the time when, on the English stage, one Mediterranean Jew was poisoning his daughter, and another whetting his knife to cut his debtor's flesh, thousands of heroic and enthusiastic Hebrews in Spain and Portugal, who, after the expulsion of the 300,000 at the beginning of the century, had secretly remained faithful to Judaism, were suffering themselves to be tortured, flayed, and burnt alive by the Inquisition, rather than forswear the religion of their race. . . .

But what is most surprising, doubtless, is the instinct of genius with which Shakespeare has seized upon and reproduced racial characteristics, and emphasized what is peculiarly Jewish in Shylock's culture. While Marlowe, according to his custom, made his Barabas revel in mythological similes, Shakespeare indicates that Shylock's culture is founded entirely upon the Old Testament, and makes commerce his only point of contact with the civilisation of later times. All his parallels are drawn from the Patriarchs and the Prophets. With what

unction he speaks when he justifies himself by the example of Jacob! His own race is always "our sacred nation," and he feels that "the curse has never fallen upon it" until his daughter fled with his treasures. Jewish, too, is Shylock's respect for, and obstinate insistence on, the letter of the law, his reliance upon statutory rights, which are, indeed, the only rights society allows him, and the partly instinctive, partly defiant restriction of his moral ideas to the principle of retribution. He is no wild animal; he is no heathen who simply gives the rein to his natural instincts; his hatred is not ungoverned; he restrains it within its legal rights, like a tiger in its cage. He is entirely lacking, indeed, in the freedom and serenity, the easy-going, light-hearted carelessness which characterises a ruling caste in its virtues and its vices, in its charities as in its prodigalities; but he has not a single twinge of conscience about anything that he does; his actions are in perfect harmony with his ideals.

Sundered from the regions, the social forms, the language, in which his spirit is at home, he has yet retained his Oriental character. Passion is the kernel of his nature. It is his passion that has enriched him; he is passionate in action, in calculation, in sensation, in hatred, in revenge, in everything. His vengefulness is many times greater than his rapacity. Avaricious though he be, money is nothing to him in comparison with revenge. It is not until he is exasperated by his daughter's robbery and flight that he takes such hard measures against Antonio, and refuses to accept three times the amount of the loan. His conception of honour may be unchivalrous enough, but, such as it is, his honour is not to be bought for money. His hatred of Antonio is far more intense than his love for his jewels; and it is this passionate hatred, not avarice, that makes him the monster he becomes.

From this Hebrew passionateness, which can be traced even in details of diction, arises, among other things,

his loathing of sloth and idleness. To realise how essentially Jewish is this trait, we need only refer to the so-called Proverbs of Solomon. Shylock dismisses Launcelot with the words, "Drones hive not with me." Oriental, rather than specially Jewish, are the images in which he gives his passion utterance, approaching, as they so often do, to the parable form. (See, for example, his appeal to Jacob's cunning, or the speech in vindication of his claim, which begins, "You have among you many a purchased slave.") Specially Jewish, on the other hand, is the way in which this ardent passion throughout employs its images and parables in the service of a curiously sober rationalism, so that a sharp and biting logic, which retorts every accusation with interest, is always the controlling force. This sober logic, moreover, never lacks dramatic impetus. Shylock's course of thought perpetually takes the form of question and answer, a subordinate but characteristic trait which appears in the style of the Old Testament, and reappears to this day in representations of primitive Jews. One can feel through his words that there is a chanting quality in his voice; his movements are rapid, his gestures large. Externally and internally, to the inmost fibre of his being, he is a type of his race in its degradation.

Shylock disappears with the end of the fourth act in order that no discord may mar the harmony of the concluding scenes. By means of his fifth act, Shakespeare dissipates any preponderance of pain and gloom in the general impression of the play.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Portia.

In the elements which compose the character of Portia, Shakspeare anticipated, but without intention, the

intellect of those modern women who can wield so gracefully many of the tools which have been hitherto monopolized by men. But the same genius which endowed her with a large and keen intelligence derived it from her sex, and, for the sake of it, he did not sacrifice one trait of her essential womanliness. This commands our attention very strongly; for it is the clew which we must start with.

She is still a woman to the core of her beauty-loving heart. Coming home from the great scene in Venice, where she baffles Shylock, and swamps with sudden justice the scales that were so eager for the bonded flesh, she loiters in the moonlight, marks the music which is floating from her palace to be caressed by the night and made sweeter than by day. Her listening ear is modulated by all the tenderness she feels and the love she expects; so she gives the music the color of a soul that has come home to wife and motherhood, till her thoughts put such a strain upon the vibrating strings that they grow too tense, and threaten to divulge her delicate secret. . . .

Portia has the strong sense to expect that the majority of her noble admirers will be taken by appearance. She is not quite sure, but has an instinct, that these gentlemen who are after her are also after her pretty property of Belmont, and will be likely to choose the metals responsive to this temper. Bassanio frankly acknowledges to a friend that he would like to repair his broken fortunes; but Shakspeare shows him to be a lover before he gives this mercenary hint; and he has reason to surmise that Portia loves him. This unspoken mutuality dignifies his quest; as if Shakspeare himself would not admit the charge that he is a fortune-hunter. And it is noticeable how little consequence we attach to Bassanio's character. We do not care to see him in any action, or to have him show a worthiness to be Portia's lover. He is but the lay-figure of her love: there is so much of her that there must be a great deal of him, and

he may be spared the trouble of appearing at full length. And we never suspect her of belonging to that tribe of bright women who, either from instinct or calculation, marry good-natured, well-mannered numskulls, and never have reason to sue for a divorce. Shakspeare ennobles Bassanio when the divining soul sees through the leaden lid.

But what if one of the other suitors should also have a noble heart whose pulses feed discernment, one as fine and unconventional as herself! There is just hazard enough to affront her cherishing of the absent Bassanio. She does not relish the moment when her heart, richer than the princes know of, goes into the lottery. However, when her father made his will, it doubtless occurred to her that his choice of metals came from a life's experience of the calibre of the average man, and was meant affectionately to protect her till the true gentleman should come. As Nerissa says, "Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof *who chooses his meaning* chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one whom you shall rightly love." Fortunate is the man who wins a wife because he chooses Heaven's meaning in a woman! Luckless the wife who is not chosen by some implied Heaven in a man! . . .

An ordinary woman might have enmeshed him in a cocoon of delicate coquetries: any woman dead in love, and a little less than strict to an oath, would have managed in some way to provoke that lead casket into twinkling a hint to him. But she is too honest for either. A woman with a soul as tender as it is firm, here she stands dismayed as Destiny is about to rattle its dice upon her heart: happiness, and a future worthy of her, all at stake. For though her mental resources might compete with any fate, she is all woman, made to be a wife, and without wifehood to feel herself at one essen-

tial point impaired,—all the more defrauded because so well endowed. How she clings for support to the few moments that yet stand before his choice! She wishes there were more of them to stay her. . . .

Now Bassanio, who lives upon the rack, denies her plea for delay: "Let me to my fortune and the caskets." How profoundly she surmises that music might lull the watching Fate, so that he could pass to his Eurydice! She bids the music play:—

> "As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
> That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
> And summon him to marriage."

Bassanio must be attempered to his choice; the song's key must have an instinct for the proper casket's key. Unconsciously she breaks her oath; for what benign influence selected the song that is now sung? Some star, whose tenant was her father? Or was it Nerissa's doing, who determined to convey a hint to the lover? Or did Gratiano hit upon it, who had got from Nerissa a promise of her love if the choice went to suit her? A hint, indeed! It is the very breadth of broadness, and a lover is not dull. . . .

When Portia's heart unties the spasm of joy that tightened round it at Bassanio's choice, it beats again with the grave and sweet dignity that is as native to her as her playful wit. Her mind recognizes the serious change that must befall her fortune: in the first moment of it there comes a deep humility that makes her speech kneel at the feet of the man whom she will marry. For her great superiority is free from the taint of conceit, save "a noble and a true conceit of godlike amity." . . .

So Portia, who could, when it was needed, "turn two mincing steps into a manly stride," doffs the lawyer's robe, and, returning, is met by music and conducted to a palace that was not till then a home.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

IV.

Antonio.

Viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called The Jew of Venice. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the pre-eminence, because, however inferior in himself, he is the centre and mainspring of the entire action: without him the Jew, great as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas the converse, if true at all, is by no means true in so great a degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and attractive personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, still there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic hero. A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil weighs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the coming on of some great calamity; yet this strange unwonted gloom, sweetened with his habitual gentleness and good-nature, has the effect of showing how dearly he is held by such whose friendship is the fairest earthly purchase of virtue. This boding, presentimental state of mind lends a certain charm to his character, affecting us something as an instance of second-sight, and coalescing with the mind's innate aptitude to the faith that

> "powers there are
> That touch each other to the quick—in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

And it is very considerable that upon spirits such as he even the smiles of fortune often have a strangely saddening effect; for in proportion as they are worthy of them they naturally feel that they are far otherwise, and the sense of so vast a discrepancy between their havings and deservings is apt to fill them with an indefinable oppressive dread of some reverse wherein present discrepancies shall be fully made up. So that wealth seldom dispenses such warnings save to its most virtuous possessors. And such is Antonio: a kind-hearted, sweet-mannered man; of a large and liberal spirit; affable, generous, and magnificent in his dispositions; patient of trial, indulgent to folly, free where he loves, and frank where he hates; in prosperity modest, in adversity cheerful; craving wealth for the uses of virtue, and as the organs and sinews of friendship, so that the more he is worth, the more he seems worthy—his character is one which we never weary of contemplating. The only blemish we perceive in him is his treatment of Shylock: in this, though we cannot but see that it is much more the fault of the times than of the man, we are forced to side against him; than which it were not easy to allege a stronger case of poetical justice. Yet even this we blame rather as an abuse of himself than of Shylock, and think the less of it as wronging the latter, because, notwithstanding he has such provocations, he avowedly grounds his hate mainly on those very things which make the strongest title to a good man's love.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Antonio's Friends.

The friendship between Antonio and his companions is such a picture as Shakespeare evidently delighted to draw. And so noble a sentiment is not apt to inhabit

ignoble breasts. Bassanio, Gratiano, and Salarino are each admirable in their way, and give a charming variety to the scenes where they move. Bassanio, though something too lavish of purse, is a model of a gentleman; in whose character and behaviour all is order and propriety; with whom good manners are the proper outside and visibility of a fair mind, the natural foliage and drapery of inward refinement, and delicacy, and rectitude. Well-bred, he has that in him which, even had his breeding been ill, would have raised him above it, and made him a gentleman. Gratiano and Salarino are two as clever, sprightly, and voluble persons as any one need desire to be with, the chief difference between them being, that the former *lets* his tongue run on from good impulses, the other *makes* it do so for good ends. If not so wise as Bassanio, they are more witty, and as much surpass him in strength, as they fall short in beauty, of character. It is observable that of the two Gratiano is the more heedless and headstrong in thought and speech, with less subjection of the individual to the well-ordered forms of social decorum; so that, if he behave not quite so well as the others, he gives livelier proof that what good behaviour he has is his own; a growth from within, not an impression from without. It is rather remarkable that one so talkative and rattle-tongued should therewithal carry so much weight of meaning; and he often seems less sensible than he is, because of his trotting volubility. But he has no wish to be "reputed wise for saying nothing"; and he often makes a merit of talking nonsense when, as is often the case, nonsense is the best sort of sense; being willing to incur the charge of folly, provided he can thereby add to the health and entertainment of his friends.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Jessica and Nerissa.

It is observable that something of the intellectual brilliance of Portia is reflected on the other female characters of *The Merchant of Venice* so as to preserve in the midst of contrast a certain harmony and keeping. Thus Jessica, though properly kept subordinate, is certainly

> A most beautiful pagan—a most sweet Jew.

She cannot be called a sketch—or if a sketch, she is like one of those dashed off in glowing colours from the rainbow palette of a Rubens; she has a rich tinge of Orientalism shed over her, worthy of her Eastern origin. In another play, and in any other companionship than that of the matchless Portia, Jessica would make a very beautiful heroine of herself. Nothing can be more poetically, more classically fanciful and elegant than the scenes between her and Lorenzo—the celebrated moonlight dialogue, for instance, which we all have by heart. Every sentiment she utters interests us for her—more particularly her bashful self-reproach, when flying in the disguise of a page:—

> I am glad 'tis night, you do not look upon me,
> For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
> But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
> The pretty follies that themselves commit;
> For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
> To see me thus transformed to a boy.

And the enthusiastic and generous testimony to the superior graces and accomplishments of Portia comes with a peculiar grace from her lips:—

> Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
> And on the wager lay two earthly women,
> And Portia one, there must be something else
> Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world
> Hath not her fellow.

We should not, however, easily pardon her for cheating her father with so much indifference but for the perception that Shylock values his daughter far beneath his wealth:—

> I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear!—would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters; she is a clever confidential waiting-woman, who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance; she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes her favour conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and, in short, mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay, talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

VII.

Dramatic Workmanship of the Play.

In the exhibition of Shakespeare as an Artist, it is natural to begin with the raw material which he worked up into finished masterpieces. For illustration of this no play could be more suitable than *The Merchant of Venice*, in which two tales, already familiar in the story form, have been woven together into a single plot: the Story of the Cruel Jew, who entered into a bond with his enemy of which the forfeit was to be a pound of this enemy's own flesh, and the Story of the Heiress and the Caskets. . . .

The avoidance or reduction of difficulties in a story is an obvious element in any kind of artistic handling; it is of special importance in Drama in proportion as we are more sensitive to improbabilities in what is supposed to take place before our eyes than in what we

merely hear of by narrative. This branch of art could not be better illustrated than in the Story of the Jew: never perhaps has an artist had to deal with materials so bristling with difficulties of the greatest magnitude, and never, it may be added, have they been met with greater ingenuity. The host of improbabilities gathering about such a detail as the pound of flesh must strike every mind. There is, however, preliminary to these, another difficulty of more general application: the difficulty of painting a character bad enough to be the hero of the story. It might be thought that to paint excess of badness is comparatively easy, as needing but a coarse brush. On the contrary, there are fewer severer tests of creative power than the treatment of monstrosity. To be told that there is villainy in the world and tacitly to accept the statement may be easy; it is another thing to be brought into close contact with the villains, to hear them converse, to watch their actions, and occasionally to be taken into their confidence. We realise in Drama through our sympathy and our experience: in real life we have not been accustomed to come across monsters and are unfamiliar with their behaviour; in proportion then as the badness of a character is exaggerated it is carried outside the sphere of our experience, the naturalness of the scene is interrupted and its human interest tends to decline. So, in the case of the story under consideration, the dramatist is confronted with this dilemma: he must make the character of Shylock absolutely bad, or the incident of the bond will appear unreal; he must not make the character extraordinarily bad, or there is danger of the whole scene appearing unreal. . . .

It is easy to see how the whole movement of the play rises naturally out of the union of the two stories. One of the main distinctions between the progress of events in real life or history and in Drama is that the movement of a drama falls into the form technically known as Complication and Resolution. A dramatist fastens

our attention upon some train of events: then he sets himself to divert this train of events from its natural course by some interruption; this interruption is either removed, and the train of events returns to its natural course, or the interruption is carried on to some tragic culmination. In *The Merchant of Venice* our interest is at the beginning fixed on Antonio as rich, high-placed, the protector and benefactor of his friends. By the events following upon the incident of the bond we see what would seem the natural life of Antonio diverted into a totally different channel; in the end the whole course is restored, and Antonio becomes prosperous as before. Such interruption of a train of incidents is its Complication, and the term Complication suggests a happy Resolution to follow. Complication and Resolution are essential to dramatic movement, as discords and their "resolution" into concords constitute the essence of music. The Complication and Resolution in the story of the Jew serve for the Complication and Resolution of the drama as a whole; and my immediate point is that these elements of movement in the one story spring directly out of its connection with the other. But for Bassanio's need of money and his blunder in applying to Shylock the bond would never have been entered into, and the change in Antonio's fortunes would never have come about: thus the cause for all the Complication of the play (technically, the Complicating Force) is the happy lover of the Caskets Story. Similarly Portia is the means by which Antonio's fortunes are restored to their natural flow: in other words, the source of the Resolution (or Resolving Force) is the maiden of the Caskets Story. The two leading personages of the one tale are the sources respectively of the Complication and Resolution in the other tale, which carry the Complication and Resolution of the drama as a whole. Thus simply does the movement of the whole play flow from the union of the two stories.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

The earliest authentic representation of Venice known to exist.
From the *Romance of Alexander* in the Bodleian Library (XIVth Cent.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to Portia.*
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice.*
BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.*
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }
SALERIO, }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *the clown, servant to Shylock.*
OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*
LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHASAR, } *servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT FIRST

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell; I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: thereforth go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were

good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can

shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show?

How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I 'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more

suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a

devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.
Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months; well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.
Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.
Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-

rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum,
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys': you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;

And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Hath loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;

Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II.

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or, 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well';

'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well': to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his

father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here 's a simple line of life: here 's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*
Gra. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen';
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll begone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear

SHYLOCK ENJOINS JESSICA.
Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene v.

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says the fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who 's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who 's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let 's see once more this saying graved in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that 's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I 'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him,
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked
on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think

they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy: let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you

tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan., Salar. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so:—and I know not what 's spent in the

search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't true, is 't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him: I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!

O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize.
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,

And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,

I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreaful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salar. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife.
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Those griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,

Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer,
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what 's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*Reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and

Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgement.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
And if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
[*To Ant.*
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you:
[*To Bass.*
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, the ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandëment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we 'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;

But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming. And yet no matter: why should we go in? My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you, Within the house, your mistress is at hand; And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit Stephano.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold: There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins; Such harmony is in immortal souls; But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn! With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear, And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark.
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Lor. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, ' Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it.
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so, let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories.
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I 'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abode, delay; II. vi. 21.
Abridged; "to be a.," *i.e.* "at being a."; I. i. 127.
Address'd me, prepared myself; II. ix. 19.
Advice, reflection; IV. ii. 6.
Advised, cautious, heedful; I. i. 143.
Advisedly, intentionally; V. i. 253.
Affection, feeling; II. viii. 48.
Approve, prove, confirm; III. ii. 79.
Argosies, merchant-ships (originally the large and richly freighted ships of *Ragusa*); I. i. 9.
Attempt, tempt; IV. i. 421.
Attended, attended to, marked; V. i. 103.

Baned, poisoned; IV. i. 46.
Bare, bare-headed; II. ix. 44.
Bated, reduced; III. iii. 32.
Beholding, beholden; I. iii. 105.
Best-regarded, best-looking, handsomest; II. i. 10.
Blent, blended; III. ii. 182.
Blest, used with a superlative force, and perhaps a contracted form of "blessed'st"; II. i. 46.
Bonnet, head-gear; I. ii. 80.
Bottom, hold of a vessel; I. i. 42.
Break up, break open; II. iv. 10.
Breathing, verbal; V. i. 141.
Burial, burial-place; I. i. 29.
By, at hand, near by; IV. i. 257.

Cater-cousins, remote relations, good friends; "are scarce c.," *i.e.* "are not great friends"; II. ii. 134.
Cerecloth (Quarto 1, serecloth; Folios 1, 2, seare-cloath), a cloth dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud; II. vii. 51.
Ceremony, sacred object; V. i. 206.
Charge; "on your charge," at your expense; IV. i. 257.
Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 313.
Childhood; "c. proof" (used adjectively); I. i. 145.
Choose, "let it alone!" I. ii. 50.
Circumstance, circumlocution; I. i. 155.
Civil doctor, doctor of civil law; V. i. 210.
Civility, civilisation; II. ii. 200.
Close, secret; II. vi. 47.
Commends, commendations; II. ix. 90.
Complexion, nature; III. i. 32.

Compromised (Folio 1, compremyz'd; Quartos 1, 2, compremyzd; Folios 2, 3, comprimyz'd), come to a mutual agreement; I. iii. 78.
Confound, destroy; III. ii. 277.
Confusions; Launcelot's blunder for "conclusions"; II. ii. 38.
Constant, self-possessed; III. ii. 248.
Contain, retain; V. i. 201.
Continent, that which contains anything; III. ii. 130.
Contrary, wrong; I. ii. 101.
Contrive, conspire; IV. i. 352.
Cope, requite; IV. i. 412.
Counterfeit, likeness; III. ii. 115.
County, count; I. ii. 48.
Cousin, kinsman; III. iv. 50.
Cover, wear hats; II. ix. 44.
Cureless (the reading of the Quartos; the Folios read "endless"), beyond cure; IV. i. 142.

Danger, absolute power (to harm); IV. i. 180.
Death = death's head; II. vii. 63.
Death's head with a bone in his mouth; I. ii. 55; *cp.* the accompanying seal to a deed of conveyance dated 1613.

Deface, cancel, destroy; III. ii. 300.
Difference, dispute; IV. i. 171.
Disabled, crippled; I. i. 124.
Disabling, undervaluing; II. vii. 30.
Discover, reveal; II. vii. 1.
Doit, a small coin; I. iii. 140.
Drive, commute; IV. i. 372.
Ducats; the value of the Venetian silver ducat (see cut) was about that of the American dollar; I. iii. 1.

From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt

Eanlings, lambs just born; I. iii. 79.
Entertain, maintain; I. i. 90.
Equal, equivalent; I. iii. 149.
Estate, state; III. ii. 237.
Excess, interest; I. iii. 62.
Excrement, hair; "valour's ex.," *i.e.* "a brave man's beard"; III. ii. 87.
Eye; "within the eye of honour"; *i.e.* "within the sight of h."; "within the scope of honour's vision"; I. i. 138.

Fairness, beauty; III. ii. 94.
Faithless, unbelieving; II. iv. 37.
Fall, let fall; I. iii. 88.
Falls, falls out; III. ii. 203.

Fancy, love; III. ii. 63, 68.
Fear'd, frightened; II. i. 9.
Fearful, filling one with fear; I. iii. 175.
Fife; "wry-necked f.," a small flute, called *flute à bec,* the upper part or mouthpiece resembling the beak of a bird, hence the epithet "wry-necked"; according to others "fife" here means the musician, *cp.* "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument" (Barnaby Riche's *Aphorisms,* 1016); II. v. 30.

From a sculpture upon a XIIIth Cent. building at Rheims.

Fill-horse (Quarto 2 and Folios 'pil-horse'; Theobald, 'thill-horse'), shaft-horse; II. ii. 96.
Find forth, find out, seek; I. i. 144.
Flood, waters, seas; I. i. 10; IV. i. 72.
Fond, foolish; II. ix. 27.
Foot, spurn with the foot; I. iii. 118.
Foot, path; II. iv. 35.
Footing, footfall; V. i. 24.
For, of; III. iv. 10.
Fraught, freighted; II. viii. 30.
Fretten, fretted; IV. i. 77.
Fulsome, rank; I. iii. 86.

Gaberdine, a large loose cloak of coarse stuff; I. iii. 113.
Gaged, pledged; I. i. 131.
Gaping pig, a roast pig with a lemon in its mouth; IV. i. 47.
Garnish, apparel; II. vi. 45.
Gear; "for this g.," *i.e.* for this matter, business; "a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determinate import"; I. i. 110; II. ii. 171.
Gelt, mutilated; V. i. 144.
Gratify, reward; IV. i. 406.
Gross; "to term in gross," to sum up; III. ii. 159.
Guard, guardianship; I. iii. 175.
Guarded, ornamented; II. ii. 159.
Guiled, full of guile, treacherous; III. ii. 97.

Habit, behaviour; II. ii. 195.
Heavens; "for the heavens," for heaven's sake; II. ii. 12.
Heaviness, sadness; "his embraced h."; the sadness which he hugs; II. viii. 52.
High-day, holiday, high-flown, extravagant; II. ix. 98.
Hip; "catch upon the h."; a term taken from wrestling, meaning "to have an advantage over"; I. iii. 46.
Hood, "Hood-mine eyes thus with my hat"; II. ii. 198.

From the MS. (*temp.* Elizabeth) Sloane 3794.

Hovel-post, the support of the roof of an out-house; II. ii. 69.
Husbandry, government, stewardship; III. iv. 25.

Imagined, all imaginable; III. iv. 52.
Imposition, an imposed task; III. iv. 33; a binding arrangement; I. ii. 111.
Incarnal; Launcelot's blunder for "incarnate"; II. ii. 29.
Inexecrable, beyond execration (perhaps a misprint for "inexorable," the reading of the third and fourth Folios); IV. i. 128.
Insculp'd, carved in relief; II. vii. 57.

Jacks, used as a term of contempt; III. iv. 77.
Jump with, agree with; II. ix. 32.

Kept, lived; III. iii. 19.
Knapped, broke into small pieces (or "nibbled"); III. i. 10 (see Notes).

Level, aim; I. ii. 41.
Liberal, free; II. ii. 190.
Lichas, the servant of Deianira, who brought Hercules the poisoned robe (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* ix. 155); II. i. 32.
Livings, estates; III. ii. 157.
Low, humble; I. iii. 43.

Manage, management; III. iv. 25.
Melancholy bait, bait of melancholy; I. i. 101.
Mere, certain, unqualified; III. ii. 263.
Mind; "have in mind," bear in mind; I. i. 71.
Mind of love, loving mind; II. viii. 42.
Moe, more; I. i. 108.
Mutual, general, common; V. i. 77.

Narrow seas, English channel; III. i. 4.
Naughty, wicked; III. ii. 18.
Nazarite, Nazarene; I. iii. 34.
Neat, ox; I. i. 112.
Nestor, the oldest of heroes, taken as the type of gravity; I. i. 56.
Nominated, stated; I. iii. 149.
Now . . . now, one moment . . . at the next; I. i. 35-6.

Obliged, pledged; II. vi. 7.

Occasion; "quarrelling with o.," *i.e.* "*at* odds with the matter in question, turning it into ridicule without reason"; III. v. 60.

O'er-look'd, bewitched; III. ii. 15.

Of, on; II. ii. 99; with, II. iv. 23.

Offends't, vexest; IV. i. 140.

Old (used intensitively), abundant, great; IV. ii. 15.

Opinion of, reputation for; I. i. 91.

Ostent, demeanour;; II. ii. 201.

Other, others; I. i. 54.

Out-dwells, out-stays; II. vi. 3.

Out of doubt, without doubt; I. i. 21; I. i. 156.

Over-name, run their names over; I. ii. 39.

Over-weather'd, weather-beaten; II. vi. 18.

Pageants, shows; I. i. 11.

Pain, pains; II. ii. 190.

Parts, duties, functions; IV. i. 92.

Passion, outcry; II. viii. 12.

Patch, fool, simpleton, jester; II. v. 46.

Patines; the "patine" is the plate used in the Eucharist; "*patines of bright gold*" seems to mean "the orbs of heaven," *i.e.* either (1) the planets, or (2) the stars; possibly, however, the reference is to "the broken clouds, like flaky disks of curdled gold which slowly drift across the heavens"; V. i. 59.

Peize, to weigh, keep in suspense, delay; III. ii. 22.

Pent-house, a porch with a sloping roof; II. vi. 1.

Pied, spotted; I. iii. 79.

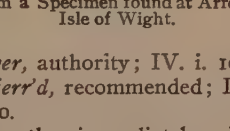
Port, importance; III. ii. 282.

Possess'd, acquainted, informed; I. iii. 64.

Post, "with his horn full of good news," postman; V. i. 47.

From a tract entitled *A Speedy Post. with a Packet of Letters and Compliments,* n. d.

Posy, a motto inscribed on the inner side of a ring; V. i. 148.



From a Specimen found at Arreton, Isle of Wight.

Power, authority; IV. i. 104.

Preferr'd, recommended; II. ii. 150.

Presently, immediately; I. i. 184.

Prest, prepared; I. i. 161.

Prevented, anticipated; I. i. 61.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 76.
Publican, an allusion perhaps to the parable of the Pharisee and the publican (St. Luke xviii. 10-14); I. iii. 41.

Quaintly, gracefully; II. iv. 6.
Question, are disputing, arguing; IV. i. 70.
Quit, remit; IV. i. 381.

Raised, roused; II. viii. 4.
Reason'd, had a conversation; II. viii. 27.
Regreets, greetings; II. ix. 89.
Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 20.
Repent, regret; IV. i. 278, 279.
Reproach; Launcelot's blunder for "approach"; II. v. 20.
Respect, proper attention (or perhaps "respect to circumstances"); V. i. 99.
Respect upon; "you have too much r. u.," *i.e.* "you look too much upon"; I. i. 74.
Respective, mindful; V. i. 156.
Rest; "set up my rest," made up my mind (a phrase probably derived from the game of Primero; *resto* meant to bet or wager, which appears to have been made by the players only); II. ii. 105.
Rialto; "The Rialto, which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and merchants do meet twice a day. . . . . This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London."—Coryat's *Crudities* (1611).
Rib, enclose; II. vii. 51.
Ripe, urgent; I. iii. 63.
Riping, ripening; II. viii. 40.
Road, port, harbour; V. i. 288.

Sad, grave; II. ii. 201.
Sand-blind, half-blind; II. ii. 37.
Scant, moderate; III. ii. 112.
Scanted, restrained, limited; II. i. 17.
Scarfed, decorated, beflagged; II. vi. 15.
Scrubbed, small, ill-favoured, scrubby; V. i. 162.
Self, self-same; I. i. 149.
Sense; "in all sense," with good reason; V. i. 136.
Sensible, evident to the senses, substantial, II. ix. 89; sensitive, II. viii. 48.
Should, would; I. ii. 98, 99.
Shows, outward appearance; II. vii. 20.
Shrewd, bad, evil; III. ii. 244.
Shrive me, be my father-confessor; I. ii. 140.
Sibylla; a reference probably to the Cumæan Sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a prom-

ise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand (*cp* Ovid, *Met.* xv.); I. ii. 13.

Single; "your single bond," probably "a bond with your own signature, without the names of sureties"; I. iii. 145.

Slubber, "to slur over"; II. viii. 39.

Smug, neat; III. i. 47.

So, provided that; III. ii. 196.

Sola, sola; "Launcelot is imitating the horn of the courier or post"; V. i. 39.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 125.

Sonties; "by God's s.," *i.e.* "by God's dear saints"; sonties = "saunties" a diminutive form; II. ii. 46.

Soon at, about; II. iii. 5.

Sore, sorely; V. i. 307.

Sort, dispose; V. i. 132.

Sort, lottery; I. ii. 110.

Spend, waste; I. i. 154.

Squandered, scattered; I. iii. 21.

Stead, help; I. iii. 7.

Still, continually; I. i. 17; I. i. 137.

Straight, straightway; II. ix. 1.

Strange; "exceeding strange," quite strangers; I. i. 67.

Strond, strand; I. i. 172.

Substance, (?) weight; IV. i. 328.

Suited, apparelled; I. ii. 78.

Supposed, spurious, false; III. ii. 94.

Supposition, the subject of conjecture; I. iii. 16.

Table (see Notes); II. ii. 162.

Think, bethink; IV. i. 70.

Thrift, success, good fortune; I. i. 176; profits; I. iii. 50.

Time, "springtime of life, youth, manhood"; I. i. 130.

Torch-bearer; II. iv. 5 (*cp.* the following illustration).

From 'La tryumphante... entree faicte sur le . . . advenement de . . . prince. Charles des Hespaignes (*i.e.* Emperor Charles V.) . . . en sa ville de Bruges' (1515).

Tranect (so the Quartos and Folios), probably an error for Fr. *traject* (It. *traghetto*), "a ferrie" (so glossed by Cotgrave); it is, however noteworthy that in Italian *tranare* means to draw or drag. "Twenty miles from Padua, on the River Brenta, there is a dam or sluice to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and

lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice this distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakespeare's time might have called this dam by the name of 'tranect'" (Malone); III. iv. 53.

Tricksy, tricky; III. v. 74.

Tripolis, Tripoli, the most eastern of the Barbary States, the market between Europe and Central Africa; I. iii. 17.

Trust, credit; I. i. 186.

Tucket, flourish on a trumpet; V. i. 121.

Undervalued, inferior; I. i. 166.

Unfurnish'd, unmatched with the other, destitute of its fellow; III. ii. 126.

Untread, retrace; II. vi. 10.

Usance, usury, interest; I. iii. 45.

Use; "in use," *i.e.* (probably) "in trust" (*i.e.* in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo); IV. i. 383.

Vailing, bending; I. i. 28.

Varnish'd, painted; II. v. 33.

Vasty, vast; II. vii. 41.

Very, true, real; III. ii. 224.

Virtue, efficacy; V. i. 199.

Waft, wafted; V. i. 11.

Wealth, welfare; V. i. 249.

Weather, storms; II. ix. 29.

Where, whereas; IV. i. 22.

While, time; II. i. 31.

Wilful stillness, dogged silence; 90.

Younker, young man, youth; II. vi. 14.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

THE name '*Shylock*' may have been derived by Shakespeare from a pamphlet called '*Caleb Shillocke his prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction*'; the Pepysian ballad on this subject belongs to the year 1607; to the same year belongs a prose piece printed at the end of a rare tract called '*A Jewes Prophecie, or Newes from Rome of two mighty armies, etc.*' Its ultimate origin is unknown; it may have been an Italian name *Scialocca*. According to Hunter, *Scialac* was the name of a Maronite of Mount Libanus, who was living in 1614. It has recently been maintained, with some probability, that the name was perhaps suggested by "*Shelah*" in the genealogical lists given in *Genesis*, chapter xi.; (*cp.* Tubal, Jessica, evidently chosen because of their Biblical associations).

I. i. 27. '*dock'd*'; Rowe's emendation for 'docks,' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. i. 113. '*Is that any thing new?*' The old editions read '*Is that any thing now*'; changed to '*new*' by Johnson. Rowe first suggested the interrogation.

I. ii. 82. "*the Scottish lord*'; in the first Folio 'Scottish' is changed to 'other.'

I. ii. 87. 'Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather, constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English' (Warburton).

I. ii. 132. '*The four strangers*'; allusion has been made to six strangers. An interesting oversight on the Poet's part.

I. iii. 64. '*Is he yet possess'd How much ye would,*' so read the second and third Quartos; the Folios read '*he would*'; the first Quarto, '*are you resolv'd how much he would have*'; this is one of the important points in which the second Quarto is superior to the first.

I. iii. 71. *Cp.* Genesis xxx.

I. iii. 74. '*the third,*' *i.e.* 'reckoning Abraham himself as the first.'

I. iii. 134. *'A breed for barren metal,'* the reading of the Quartos; Folios, *'a breed of'*; *'for'* must be equivalent to 'in exchange for'; *'breed'* = 'interest money bred from the principal' (*cp.* Gr. τοκος).

II. i. The old stage direction ran as follows:—*'Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers, accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa and their traine.'*

II. i. 25. *'the Sophy,' cp. "Sofi,* and *Sofito,* an ancient word signifying a wise man, learned and skillful in Magike Naturale. It is grown to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia" (Abraham Tartwell's translation of Minadoi's *History of the Wars between the Turks and the Persians*).

The 'Sefi of Persia' is mentioned in the German play *Der Jude von Venedig.*

II. i. 35. *'page'*; Theobald's emendation for 'rage,' the reading of all the old editions.

II. ii. 1. *'will serve me'*; Halliwell, 'the particle *not* . . . seems essential to the sense of what follows.'

II. ii. 93. Gobbo's *'you,'* as a mark of respect, changes to *'thou,'* after the recognition.

II. ii. 162-4. According to Staunton, the *table line,* or *line of fortune,* is the line running from the forefinger, below the other three fingers, to the side of the hand. The *natural line* is the line

Table.
From a XVth Cent. MS. in the possession of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

Line of Life.
From Dr. Trotter's *Fortune Book,* 1708.

which curves in a different direction, through the middle of the palm; and the *line of life* is the circular line surrounding the ball of the thumb. The space between the two former lines is technically known as *the table*. "Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus (the ball of the thumb) towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives. . . . These lines visible and deep, so many wives the party shall have" (Saunder's *Chiromancie*, quoted by Halliwell).

II. iii. 12. '*did*'; the Quartos and first Folio read '*doe*'; the reading '*did*' was given in the second Folio; if this is adopted, '*get*' = 'beget.'

II. v. 25. '*Black-Monday*,' *i.e.* Easter Monday, so called, because of a storm which occurred on April 14, 1360, being Easter Monday, when Edward III. was lying with his army before Paris, and when many of his men-at-arms died of cold (Stowe).

II. v. 36. '*Jacob's staff*'; *cp.* Gen. xxxii. 10, and Heb. xi. 21. '*A Jacob's staff*' was generally used in the sense of 'a pilgrim's staff,' because St. James (or Jacob) was the patron saint of pilgrims.

II. v. 43. '*a Jewess' eye*'; the Quartos and Folios read '*a Jewes eye*,' probably pronounced '*Jewês*'; 'worth a Jew's eye' was a proverbial phrase: 'that worth was the price which the Jews paid for immunity from mutilation and death.' The reading '*Jewess*' seems very doubtful.

II. vi. 51. '*by my hood*'; this phrase is found nowhere else in Shakespeare; according to Malone, Gratiano is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed.

II. vii. 41. '*The Hyrcanian deserts*'; Shakespeare three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania, 'the name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian,' where, according to Pliny, tigers were bred.

II. vii. 53. '*undervalued*'; "in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, gold was to silver in the proportion of 11 to 1; in the forty-third year of her reign it was in the proportion of 10 to 1" (Clarendon).

II. vii. 69. '*tombs do*'; Johnson's emendation for the old reading '*timber do*.'

II. vii. 75. Halliwell notes that this line is a paraphrastical inversion of the common old proverb: 'Farewell, frost,' which was used in the absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasing.

III. i. 10. *'knapped ginger'*; perhaps *'to knap ginger'* is to 'nibble ginger'; old women were fond of this condiment: Cotgrave invariably gives *'knap'* as a synonym of *'gnaw'* or *'nibble.'*

III. i. 71. *'humility,'* rightly explained by Schmidt as 'kindness, benevolence, humanity.'

III. i. 122. The special value of the 'turquoise' was its supposed virtue in indicating the health of the wearer: it was said to brighten or fade as its wearer was well or ill, and to give warning of approaching danger.

III. ii 54. *'more love'*; because Hercules rescued Hesione not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon.

III. ii. 99. *'Veiling an Indian beauty'*; it has been pointed out that Montaigne in his Essay on 'Beauty' says: "The Indians describe it black and swarthy, with blabbered thick lips, with a broad and flat nose." If Shakespeare gives us a reminiscence of this, he must have read Montaigne in French, as Florio's translation was not published until 1603.

III. ii. 102. *'Hard food for Midas,'* who prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold, and soon regretted his prayer.

III. ii. 106. *'paleness'*; as Bassanio uses 'pale' of silver a few lines before, Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, proposed to read *'plainness'*; but *'pale'* is a regular epithet of lead, and there seems no reason for changing the reading here.

III. ii. 112. *'rain,'* so Folios 1, 2 and Quarto 2; the reading of the third and fourth Quartos *'rein'* is generally preferred; Quarto 1 *'range.'*

III. iv. 63. *'accoutred,'* so Folios and later Quartos; Quarto 1 *'apparreld,'* in some respects the preferable reading.

III. v. 79, 80. *'And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reasons'*; the second Quarto *'it, it'*; the Folios *'it, it is.'*

Various emendations have been suggested for *'mean,'* but no change is necessary, though no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been advanced. I am inclined to think that, with Prof. Skeat's kind assistance, the difficulty may be now removed; *'mean it'* = *mean,* like 'foot it,' 'trip it'; and *mean* = moan (*cp. Midsummer-Night's Dream,* v. i. 330). The sense of the line is clearly, if he don't cry now, he can't expect to sing hereafter.

IV. i. 36. *'our holy Sabbath'*; so the first Quarto; the second reads *'Sabaoth'*; it is just possible that Shakespeare might have been misled by the expression, 'Lord God of Sabaoth,' which occurs in the New Testament. 'Sabbath' and 'Sabaoth' (*i.e.*

'hosts,' in the phrase 'Lord of hosts') were confused even by Sir Walter Scott, when in *Ivanhoe,* ch. x., he refers to "the gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths." Similarly Spenser (F. Q. vii.2)—

> *'But thenceforth all shall rest eternally*
> *With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.'*

Dr. Johnson treated the two words as identical in the first edition of his Dictionary.

IV. i. 49. *'the bagpipe sings i' the nose.'* See illustrations to *l.* 56.

IV. i. 50. *'affection, Mistress of passion'*; the Quartos and Folios read *'affection. Masters of passion.'* The reading now generally adopted was first suggested by Thirlby; *'Maistres'* or *'mastres,'* the old spelling of *'mistress,'* evidently produced the error. 'Affection,' when contrasted with 'passion,' seems to denote 'emotions produced through the senses by external objects.'

IV. i. 56. *'a woollen bagpipe'*; the reading of all the old editions; 'wawling,' 'swollen,' 'bollen,' have been variously sug-

A bagpiper of XIVth Cent.
From an illumination in the Luterell Psalter.

A bagpiper of XVIIth Cent.
From a black-letter ballad.

gested; *'woollen'* probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.

IV. i. 184. *Cp.* 'Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought,' *Ecclesiasticus,* xxxv. 20.

IV. i. 255. *'Are there balance'*; *'balance'* was frequently treated as a plural by Elizabethan writers, though this is the only instance in Shakespeare.

IV. i. 451. *'commandement,'* so Quartos and Folios: clearly to be pronounced as quadrisyllable, Cambridge edition *'commandment.'*

V. i. 4. *'Troilus'*; the image is from Chauncer's *Troilus and Cresseide*; "Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke" (Bk. v. 666).

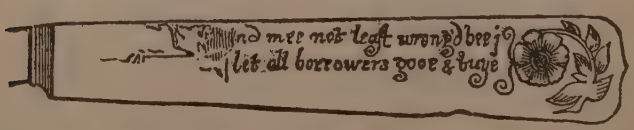
V. i. 7-14. *Thisbe,* etc.; Hunter (*New Illustrations,* I. 309) ingeniously suggests that the old Folio of Chaucer was lying open before Shakespeare when he wrote this dialogue, and that there he found Thisbe, Dido, and Medea, as well as Troilus. It is certainly striking that Thisbe, Dido, and Medea follow each other in the *'Legend of Good Women.'* Shakespeare has seemingly transferred to Dido what he found in Chaucer's *Legend* concerning Ariadne (*'And to the stronde barefote faste she went'* —*'And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde'*). Chaucer's *Medea* directed Shakespeare's mind to Ovid, *Metam.* vii.

V. i. 15. *'Jessica'*; Medea, who stole away from her father, Æetes, with the golden fleece, suggests Jessica's own story to Lorenzo.

V. i. 61, etc. "The corresponding passage in Plato is in his tenth book *De Republica,* where he speaks of the harmony of the Spheres, and represents a syren sitting on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided through the heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmony, the Fates themselves chanting to this celestial music" (Du Bois, *The Wreath,* p. 60. quoted by Furness). The Platonic doctrine is, however, blended with reminiscences of Job xxxviii. 7, "The morning stars sang together."

V. i. 65. *'close it in'*; Quarto 1 and Folios read *'in it,'* which some editors have taken as equivalent to *'close-in it.'*

V. i. 149. *'Like cutler's poetry Upon a knife.'* *Cp.* accompanying illustration.



From an inscribed knife of the XVIIth Cent. Discovered at Norwich.

V. i. 193. A similar repetition of the word '*love*' at the end of ten consecutive lines is found in '*The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange*' (1607); *cp. Edward III.*, Act II. Sc. i., where '*the sun*' ends eight consecutive lines.

'*Two-headed Janus.*' (I. i. 50.)
From an antique engraved in Montfaucon.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Enter Antonio, etc.*] In the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first Scene; and as no list of the persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled how to put them. In the Folio the first stage direction is, *Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.* In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.*, which is soon changed to *Sol.*, and then comes the stage direction, *Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.* And the names are spelt the same way in several other stage directions; and after the first Scene the abbreviated prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that some editors hold that there is abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of Salanio, as it is in most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Salanio,* several editors transfer to *Salarino,* not only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but as according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because the Quartos favor that arrangement.

9. *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or for war. The name was probably derived from the classical ship Argo, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden

fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:—

"Harder beset
And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks."

28. To *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*. The Venetian merchants, it would seem, were much used to name their ships for Andrea Doria, the great Genoese admiral.

97. *when, I am very sure*:—All the old copies read *when* here; and as in such cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood, the changing of *when* into *who*, though common, is hardly admissible. The following lines apparently refer to the judgement pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach.

102. *Fool gudgeon* appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught.

110. *Gear*, from the Anglo-Saxon *gearwe*, and originally meaning any thing *prepared* or made ready, was formerly used for any matter or business in hand. Thus, in an old ballad, entitled *The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow*:—

"Now Robin Goodfellow, being plac'd with a tailor, as you heare,
He grew a workman in short space, so well he ply'd his *geare*."

161. *Prest*, meaning *prompt, ready*, is from an old French word. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, iv. 8. 41:—

"Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was *prest*,
With dreadful weapon aymed at his head."

Scene II.

8, 9. *Superfluity*, that is, one who has riches and indulges in high living, sooner *acquires* white hairs, becomes old. We still say, how did he *come by* it?

43. *a colt*:—A play on *colt*, also used for a wild young fellow; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still

retains his *colt's tooth*. The Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.

48. *County Palatine*:—This may be an allusion to the *Count* Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.

52. *the weeping philosopher*:—Heraclitus of Ephesus, so called in contrast to Democritus, "the laughing philosopher."

72 et seq. "A satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warburton; whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French, nor Italian.'"

89, 90. The Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.

139. *condition*:—*Temper, disposition.* So in *Othello*: "And then of so gentle a *condition*!" Likewise, in Tyndale's Works: "Let every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the best *conditioned*, and every woman her husband so too."

Scene III.

21. *Squandered* is not to be taken in a bad sense here; it means simply *scattered, dispersed.* Thus, in Howell's *Letters*: "The Duke of Savoy, though he pass for one of the princes of Italy, yet the least part of his territories lie there, being *squander'd* up and down amongst the Alps." And, again, he speaks of the Jews as a people "*squander'd* all the earth over."

45. *usance*:—"It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the yeare; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts."—Thomas's *History of Italy*, 1561.

51. *Which he calls interest*:—*Usance, usury,* and *interest* were all terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there being then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at whatsoever rate, was commonly esteemed,

is shown in Lord Bacon's essay *Of Usury*, where he mentions the popular arguments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; that *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize*; that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in Italic show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism.

85. *the deed of kind*:—*Kind* in Shakespeare's time was often used for *nature*. Thus in Fairfax's *Tasso*, xiv. 42, 48:—

> "But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
> The hidden power I know and virtue great,
> And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And fair adorn'd was every part
> With riches grown by *kind*, not fram'd by art."

107. In this Scene we have already had "*on* the Rialto," and "*upon* the Rialto." Concerning the place meant Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: "Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called, and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says:—

> 'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me.'"

Mr. Knight says the "name is derived from *riva alta*, high shore, and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there, and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement."

175. *Fearful guard* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

6. *let us make incision,* etc.:—To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls his frightened servant a *lily liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers white as milk*; and an effeminate man is termed a *milksop.*

Scene II.

12. *for the heavens*:—A petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of.

57. *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot*:—So in *Love's Labour's Lost,* Costard says: "Your servant and Costard." It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in the next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* Master Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by making the speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that Launcelot senior scruples to give his son the title of Master.

105. *I have set up my rest*:—That is, determined. In *Romeo and Juliet,* IV. v., Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest.* "The County Paris hath *set up his rest,* that you shall *rest* but little."

112, 113. *run as far,* etc.:—To understand the appropriateness of these words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to find ground enough to run upon.

139. *a dish of doves*:—There has been no little speculation among the later critics whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. C. A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the

father of a servant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes other passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country as could hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not follow but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with other travellers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow actor, visited Italy.

161. *et seq. Well, if any man,* etc.:—Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains this passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table,* breaks out into the following reflection: 'Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune'—that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that* I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence." Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have floated down to our day, and it is not uncommon to see people trying to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands. Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favoured than they; in 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled *Brief Introductions, both natural, pleasant, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manual divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes.* "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune, is in laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to think well of himself.

198, 199. *hood mine eyes,* etc.:—It was the custom to wear the hat during the time of dinner.

Scene V.

24, 25. *it was not for nothing,* etc.:—*Bleeding at the nose* was anciently considered ominous.

30. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabe Rich's *Aphorisms,* 1618, which appears to settle the matter: "*A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician,* for he always looks away from his instrument."

Scene VI.

5. Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus's *pigeons*. The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus's chariot was drawn.

51. A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born*.

Scene VII.

56, 57. *an angel . . . insculp'd upon*:—This is the angel referred to by Falstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein Englishman*. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of Wordsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine passage in one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*:—

> "A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
> Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
> Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
> Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
> ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves
> His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
> Than they appear to holy Gregory;
> Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
> For Them and for their Land."

Scene VIII.

39. *Slubber not business*:—To *slubber* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire*: "Slightly *slub-*

bering it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 21 of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:—

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And *slubberingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme."

Scene IX.

78. *Wroth* is used in some of the old writers for *suffering*. So in Chapman's 22d Iliad: "Born all to *wroth* of woe and labour." But indeed the original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, anything that makes one *writhe*; and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech, putting the effect for the cause.

85. *my lord?*—A humorous reply to the Servant's "Where is *my lady?*" So in *Richard II.*, V. v., a groom says to the King, "Hail, royal *prince!*" and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer!*" And 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv., the Hostess says to Prince Henry, "O Jesu! *my lord*, the Prince!" and he replies, "How now, *my lady*, the hostess!"

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

122. *my turquoise*:—The *Turquoise* is a well known precious stone. In old times its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. This is alluded to by Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*: "And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring, look well or ill with him." Other virtues were also imputed to it. Thomas Nicols, in his translation of Anselm de Boot's *Lapidary*, says this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife." This quality may have moved Leah to present it to Shylock.

Scene II.

15. To be *o'erlook'd* or *eye-bitten*, was a term for being *bewitched* by an *evil eye*. It is used again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. v.

44. *a swan-like end*:—Alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to be undeceived.

87. *Excrement*, from *excresco*, is used for everything which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i.

95, 96. *the dowry . . . sepulchre*:—The Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. See *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. iii. And his sixty-eighth Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:—

> "Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
> When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
> Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
> Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
> Before the golden tresses of the dead,
> The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
> To live a second life on second head;
> Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

97. *Guiled* for *guiling*, that is, *beguiling*. The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa*. In Act I. Sc. iii. of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden*. See, also, *Measure for Measure*, III. i.

115. *Counterfeit* anciently signified a *likeness* or portrait. So in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother "the *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."

126. *unfurnish'd*:—That is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:—

> "You are a noble gentleman.
> Will 't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
> And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*."

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's *History of Faire Bellora*, afterwards published under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves*: "If Apelles had been tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that, quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he

had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished*."

Scene III.

26 *et seq. The Duke cannot deny*, etc.:—For the due understanding of this passage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf of citizens against strangers would be putting the latter at a disadvantage and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Capell and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of*—a sense in which it is often used by the Poet:—

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice: if it be denied,
> 'Twill much impeach the justice of the state."

Scene IV.

7. *lover*:—Used very often by Shakespeare and other writers of his time for *friend*. The Poet's Sonnets are full of examples in point.

52. *with imagined speed*:—That is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third Act of *Henry V.*: "Thus with *imagined* wing our swift scene flies."

72. *I could not do withal*:—A phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it*. So in the *Morte d'Arthur*: "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall*." And in Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: "*I cannot do withal*; I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." And in Palsgrave's *Table of Verbes*, quoted by Dyce: "I can not *do withall*, a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng is done."

Scene V.

3. *I fear you*:—That is, fear *for* you, or on your account. So in *Richard III.*, I. i.:—

> "The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
> And his physicians *fear* him mightily."

46-49. *How every fool,* etc.:—A shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns, and verbal tricks in which he so often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.

68 *et seq. The fool hath planted,* etc.:—Probably an allusion to the habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of the common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and of the state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely flourished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to censure than to avoid. Launcelot is a good satire upon the practice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

10. *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*; a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible *ought* to know.

29. *royal merchant*:—This epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant,* both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi.

42 *et seq. I'll not answer that,* etc.:—The Jew, being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.

43. In Shakespeare's time the word *humour* was used, much as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an

individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and conditions of our social being, it was his *humour*. Corporal Nym is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's *Epigrams*:—

> "Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?
> *It is his humour*, by the Lord, heele sweare."

47. *a gaping pig*:—A pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to this animal. So in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*: "And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*." And in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table*."

49 *et seq. And others, when the bagpipe*, etc.:—This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:—

> "And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
> Cannot contain their urine for affection.
> *Masters* of passion *sways* it to the mood," etc.

Where the discrepancy of *Masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have given, until Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favor of the received lection, Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine*; and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bagpipe, cannot contain their urine: and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle."

126. *envy*:—Malice, as before in line 10 of this Scene. This passage is well illustrated by one in *2 Henry IV.*, IV. iv.:—

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
> To stab at half an hour of my life."

180. Richardson says: "In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty, damages, commissi pœna*. Thus,

'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere*; that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also, '*In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.' And in R. Brunne, 'All was in the erle's *dangere*.' And again, 'He was never wedded to woman's *danger*'; that is, woman's dangerous power." Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his *Venus and Adonis*: "Come not within his *danger* by your will."

200-202. "Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was in itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius, "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."

296. *Barrabas*:—Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.

399. *ten more*:—To make up a jury of *twelve* men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke. So in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

412. *cope*:—The only instance, that Hudson remembers to have met with, of the word *cope* being used in the sense of *reward* or requite. A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben Jonson's play *The Fox*, iii. 5:—

> "Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
> Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
> He would have sold his part of Paradise
> For ready money, had he met a *cope-man*."

Scene II.

15. *old swearing*:—*Old* was a common intensive in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, V. ii.: "Yonder's *old* coil [confusion] at home."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

1. There is such an air of reality and of first-hand knowledge about this bewitching scene, as certainly lends some support to the notion of the Poet's having visited Italy; it being scarce credible that any one should have put so much of an Italian moonlight evening into a description, upon the strength of what he had seen in England. But what is quite remarkable, the vividness of the scene is helped on by the very thing that would seem most likely to hinder it. The running of "in such a night" into such a variety of classic allusion and imagery, and gradually drawing it round into the late and finally into the present experiences of the speakers, gives to the whole the freshness and originality of an actual occurrence; the remembrance of what they have read being quickened by the inspiration of what lies before them.

30-32. *she doth stray about,* etc.:—One of the finest touches in the delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedded happiness with the charity and humility of a religious and prayerful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's naturally sends us to him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine*. A writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:—

> "But there are *crosses,* wife: here's one in Waltham,
> Another at the Abbey, and the third
> At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
> Any of these without a Pater-noster."

63-65. *Such harmony,* etc.:—A passage somewhat resembling that in the text occurs in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*: "Touch-

ing musical harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." The book containing this came out in 1597; so that there could not well be any obligation either way between Hooker and Shakespeare. Of course everybody has heard of "the music of the spheres," an ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth, have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with an idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression. Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turning of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, that it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, are still more apt to grow big with the conception. Thus Milton, in his *Arcades,* speaks of

> "the celestial sirens' harmony
> That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
> And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
> And turn the adamantine spindle round,
> On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
> Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
> To lull the daughters of Necessity,
> And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
> And the low world in measur'd motion draw
> After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,
> Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

And in Coleridge's *Remorse,* III. i., are lines not unworthy of a place beside these, wherein he speaks

> "Of that innumerable company
> Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
> Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
> With noise too vast and constant to be heard;
> Fitliest unheard! For, O, ye numberless
> And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
> What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
> The rushing of your congregated wings?"

And, finally, Wordsworth, in his magnificent lyric *On the Power of Sound,* thus refers to the same great theme:—

> "By one pervading spirit
> Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
> As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
> Initiation in that mystery old.
> The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
> As they themselves appear to be,
> Innumerable voices fill
> With everlasting harmony;
> The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
> Their feet among the billows, know
> That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
> Thy pinions, universal Air,
> Ever waving to and fro,
> Are delegates of harmony, and bear
> Strains that support the Seasons in their round."

124-126. *This night methinks,* etc.:—A writer in the *Pictorial Shakspere* thus remarks upon this passage: "The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for 'the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap'—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation."

141. *this breathing courtesy*:—This complimentary form, made up only of *breath*; that is, of words.

201. *Contain* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain*. So in Bacon's *Essays*: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."

Questions on

The Merchant of Venice.

1. Do you classify this play as comedy, tragedy, or romance?
2. When was it written?
3. What materials from earlier literature were employed? Compare this play with Marlowe's *Jew of Malta.*
4. What difficulties are there in establishing the duration of the action?

ACT FIRST.

5. What is foreshadowed in the mood of sadness in Antonio with which the play opens?
6. How is the social importance of Antonio shown in the dialogue of his friends? What is implied as to his dramatic importance in this play?
7. How does Antonio answer their suggestions that either dangers to property or thoughts of love disturb him?
8. Characterize Antonio's speech to Salanio and Salarino upon their departure.
9. What impression does Gratiano make by his first speech? Does Bassanio's estimate of him seem just?
10. How does Antonio suggest Touchstone? What request of him does Bassanio make, and how does Antonio answer the request?
11. Give Bassanio's story. What principal character is mentioned for the first time?
12. How do Portia's first words repeat Antonio's? In both cases, is there indicated a settled trait of character, or is there here expressed simply a foreboding?
13. What do we learn of the spiritual plight of Portia? How is the power of *choice discussed*?
14. Indicate something of her temperament as displayed in the the power of *choice* discussed?
15. How is Bassanio mentioned?
16. What trait of character is first depicted in Shylock?
17. What is Shylock's personal attitude towards Antonio?

18. Comment on the charges against Antonio that we find in Shylock's arraignment of him.

19. What is the dramatic significance of Antonio's speech in Sc. iii., beginning line 130?

20. State the conclusion of the bargain with Shylock.

21. Does Antonio show any suspicion of the Jew's motive? Account for the motive that made Bassanio draw back from the bond.

22. There are three centres of interest established by the first Act, that of the story of Antonio, the story of the Jew (though these two are closely interwoven from the start), and the love affair of Bassanio and Portia. Are the causes for the action laid out, and the results foreshadowed?

ACT SECOND.

23. Explain the reasons for the alternations of the scene between Venice and Belmont in the second Act.

24. What is the dramatic purpose of the scene between the Prince of Morocco and Portia?

25. What is the episodic value of Sc. ii. as concerns Launcelot and Old Gobbo? Compare the foolery of Launcelot with that of his prototype Launce (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*).

26. By leaving the service of Shylock for that of Bassanio, what function does Launcelot play in the development of the plot?

27. What engagement does Gratiano enter into with Bassanio?

28. What is Jessica's feeling towards her father? How does Shakespeare furnish justification for this feeling?

29. How is Launcelot the agent whereby the complication is assisted in two particulars?

30. For what is Lorenzo's speech at the close of Sc. iv. a preparation?

31. How does Shylock show his malignity in accepting Bassanio's invitation to supper?

32. What touch to the friendship of Antonio and Bassanio does the end of Sc. vi. furnish?

33. How does the Prince of Morocco choose, and what type of mind is seen in him? What fitness to his case is there in the inscription he finds?

34. Why is the scene of Shylock's passion reported by Salanio not enacted before the spectators?

35. The scene above mentioned, taken together with Salarino's report of the parting of Bassanio and Antonio, makes Sc. viii. of what dramatic significance?

36. What was enjoined upon every one who made a hazard of his fortunes with the caskets?

37. What type of mind is depicted in the Prince of Arragon?

ACT THIRD.

38. Show how a cumulative effect is produced by revealing the losses of Antonio.

39. How is there, in parity with this, a revelation of his amiable qualities?

40. What is the dramatic effect of the entrance of Shylock in Sc. i.?

41. How is he affected by the flight of his daughter?

42. Had Shylock any knowledge of Antonio's losses as evidenced by his reply to Salarino? Is it a general defense of his right to his bond, irrespective of any knowledge that it was forfeit, that he delivers?

43. Show what essential traits Tubal and Shylock possess in common, and how they differ in superficial ones.

44. Summarize the passions displayed by Shylock in this scene with Tubal. What traits are human and pathetic?

45. What is Portia's emotional state while Bassanio is making the choice of the caskets?

46. Explain the meaning of *fancy* in the song.

47. While Bassanio is examining the caskets, what is his comment?

48. Describe how Portia expresses the ecstasy of love.

49. How is the ring introduced? For what is it a preparation? What is Bassanio's declaration concerning it?

50. What is the dramatic effect of the plighting of Gratiano and Nerissa?

51. What effects are secured and what turn is given to the action by the entrance of Salerio with the letter?

52. Indicate the episodic value of Sc. iii.

53. How are friendship and love brought into consideration in Sc. iv.? What preparation for succeeding action is here presented?

54. Compare Portia's and Jessica's comments on their masquerading as men.

55. Do you derive any impression of Shakespeare's own view of small wit and punning, such as frequently appear in his plays?
56. If he held them in slight regard, why did he indulge in them so much?

ACT FOURTH.

57. What words of Antonio uttered at the beginning of the trial scene bear out his attribution of *ancient Roman honour*?
58. What appeal for mercy does the Duke make to Shylock?
59. By what oath does Shylock show the inflexibility of his purpose?
60. Is there possibly more than Shylock's personal animosity against Antonio that the Jew gives vent to in his reply to the Duke?
61. How does Antonio, like Hamlet, desire after his death to be remembered by his friend?
62. What was the philosophy of Pythagoras?
63. Before the entrance of Portia, what balancing of the claims of mercy and justice has the Scene presented?
64. How is climax attained in Portia's speech on the *quality of mercy*?
65. Besides further exposition of character, what dramatic effect is attained by Portia's delay in coming to the point of foiling Shylock?
66. How is the dignity and inflexibility of law preserved against appeal for individual clemency, even with the support of a strong case?
67. How does the current of thought for a moment drift into the channels cut by the various correlative actions?
68. Who finally diverts the current?
69. Was the trial conducted in accordance with Roman or English law?
70. Indicate the exact point of climax in the play.
71. Was not the resort by which Antonio was saved really a quibble? Would it be supported in any actual court of law?
72. Show how its use against Shylock makes an effective example of dramatic contrast.
73. What are the final struggles of the Jew before he surrenders all?
74. In the revival of the old law to meet the case of Shylock, what supporting argument of his own, upon which he chiefly relied, is brought into vivid contrast?

Questions

75. How are horror and aversion changed to pity for the plight of the Jew?

76. In Shakespeare's time Shylock was regarded a comic personage, and his discomfiture was met with derisive laughter. How has this changed in our day? Was it for the groundlings that Shakespeare added that questionable touch which condemns Shylock to become a Christian?

77. Why does the play not end with the disappearance of Shylock? Show the effectiveness of the idyllic character of the fifth Act.

ACT FIFTH.

78. What tribute does Shakespeare pay to the power of music?

79. How is a good deed compared to the beams of a candle?

80. What inherent suitability to the spirit of the play has the musical interlude?

81. How is Antonio connected with the occasion and with the healing of the lovers' quarrel about the rings? How does the spirit of comedy come in to repair the sufferings of Antonio?

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82. What is the main action of this play? In what character does the chief interest of the play reside?

83. How do you account for the apparent dramatic disproportion? Does the perception of this follow from the evolution of finer æsthetic regard?

84. Is the complexity of emotion displayed in Shylock equaled by that in Portia?

85. Does not the highly artificial situation in which Portia is placed relative to the selection of her husband impress one less strongly than the story of Shylock, owing to the fact that the mind refuses to accept the chance of a mischoice?

86. Give a summary of the traits of Antonio. How did he live in the opinions of his friends?

87. Does Shakespeare seem to exhibit the caprices of fortune, or demands of poetic justice, in the misfortunes that visit Antonio?

88. Is Gratiano as witty as Mercutio?

89. Is there anything in the high pitch of passion to which the story of Shylock is carried inconsistent with the spirit of comedy?

90. Does this play require a considerable amount of comic relief? Show in what ways this is effected.